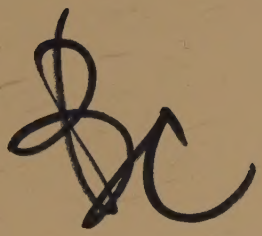

PS 3535 .025 H42 1929

Anthology of magazine verse for 1929 and Yearbook of American poetry

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

for 1929

AND YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

Edited by

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

NEW YORK
GEORGE SULLY AND COMPANY, INC.
1929

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1929

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TO MY FRIENDS

DOCTOR AND MRS. WILLIAM A. HINTON

WITH ESTEEM AND APPRECIATION

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Willett, Clark & Colby: "The Old Bull," from *White Peaks and Green*, by Ethel Romig Fuller.

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INTRODUCTION

These series of annual *Anthologies*, which began in 1913, reaching with the current publication its seventeenth volume, have intended to present a cross-section of American poetry, as it appeared in the periodicals published within yearly limits. I have never, from curiosity, or as a method of justification for the work, during the years it has grown—and bulked to the amazement, and sometimes to the censure, of critics—examined the total volumes to note and appraise, the changes and drifts in style and form, the spirit and substance, the transition, in a word, of the advance from the "old" to the "new" poetry, which our student-critics have declared to have evolved through the wide and intense practice of these years: and which, if this fact is indisputable, should have been reflected in the successive volumes of this work. Such a survey, however, has been accomplished by Mr. Clement Wood, and the results recorded in his admirable work, "*Hunters of Heaven, The American Soul as Revealed by Its Poetry*," just published (Sept. 1929). I quote Mr. Wood, with considerable satisfaction, I must confess, for a summary which carries an impregnable confirmation of the purpose for which these *Anthologies* have been edited:

"The latest—and very unfinished—period of American poetry," writes Mr. Wood, "can be measured, with approximate accuracy, by William Stanley Braithwaite's annual *Anthologies of Magazine Verse*. The first of these appeared in 1913; 1928 appeared this year. Sixteen years

. . . Have there been apparent changes in this brief time?

"A word as to technique. There are 47 poems in the first *Anthology;* 498 in the second. Classifying as examples of the new technique, or an approach to it, all poems uttered in direct speech—the speech of practically all the race's great poetry; and as examples of the old, or an approach to it, all poems full of echoes, archaisms, and stock poeticisms, we find: in the 1913 *Anthology,* there are 72 per cent of the poems in the old technique, and 28 per cent in the new; in the 1928 *Anthology,* there are 28 per cent in the old technique, and 72 per cent in the new. The figures are just reversed. The new technique has increased 157 per cent in proportional representation, and 2,763 per cent in actual number included.

"There are six poems of poetic distinction in the first book. All are in the new technique. There are 71 in the 1928 volume. All are in the new technique.

"Braithwaite is keenly sensitive to the best in our poetry. These figures established that. He may be overcatholic in his inclusions; but he has shifted his emphasis from echoes to real poetry. He is an admirable anthologist, and his books are indispensable to a grasp of modern poetry."

I mention the compliment to confirm the deed. Taking, over a long period of years, to appropriate Professor Garrod's dictum, a "gay courage and generous risks," I have tried to make the successive *Anthologies* represent the development of American poetry during a period that is very close to approaching its twentieth year.

I want to recommend most heartily to the reader, Mr. Wood's *Hunters of Heaven,* for an interpretation of the poetry that America has produced during the past sixteen years, the poetry which these *Anthologies* have represented in their selections. Mr. Wood's book does not merely cover this period; it begins with the crude American Indian songs and traces the growth of American poetry down to

the present, revealing through the poetry the soul of the American people. Of the contemporary era he writes, "These sixteen years saw the inception of the World War, its conduct and ending, and has seen a troubled decade pass since then. Machinery, potent enough as it opened, is the trinity today: radio, airplane, television, talkies, mechanical robots, kelvinators, panotropes, a thousand other inventions, have become commonplaces. We have had a bawling, squalling nursery of poets during this time. . . . Faintly echoing the past, singing the present more loudly, faintly using Einstein and Millikan as springboards. They paint a vehemently disintegrating today, sob for a fantastically unreal yesterday, sturdily limn tomorrow." All this have the *Anthologies* reflected and registered.

The purpose of the *Anthology* as fixed in the above summary is capable of escape from many readers because of the profusion of the material. It is rather a problem that confronts the critic of American poetry as a whole at this time, more bewilderingly than the samples in any specified collection. In such a collection as this, however, the captious have a way of misleading the unwary. It has to do not so much with an honest difference of opinion as to the value of a selection, which is to be respected, and capable of admiration, but with matters of modes and tendencies, and even of assemblage and its gaps. For instance, a critic quite demolished the *Anthology* one year, and later in reviewing a certain poet's book, praised him as one of the foremost of contemporary poets, and signalled out for quotation from the book as the sum of his achievement, a poem which was in the *Anthology* he damned. It has been an easy thing for the captious to call attention to the editor's lack of discernment in omitting selections from certain leading poets; in some cases it could be pointed out that the poet had published no poems in the magazines for that year; this has

been notably the case with Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, who have always gladly given permission to reprint available poems. With Mr. Aiken, Mr. Sandburg, and with a minor treble, Mr. Tate, it has been different. The first two, for reasons of their own, for some years passed now, refusing to grant permission to reprint them. Mr. Tate, quite honestly and frankly, stating he did not care to have his poems included in a collection that contained so much "bad poetry." He confessed, I must add, to having found the "collection" very serviceable in leaner years. And so it goes with one, whether it is myself or another, who, with "gay courage" will "take generous risks." Let me quote Professor Garrod in full upon this point, with those two statements in their context: "There are two characters of criticism without which I account it dead," he says. "He who has his eye always upon posterity can no more criticize than he can create. And secondly, all good criticism is magnanimous. It has noble partialities, and it takes generous risks. After all, the end of criticism is, not to be right, but to do right by whatever seems great or like to greatness. Put more simply, the end of criticism is, not one's own reputation, but some one else's."

The tone of much that has been written about poets and poetry during the current *Anthology* year is in this spirit. There has been much controversy, but over different matters than those that occupied the critics a few years ago. Even those who were quite trenchant at that time, have mellowed. These are a bit older, it is true, but this counts less, I think, than the fact that one learns sooner or later that the tide of Aesthetics nor the time of Standards are to be hurried.

A frontal attack upon the "little" poetry magazines, has been one of the interesting controversies of the year. The poetry "business" has, it appears from certain writers, taken on in common with other activities, a phase of

"racketeering." Mr. B. A. Botkin's article in the *Southwest Review*, Mr. James Rorty's, in *The Nation*, and Mr. Bruncken's, in *The North American Review*, are worth attention for a kind of historical emphasis. In Mr. Henry Harrison's new periodical *Poetry World*, Mr. Ernest Hartsock, has an illuminating article on that much talked-about, and unjustly abused habit of poets publishing at their own risks; and Mr. Benjamin Musser summarizes the aesthetic practices and cults with clarity and justice. It's an excellent commentary to the theme which Mr. Max Eastman handles with such irony and scorn in his articles on "The Cult of Unintelligibility."

In the meantime, as concerns the "little poetry magazine world," they come and they go, as I have had occasion to report in these prefaces, year after year. Two new ones have sprung into being at Washington. *Star-Dust*, edited by Edith Mirick and John Lee Higgins, and *Carillon*, edited by Caroline Giltinan, Anne M. Robinson, Catherine Cate Coblentz and Courtland Baker. From the University of Oklahoma, comes *Folk-Say, A Regional Miscellany* edited by B. A. Botkin, an ably conducted publication devoted to the interest of folk-literature. The *Poetry World* sponsored by Henry Harrison, is something altogether different than anything we have had in the form of a poetry magazine, a sort of combined *Vanity Fair-New Yorker* of the poetry magazine world. After a year of *Japm, The Poetry Weekly*, Mr. Musser's daring venture, I cannot but declare its truly significant literary success. Next to Miss Monroe's *Poetry*, it has yielded more excellent poetry for this volume than any other magazine. A word must also be said for *Pasque Petals*, a persistent little magazine published in South Dakota, which in the quality of its material has improved very noticeably this past year. Mr. J. C. Lindberg is to be credited for this showing, with the able assistance of Margarette Ball Dickson, who as a teacher of creative literature at Val-

paraiso University is winning an ever widening distinction.

The year has been unusually rich in works on the art of poetry: Mr. Clement Wood's *Craft of Poetry*, whose name implies its subject and scope, and his *Hunters of Heaven, The American Soul As Revealed by Its Poetry*, in aim and achievement standing foremost; Miss Chilton and Mr. Agar's *The Garment of Praise, A Necessity for Poetry*, an important contribution to the study of the spiritual vitalities and function of poetry; Professor Brewster's *The Good Estate of Poetry* and Professor Garrod's *The Profession of Poetry*, two works which bring to the subject a rich scholarship and independent opinions.

Of the year's volumes of poems there has been a large number of exceptional significance. The event of the widest interest was the publication of *The Further Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Though a golden find for American literature, this volume has caused some controversy which should result in a definitive edition of the poems of Emily Dickinson. The outstanding success of the year can be accredited to Mr. Robinson for his *Cavender's House*. Among other volumes, Robinson Jeffers' *Cawdor, and Other Poems*, MacKnight Black's *Machinery*, Elizabeth Coatsworth's *Compass Rose*, Elinor Wylie's *Angels and Earthly Creatures*, Hardy's *Winter Words in Various Moods and Meters*, Witter Bynner's *Indian Earth*, Edgar, Lee Masters' *The Fate of the Jury*, Genevieve Taggard's *Travelling Standing Still*, Archibald MacLeish's *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish*, Lucia Trent's *Children of Fire and Snow*, Robert Haven Schauffler's *Hobnails in Eden*, Elizabeth Hollister Frost's *Hovering Shadow*, Benjamin Musser's *Riding at Anchor*, Mark Van Doren's *Now the Sky, and Other Poems*, Caroline Giltinan's *The Veiled Door*, *George Elliston's Cinderella Cargoes*, Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni's *Red Kites and Wooden Crosses*,

Anna Hempstead Branch's *Sonnets from a Lock Box, and Other Poems*, and Malcolm Cowley's *Blue Juaniata*.

Two poets who have made exceptional progress in their work the past year, are Benjamin Musser and Ernest Hartsock. Both have written and published a great deal. In power of emotion and verbal sublety they seemed to have arrived at a maturity which should advance them rapidly to a place among the most important of the younger American poets. Another fine poet who is steadily growing into a wider appreciation is Bert Cooksley. Unlike the first two poets mentioned, he has not yet published a book, but a "collection" of his poems published in the July number of *Main Street* indicates the individual charm and delicate music which a book of his will possess. The selections of E. Merrill Root in this volume show the increasing power of vision which the more recent of his work has attained. Mr. Root's new volume, *Bow of Burning Gold*, announced for this autumn, should advance him as one of the most passionately prophetic of the younger poets. Poems by poets less familiar to these pages, are to be read with expectancy for their future work. Such poets as Dorothy Kruger, Albert Edwards Clements, Stanley J. Kuntz, Hala Jean Hammond, Ruth Pitter, Edith Mirick, Miriam Heideman Krarup, Wilson MacDonald, James J. Ryan, Otis Peabody Swift, and W. Force Stead, may potentially be the luminaries of another day.

W. S. B.

Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts.
September, 1929

PART I

ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

BRAITHWAITE'S ANTHOLOGY

OF MAGAZINE VERSE

A BROWN ÆSTHETE SPEAKS

No: I am neither seeking to change nor keep myself;
Simply acting upon new revelations.

There was a time,
I own,
When I fared, quite pleased with myself,
With my unkempt curls, unhealthy pores—myself;
When Jenny Lind
In song that brought you tears,
Was like morphine, teasing me to sleep and dream;
When Beecher's cadences stirred no shout in me,
And when I thought it a miracle that your visage flushed with
delight as you recited Æschylus and Homer.

But since that time, I met Keats and Poe.
(Wisdom can evolve a simple taste,
And love is a feeling deep and universal.)
Now, I perceive:
Ah, you had tasted Beauty!
Now I understand you;
Can interpret you;
Try you by myself,—
Now that Beauty is religion in my soul!
I fired your furnaces,
Served your parties,
Washed your dishes:
Yes, on my knees and hands like a quadruped creature,
I scrubbed your kitchen floor—
That I might learn of Beauty,
Of Keats and Poe.

And why shall I not love Keats and Poe?
Feel their genius,
Marvel at their fire,
Pity their fates,
Laud their martyrdom,
Love the art they loved?
Did I carp when you created beautiful curls,
Becoming curls, to deck your Marcian Bob?
Or of the Bob itself?
Or of how you smiled to hear me sing
Of how Malindy sings?
Or when you required of me the sad songs of my fathers?
Or when your body lilted to the sway of new folk music?
And your nimble feet tangled in the double-quick movement
of my body-wriggling, syncopated dance?
Did I charge that you were aping me?
(Why should I
Or why should anyone?)
I only thought that you were questing Beauty.

Oh friend let's be kind to one another!
Let us be mutual teachers,
Mutually questing El Dorado;
Lovely Arcady;
Those are wonderful Hands that fashioned us!
Handle those cosmetics softly;
I would more beautify these curls,
This skin;
Would refine this brain.
Oh chide me not if I met Keats and Poe,
If I met Keats and Poe—
And love them!

The Crisis ANONYMOUS

SUN PORCH

When I came to this porch,
This porch we call "Lady of the Sun,"
Because she gives herself to him so freely,
She had her thin shadow-skirt
Tucked up to her knees.

Now she is quite naked.
I think I shall go.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — Walter R. Adams

LOAM

In monumental granite tombs,
The Rich must still despise the loam.
But knowing wood must soon decay,
The Poor are proud to call it *home*.

Contemporary Verse — Frederick Herbert Adler

NOVEMBER WOODS

The crimson scarf of Autumn
Is worn thin in places.
November sits quietly and sews on
Patches of gray and black.
Where the threads
Are too weak to hold a patch,
She cuts away the scraps
With her sharp steel shears.

The Gypsy — Frederick Herbert Adler

TO ONE WHO FEARS OLD AGE

I would not have you grieving
Nor have you sigh,
When asters wear their purple
And come to die.

Though summer goes, remember
The harvest fields;
The color-work of autumn
And what it yields;

At noon, a snowy landscape
In golden light;
The silence that entrances
A winter night.

Scepter FREDERICK HERBERT ADLER

OREGON

Oregon, Oregon, hidden in the rain,
Who has ever left you but comes to you again?
Ships sail north, though it teem, though it pour,
To a misty grey river and a green grassy shore,
Ships cross the bar in spite of frowning rock
For nothing in the world but a barnacled dock
Where fir trees crowd the river and the salmon fishers go
Seining in the shallows where the sand-bars grow.
Forest fires in summertime, burning leaves in fall,
When it isn't raining there's smoke over all
The green hills of Oregon. A stranger cannot see
The jealous hidden mountains, the guarded sleeping sea.
But it's nothing to a man who was born out there
That winter skies in Italy are hard, blue and fair,
It's nothing to a woman who was suckled there and nursed,
That Eastern people think a rainy day accursed.
They are in exile who are hill and forest bred
Unless they hear the hemlocks dripping overhead,
Unless they walk where maidenhair grows along the stream
And pheasants scatter, red and gold as birds within a dream.
The scent of the pinelands and wet cord wood
Gets into the heart and into the blood
And all a man can think of is music sounding plain
When the flumes are running full in a downpour of rain.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse DOROTHY COLLINS ALYEA

HERE IS A FACE

Here is a face too lovely to be lost
Among the many that Time bears away—
Time the old gardener, with the year's decay
Flung in his gunnysack, as leaves are tossed.

She has the spirit of an autumn day,
She moves like wind upon the short brown grass.
The dusty bushes bend to let her pass,
As if she were the breeze that cannot stay
But brings a momentary fragrantness.
Yet sun and moon must journey overhead
And in the ancient ruts the years will press,
Heedless of her among so many dead.
And then, please God, I shall have perished too
Nor envy for her sake what Time may do.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse DOROTHY COLLINS ALYEA

BEREAVEMENT

I have no tears for grief.
Like corn stubble I am left
Stiff and dry and still,
A stalk bereft.

I lean on air,
Having no memory of that or this,
Nor any conceit,
Nor any demand,
Beyond this inhibiting paralysis
Of will,
These somnambulant fears,
With which to win the copious bliss
Of tears.

This numbness is a vise
Clamped on my sentient being.
I seem to be seeing
The lips of others nice
With syllables that move
In an old appointed groove.
But somehow I do not hear;
There is only the sound
Of distant oceans in my ear—
Waves, solemn and profound,
Breaking on a far shore;
This—and nothing more.

I have no tears,
No tears for grief.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Effie Alger Allen

SONG OF THE HEARSE

The somber black hearse
Crawls solemnly by,
And sings to the listener:
"Hark, you that sigh!
Life is a pin-point
Stuck in death's sky,
Holding the firmament up;
But I—
I am Death's shadow.
None may flee the falling sky;
All must lie, must die,
All die!
Young and old, low and high,
Mine—I take them
And encase them,
To lie unfinished, incomplete!
Idle hands, idle feet—
Incomplete!
Why?"

Poetry, a Magazine of Verse — Effie Alger Allen

THIS IS A SEA

This is a sea whose waves have never broken;
They will not break;
And silence is the sea's voice; it is spoken
By glacial lake;
It is an iron harp
Set in some high escarp.
The bastions of rock bombard
With silence all the grey cliffs under;
Like a red shard
It falls, of flying thunder.

Voices — Kenneth Slade Alling

GULLS ON A ROWBOAT

On the moored rowboat's gunwale perched,
As motionless as morning there,
Were seven gulls whose silence searched
The silent air.

Oddly I saw them so rescind
Their purposes, here side by side;
For gulls were made to wed the wind
And boats to marry with the tide.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse KENNETH SLADE ALLING

THE TWO HOUSES

I built a house of sticks and mud,
And God built one of flesh and blood.
How queer that was, how strange that is,
That my poor house should shelter His.

I did not then, but now I know
The house I built here could not grow;
While God's house, frail at first and small,
Would grow beyond my roof and wall.

And yet my house of sticks and clay
Is standing sturdy still today;
While God's house in a narrow pit
Is rotting where men buried it.

'Tis so, and strange, and yet I feel
My house here standing's not so real
As are the vanished ashes of
The house built by the God of love.

Westward, A Magazine of Verse N. D. ANDERSON

TO OUR LADY IN WINTER

Lady, a transient stranger was the snow,
In your far Syrian village,
Where vine and olive, in the sun's fierce glow,
Scarce asked the rich soil's tillage.

But how you would have smiled to see it, Sweet!
  Here in the city's highway,
Hastening at dusk with soft and stainless feet
  Down the long lanes of skyway.

It would have been so eloquent, I know,
  In its untarnished pureness,
Of what you prized most dear, would not forego
  For any honor's sureness.

Its soundless fall—a muting finger laid
  On the great city's humming—
Would have recalled to you, O Mother-Maid!
  The Spirit's noiseless coming.

You would have loved—how much!—to see it fling
  A swift, a kindly veiling
Of pure compassion on each sordid thing,
  Hiding earth's every failing.

Too soon it wears the grime, in lane and street,
  Of traffic and of toiling;
But you, of all earth's daughters, Lady sweet,
  Were snow beyond her soiling.

The Commonweal SISTER M. ANGELITA, B.V.M.

ARIADNE ABANDONED

At last the distant ship became a speck
Merging with cloud and wave. A path of flame
Across the fading sky . . . then twilight came
To hide the sea. She stared, although the check
Of dark must blunt her sight until she strain
And see no more . . . and still she had not stirred.
She sat and gazed, her wounded senses blurred,
Dumb like a brute and nearly mad with pain.

The darkness spread till all the glowing west
Was steeped in shade. The breezes, cool and light,
Woke gentle whispers through the restful spot . . .
Her eyes were dry and hard. She could not rest.

She sat like stone, still staring through the night,
Aware of nothing but her empty heart.

Interludes RICHARD ARNZEN

FOREBODING

Do you remember how the moon came up
Above the cedars, like a strange white flower?—
The sky and lake were a Venetian cup
Cellini might have dreamed on for an hour.—
With what unhurried majesty of wing
The great blue heron lifted through the dusk,
Our dark thoughts, stormy petrels following,
As the slow moon broke through her cloudy husk.

Wise in their world—ah, wiser far than we—
Shrill crickets chirped their minikin delight,
Pouring the mead of their felicity
Into the silver chalice of the night.
But we—we dared not speak of joy or sorrow,
Fearing the mystic spell would know no morrow.

American Poetry Magazine LILLAH A. ASHLEY

LASSITUDE

I am on the misty ways,
Beyond the towered lights,
Sheltered in neutral grays
From ecstasies or frights;

Becalmed in silvery peace,
My sails hang limp and dead.
What winds, O Sage, release?
What islands lie ahead?

And if my sails distend,
What primrose dawn's chill fire,
Shall kindle in the end
My hesitant desire?

The Circle LILLAH A. ASHLEY

THREE AT CARMEL

I

How white the beach at Carmel was that day!
Woman white and curving
round the discarded sapphire-shot, silk dappled
heap of her garment
That lisped and lifted, bowed full
to the wondrous long line of her,
lapsed and revealed her.
Behind us the dunes breasted shoreward,
Moon cusped to the tussocks of tawny pale,
trumpet shaped minulus
and apple-hued sea grass.
Low on the foreshore, Jack London and Sterling* and I
together.

Flickered the drift wood fire,
copper, steel blue, and splints of emerald.
Voices of women dartled and swerved like swallows,
or poised for our question and answer.
For one of us was a poet, and one
New come from the Sea Wolf's adventure,
And one had walked with the Trues
in the land of Lost Borders.

If I told what the Trues had said, to Jack London
Who might just have come ashore there
From the Long Serpent, eyes blue as sea ice,
bright as the sun blink on the Arctic ledges,
If Jack believed, or disbelieving, prophesied
in the name of economic determinism,
Or if Sterling lifted the face Jack said
was a Greek coin run over
by a Roman chariot,
And demanded of Chaos an answer to man's unsearchable
pain;
Who forgets, who remembers, when words are merely
the twang of the string to the spirit's speeding?

* George Sterling committed suicide in the prime of his poetic creativeness.

Suddenly the bay, smit by the low sun's wheeling flanges,
Burst in green fire, with ash flecked-edges,
And Sterling unfolding his lean length
  leaped from his clothing
  like a young white scimitar cleaving the breakers
Crying, The sea, the sea!
And the rest followed.

II

I remember the walk through the woods,
  the secret look of the pine boles,
Warm hollows between live oaks where amber lilies
  float in the wine of light;
The flower foam at the edge of Sterling's meadow;
The wind out of Sur with the smell of wild honey
  and yerba buena, answering each to each like speech;
Bursting spray heads over Lobos, torn surges revealing
  between gulfs in Time's outer garment,
  timeless sea gardens.
Oh, ever remembered, the incense smelling, resilient
  cypress boughs where we lay;
The perpetual flicker of talk, life litten,
  like the flick of the wind and the sun overhead
  in the pines' long needles.

Who that sat by them ever forgets the pitch pine fires?
And Jack London, ringed with admirers,
Proclaiming the Social Revolution?
Or Sterling, alert and alien as a faun
  who has followed a slim-footed maiden
  home to her village,—
Whom the gods, for his disallegiance, have bound
  to the pure, austere service of Beauty,—
Between deep quaffs of social indignation, reading
  lines from the Wine of Wizardry
  and the House of Orchids!

III

How was the time unfaithful
  that they have left us?

Sterling self slain, not looking backward.
And Jack, for whom the Revolution
to which his soul was a candle, proved laggard,
Guttering sootily out in his votive lantern.
Few there are who remember how we three
raised the roof of Sterling's cabin
Till it burgeoned and grew to the Elder Ash Tree,
While all the winged hopes of the world
preened themselves in its branches.

Would they come back if they could
to the spacious, work-filled mornings?
To the meals eaten in friendship,
Wine, which some undeserving
quirk of my nature forbade me,
and love play?
And for those two the releasing
high moments of madness.
For Sterling, who followed the faun's way,
Had all the wild-creature instinct for his own besting.
Knowing his work done, and only Beauty immortal
He gave himself clean to Beauty;
Leaped from his garment of flesh
as that day on the beaches
naked he went to the sea.
So Beauty received him.

There I shall find him again, where Beauty awaits me.
If ever I walk in Carmel woods, if ever on Lobos,
I shall hear him shout in the morning surf,
undulant, sapphire sparkled.
I shall see him run with the warm noon wind
where the leopard bright herd grass wavers,
When the winds of Sur go wing and wing to evening blueness
My friend shall come out as a star
and I shall know him.

The Saturday Review of Literature MARY AUSTIN

HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Not in slight nor in derision,
But with pencil-point precision,

He who made Pythagoras
Made the snake that parts the grass;
Made the texture of its skin
Parchment to work problems in.
He who drew an adder's spread
To a rhomboid at its head,
Let no ferrule falter loose
On the straight hypotenuse
Obliquely slanting the dull eye
Of the snake that rustles by.
Not the rod of Roman lictor
Could lay lashes any stricter
Than the stripes, exact and neat,
Parallels that will not meet,
Running straight from tip to tail
On a buckling coat of mail
Fashioned out of lozenges.
And as intricate as these—
Pointed triangle and square,
All the rigid shapes that are,
Octagon and pentagon,
He has deftly patterned on
Some unscrolled and rippling back
As a method of attack
Till every scale and single joint
Proves some problematic point,
Working out with subtlety
A divine Geometry.

Harper's Magazine MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

SECRET GARDEN

Once a window only
  Gave upon this garden
Glimpse of hidden loveliness
  Never known before—
  Hue of flower, scent of shower:
Then I found a door.

Now I linger, wandering
  Who so long was blind
To all beauty, garnering

Every whit I find—
Where no roses wither—
I, no longer blind.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse NANITA MAC D. BALCOM

HARVEST

Come winnow from the wheat
Slow winds of all the years,
A few grains of laughter,
A few grains of tears.
What shall we keep? What keep?

Intemperate we are,
Forever wanting all:
Soft bird-song in spring-time
Slow leaf-drop in fall;
Moments always—moments all.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse NANITA MAC D. BALCOM

CRETONNES

Half a hundred elephants
with bales from Samarcand;
close by, a thousand yellow wings
flashing through jungle-land.

Now paper lanterns, swarming past,
are cutting off the view
of girls with lilac parasols
and mandarins in blue;

While forty saffron moons are popping
up between the trees,
and mottled onyx fountains near
are splashing in the breeze.

A hand, with ripping, savage blade,
drives swiftly through a throng
of willowy nymphs in jade and silver,
and all their mirth and song!

The King's Libra

Despair is clutching at my heart:
I turn my face away—
I hear a prim, sharp treble piping,
"Any thing else today?"

The Gypsy . . . . . CHARLES BALLARD

HOT IR'N!

The thumpin' sound o' hosses' hoofs, the clack o' runnin' cows,
The song o' loopin' lassos on the swing,
The smell of cedar fire, an' then to make yer pulses rouse,
Yuh hear some cowboy beller forth an' sing:
"Hot ir'n! Hot ir'n!
Wup! Come on, snap it up!
Hot Ir'n!"

Yuh grab the red irons from the fire an' run to where he's downed
A bawlin' calf an' holds him with his loop;
Yuh slap 'em on the hairy hide. The Ma cow bellers round
An' makes a bluff at hookin' where yuh stoop.
"Hot ir'n! Hot ir'n!
Come, burn 'em—'Rafter Bell'!
Hey! Bring 'em hot as hell!
Hot ir'n!"

All day the ropers drag the calves from out the millin' herd,
All day there's dust an' stink o' singein' hair!
The noise kinder makes yer ears buzz like a hummin' bird—
Then raucous-squawkus hollers split the air:
"Hot ir'n! Hot ir'n!
Cain't hold this calf all day!
Come on! Hey, what yuh say?
Hot ir'n!"

It ain't the sweetest kind o' work—calf brandin' on the range—
It's lots o' labor, dirt an' burnt hair smell,

But me, I ain't a-hankerin' to see the old ways change—
I kinder like to hear that raspin' yell:

"Hot ir'n! Hot ir'n!
This dogie here I've got
Ull git up like as not!
Hey! Cowboy! Bring 'em hot!
HOT IR'N!"

Cowboy Stories Magazine S. Omar Barker

LANDHOLDER

With all his bridges burned, with Hegel's house
His final victory and last defeat,
Here where the county road and highway meet
He has his hostelry and keeps his cows
And flock of fowls below the jutting brows
Of hills as old as Adam; days repeat
The dull monotony of summer heat;
Beneath the willow trees the cattle browse.

He is the one returned—Ulysses come
Again to Ithaca; Calypso and
The lotos are a dream; the ships are dumb
To hale him forth to launch them from the sand—
The flowered islands and the perilled main
Are impotent to call him back again.

Voices H. C. Barrowes-Donald

ATTAR

I bind swift sheaves of color from the dawn,
And clasp the sunlight for my golden gain,
The azure-opaled dew I hold in pawn,
And filch cool wisps of silver from the rain.

From buds I pluck faith's urge, and patience from
Great trees where flaming cardinals whistle and dart,
At dusk the wonder-breath of white hedge plum
And pity of shattered rose lodge in my heart.

Then leaps from snag of briar and slap of weed
Courage to brave life's hurt, and thus grow strong.
At tired nightfall, crushed by the spirit's need,
Day's attar-gleanings globule into song.

Kaleidoscope MARIE BARTON

THE WOMAN OF THE DUNES

The sand dunes stood between her and the sea
A hundred steps away. Her little house
Lay close beneath the vines and tamarisk.
All day she sat upon the step and looked
Across the supine marshes to a line
Of woeful pines that closed her constant world.
The river and the planted fields beyond
Were there, she knew; she had not travelled there
In half a dozen years. All night she heard
The thunder crumpling on the weaving sand,
The wide and level winds pass overhead.—
"The steps up to the dunes are steep and long:
I have not seen the sea this year, nor last."

A hundred steps and one looked out toward Spain:
The purple road to Cintra lay that way.
The ceaseless legions of the sea went by,
Wild white and plumed, or silver-blue and green.
The moon rose out of Araby at night,
The tides came in and tides went out again
And strewed their murmuring hints of deep-sea worlds.
Sometimes the hurricanes whipped parakeets
To shelter in the tamarisks and vines.
One day a whale passed like a man-of-war,
And sharks cut slices in the ice-blue waves.

She sat upon the step. The marshes gray
And lavender spread their monotony
Before her changeless day by changeless day.
The steps up to the dune were long and steep:
She had not seen the sea this year, nor last.

The Yale Review HENRY BELLAMANN

MIGHTY IS MAN

To the body of woman man turns and seeks deliverance
From his world grown strange since deliverance from her thighs;
To the womb he turns, to his infancy's paradise,
Blind with a dream, an outcast weary of severance.

From the body of woman man rises with exultation
Shaking his veins. Singing, he whets a sword.
He is freed of his weakness now, he has loosed the cord
That binds him to alien mysteries of creation.

Again he is mighty, he stamps for joy of his strength;
His words, his deeds will be clamorous round the earth.
Woman, who bore him, merely gives him rebirth
Who returns to spurn, and return again, at length,

To the grieved eternal breast that lulled him since life began,
To the eyes that smile in the dark on that baffled Antaeus, Man.

The Nation — William Rose Benét

SAINT FRANCIS

Francis spoke to the birds
  By the blue Italian sea,
Feeding them full with his words—
  "Oh little brothers," said he,
"I bring you the love of God
  And the hope of eternity.
The thousand years since He trod
  Up steep Gethsemane
Is but the dust of the street,"
  Said Francis, "to His feet!"

Francis spoke to the beast,
  To Messer Death spoke he,
"Our brother the wolf, not least
  Are you in God's beauty!
Your strength is as a hill,

It is a dark pine tree."
And Messer Death was still,
His head on Francis's knee.
And in his eyes the red
And awful glare was dead.

Four hundred years is a breath,
A thousand years is a day,
Still men fear Messer Death
Since Francis went that way.
Yet still the sparrows keep
Their tryst with verities,
The years are but a sweep
Of street-dust in their eyes!
Give us, then, world without end
And Messer Death, our friend!

The Commonweal DOROTHY BENNETT

SHIPS

We passed a Danish freighter with the dawn—
A long low greasy slant
And a smudge of yellow smoke and she was gone.

We overhauled a tanker just as dusk—
The loneliest kind of ship that sails the seas,
A low-riding rusty bar of red
Headed southward for Tampico or Belize.

And after fall of night, before the moon got high,
A white-winged moth with a golden eye
Came beating down from a cloudless sky—

"Chips" said it was a brigantine that we passed by.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse NELSON DEL BITTNER

TIDE

I am thinking of valleys, and of the sun,
And of the mouths of girls,

And of corn yellow on the ground in November.
A moment ago I was alone
Before the clean presence of wheels toiling,
Before the bare motion of the universe
In their geometric flood.
And now I am holding in my mind
Remembered things
That are like stones a sea has washed over
And made strange,
That are clearer from having a tide
Free them of all but themselves.

The Bookman MacKnight Black

EXPRESS TRAINS

Shaped long and arrowy
For tearing the gusty side of space,
Locomotives leap trembling across the still land.
Like rivers of certainty
That flow past our eyes and speak to our blood,
Locomotives and trains
Swell out of the dawn and dwindle and vanish in twilight.
At noon they are fierce as lean gushes of lava;
At night they are eager and lonely as stars.
If anyone look to the earth for his hope,
Or stare toward the rim of the world for peace to his heart,
Let him be answered now by the steel flight of trains,
Let him be comforted
Beside the paths of their cleanness.

Harper's Magazine MacKnight Black

SONNET

A sonnet is a hellish thing to write.
Petrarch and Spenser left us much to do.
I am weary of burning candles in the night
With neat iambics rhyming two and two.
I'd rather travel with some gypsy carter
Over red roads fierce with the desert sun,

Scour greasy pots with sand, and maybe barter
A spavined horse for corn or rusted gun.
Then when a yellow moon hung in the east,
Wrapped in a bright serape at his side
Sleep like a stone, wanting nor ring nor priest,
A mongrel dog to watch our fire. Pride
Works strangely. Since you are not he, instead
I find these scribbled verses by my bed.

HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

The Saturday Review of Literature

OBSERVATORY

The dome is darker than a Gothic nave.
Sancta Sophia pierced to frame a star
Would loom no vaster. No Cromagnon cave
Conjures cold ghosts so fearful as these are.
Strained eyes inured to interstellar spaces
Turn patiently upon the clamorous door
Yielding to baffled and incurious faces
A new sensation. "Saturn's ring's a bore,"
A voice declares. He'd missed a movie too.
"The Ford boiled over—that grade sure is hell."
Vacuous laughter. "Well, let's see the view."
And then calm words reverberant as a bell
Of one who spoke from lunar Caucasus,
"The sun is rising on Copernicus."

Harper's Magazine HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

LOVE SONG

Take back your calendar, Gregory,
I have no decent use for it!

What is this grand conceit to measure
Months and minutes? Tell me,
You old clockmakers of Switzerland!

Hear me, all who would make calculatometers
Of men. Let the lovers count the petals on daisies

Every April! Let the lovers total
The waxings and wanings of many moons
But let calculation end there.

When will you learn that quantity
Is no mark of measure,
You mad census-takers!

Bozart — Carl John Bostelmann

A SONG TO CALIFORNIA

Hear me!
I have had alkali on my boots;
O hear my song—
I who have had poppies on my eyes,
California.

I have wandered
About your brown hills and your blue mountains,
Down into your ripe green valleys
And along your infinite roads!

Dias dorados!
Your golden days I have utilized
In my vagrant wandering, pursuing your music
As a child, meandering casually,
Pursues romance in a museum.

O thunder and stars!
I have lain through many a long night
By a waterhole, listening. I have heard
The rhythmic drums of marching cattle
In your hills under the moon.

I have stood hip-deep in your cotton,
And shoulder-high your alfalfa has grown
About me in the San Joaquin Valley.
I have harvested sugar prunes
In the Santa Clara orchards,
Stricken with their beauty
Even as Hercules must have been
When he plucked the Hesperian apples!

I have sewed sacks on a harvester when your grain
Was a flood of gold in the shutes.
On the roads with a shovel and pick,
On the canals with a sickle and pike,
On the ranches, I have sweat and strained
To become part of you!

Gold—gold—gold! Everywhere, gold!
El dorado!

On your rivers, at the weirs and the dams,
I have witnessed the salmon, leaping the ladders,
Daring the gauntlet of spears,
In water knee-deep, to win to the headwaters
To spawn. I have seen the water silver
With their pilgrimage, a pageant of glory!

I have run like the wind across your plain,
Chasing the tumbleweed, shouting whoops,
Wild with vigour, crazy with fever!
I have bathed in the surges that wash upon your beaches.
I have drowsed in the sun, under the blue sky,
On the white sand.

Your palms have spread their shade for me,
Your redwoods, your pines, your spruce,
Your aspens, your eucalyptus, your cottonwoods!
You have flavoured the air I breathed, with them
And with the orange-blossoms, the cherry-blossoms,
The prune-blossoms, the apple-blossoms,
Of your orchard gardens!
You knew me then, California!

I have discovered your lakes,
Fragments of sky in the vales of your mountains,
Fringed with the margins of forests,
Sapphire blue at noon
As your heavens!

I have heard the rumble of fountains,
Plumed gushers of oil, speaking your might
With a roar like your rivers'!

I have danced to a chorus of turbines
Humming a new music,
Chanting new songs of Sierra!

Mistress of the West
You would sift more alkali on my old boots!
You would place fresh poppies on my eyes!
You would give me your brown hills and your blue mountains,
Your ripe green valleys and your infinite roads!

Dias dorados!
O dream of golden days!
No mortal can ask more than you have given, California.
You have given me yourself, California!

The Dial CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

TRACK LOVER

I

A track was company; it lived and moved
And walked along beside him when he roved.
The blood of distance ran in its steel veins.
Its level was no higher than the plains,
And yet its height was in its length, its ties
Like ladder-rungs could climb into the skies.

II

When he sat down to rest he drew the speed
Of trains from rails and felt no other need
Of travel; when he walked he felt at rest,
Watching slow-moving landscapes he knew best.
This was a journey—to stroll out of town
And back again when tired, about sundown;
Then, from the house, to see and hear night-trains
And feel their rocking in the rattling panes.

III

He watched in passing (to reduce the scale)
Field mouse's, horned toad's, or lizard's tail

Streak out of sight; he often startled quail
With drumming wings, or saw a patient rail
Adjust its pace to caterpillar crawl
Or crablike spider legs—and seem less tall.

IV

For speech the rails clicked; there were singing wires
And—perched like notes on staffs—frail sparrow choirs.
And water-tower sparrows hopped about
With tea-time chatter on its tea-pot spout.
He walked between trains—there were eight a day,
Four north, four south; he had the right-of-way
With space for thought, escaped from narrow street
Of houses, cars, and faces he must greet.

Southwest Review B. A. Botkin

JAMES MARSH

He prided himself on being punctual.
He kept ahead of time and had to wait
For most appointments, fretting all the while
As though the other person had been late.
Only twice in his life he wasn't ready!
Two great appointments took him by surprise:
(As they do every man—the time he loves,
And the incredible moment when he dies.)

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Mildred Bowers

RHYME

I have toyed with verse so long,
Life seems overlaid with song.
All the weightiest world-affairs,
Petty pleas and passionate prayers,

Men's most devastating oaths,
Women's tears and women's clothes,
All the accidents of time
Tinkle lightly into rhyme.

The Lyric Gamaliel Bradford

SNARES

She seemed of an exquisite candor,
As simple as sorrow or sleep,
You thought it a venomous slander
If any one said she was deep.

But, when caught in the snares she was masking,
You struggled in wonder and doubt,
And found yourself eagerly asking,
Just how you could ever get out.

The Lyric — GAMALIEL BRADFORD

GLEE

Just a little bit of glee
Might be suitable to me.
Though my days are made of terror,
I might rectify my error.

But at sixty you discover,
It is late to make life over,
And you bid good-bye to glee,
If you're anything like me.

Voices — GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THEN AND NOW

I used to long for goals of glory,
Now I'm perfectly content
If the day that found me sorry
Left me peaceful when it went.

I used to welcome dark December,
Thinking May would soon be met,
I used to wish I could remember,
Now I wish I could forget.

Voices — GAMALIEL BRADFORD

TO A DOG

I

If there is no God for thee
Then there is no God for me

If He sees not when you share
With the poor your frugal fare,

Every instinct bred to save;
Does not see you at a grave,

As if you were the only one
Believing in a resurrection;

When you wait, as lovers do,
Watching till your friend comes true;

Does not reverence when you take
Angry words for love's sweet sake;

If his eye does not approve
All your faith and pain and love;

If the heart of justice fail
And is for you of no avail;

If there is no heaven for thee
Then there is no heaven for me.

II

If the Lord they tell us of
Died for men yet loves not love,

If from out His Paradise
He shuts the innocent and wise,

The gay, obedient, simple, good,
The docile ones, of friendly mood,

Those who die to save a friend
Heavenly faithful to the end;

If there is no cross for thee
Then there is no cross for me.

III

If its boughs reach not so high
That they bowed star and sky,

If its roots are not so sound
That they cleave the heavy ground,

If it thrills not through all Nature
Plunged through every living creature,

If its leaves do not enmesh
Every bit of groaning flesh,

If it strike not its mighty spur
Through fang and claw and tooth and fur

Piercing tree and earth and stone,
Then indeed I stand alone.

Nothing less than this can save
Me, from out my fleshly grave,

Me, in whom such jungles are
Where the beasts go out to war.

If there is no God for thee
Then there is no God for me.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH
The Saturday Review of Literature

TO MY BLACK KITTEN

I

To you who vex me while I write
And at my pen do gently bite,
To you I will this verse indite.

It seems to me when I am dead
And centuries passed above my head

That I myself might think in trees
And sculpture nature's majesties
Carved in rock and changing seas.
I could conceive of all of these—
One of those angels that rehearse
Their dramas in the universe—
Whose moods are days and whose great hands
Embodied are in seas and lands.

Yes, I could be without a doubt
One of those angels that greatly shout
Planning tall hills and sunsets out.
But only God's Mother getting to sleep
The Eternal Babe would think to make
A little foolish thing like you!
Such are the things that mothers do.

Sometimes when in angelic skies
The great antiphonals arise
Of archangelic melodies,
I'll say, "On earth and far away
Those are hills that last a day."

And when with glorious battle shout
They shake great Heaven inside out
I'll say "On earth and very far
That cry turns to a falling star."
But when through praises, prayers, and pities
I hear the rhymes of ancient ditties,
Nursery songs to please God's Son
In Heaven the very Littlest One,
Then will I say "Those are the kitties."

In you a sign to us is given
To show that there is fun in Heaven.

II

Before Abraham was, I Am—

Upon the knees of His great Dam
Pretended that he was a Lamb
And she would call Him "Little Lamb."
No sooner were they made than they
Straightway did begin to play.
While playing still His innocent game
How innocent to earth He came.
Him—playing still the Lamb of God
They caught and bruised with many a rod—
And killed Him for His lovely game.

Then earth did heave, the sky did rock
And Heaven itself received the shock.

He who loves not innocent play
He cannot breathe on Judgment Day.
Earth will not come to end at last
Through cataclysms strange and vast
But by exquisite deep games,
Salvation just by changing names.

Mary to Jehovah will disclose
The funny things that Jesus does.

The deepest power that we know
Is "Heigh Ho my Dreary O."

Ring games are the fiery pit
In which perish the unfit.

Nothing so disturbs the devil
As the sound of innocent revel.

And tall archangels hear those things
And rustle their amused great wings.

When God comes in His great state
The foolish shall confound the great.

As darling children charm away
All that is less sweet than they
We'll be saved by God's sweet play.

And earth shall come to an end at last
With laughter rich and warm and vast.

III

To you who vex me while I write
And at my pen do gently bite,
To you I will this verse indite.

All through my flesh and through and through
The Holy Child enjoys you too.

I laugh to Him and He to me
Enraptured with your infancy.
My heart knows well that you and He
Gamboled together at God's knee.

God Himself has not refused
To be exquisitely amused.

He loves you for your lovely fur
And listens closely for your purr.

Yes, Heaven is exquisite with fun
The laughter of the Three-in-One—

When they behold the Heavenly Boy
Playing games of childish joy.

Playing he is a Happy Door
With welcome for the weak and poor.

Playing he is a Loaf of Bread
By which the frail are comforted.

Playing He is the Living Tree
Danced around by you and me!

All through my flesh—yes through and through
The Holy Child enjoys you too.

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

APRIL MOMENTS

The April moments hasten to their end
With bud and bird and blossom revelry—
The plum tree is a fountain in the wind.

My throat aches for the wine of melody
Poured from the cup of dusk. . . . As friend to friend
I greet the fog, a wraith upon the sea. . . .

Dust unto dream and song to flower again.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse VERNE BRIGHT

FIDDLER'S GREEN

Beyond the sunset west where silences keep
  Still carnival and hushed rooms echo a name,
Beyond the sky's edge and over the edge of sleep
  We shall go thither, we shall go out like flame—

We shall go out like flame to be kindled there
  Again, over the edge of sleep on the island of no pain,
We shall find joy and love there fresh as wild honey, and rare
  Beauty of wild laughter; O we shall find again

The music of winds blowing through Solomon's house—
  The swift silver herons of the moon and the fragile dreaming
Of birch trees and the dark wave's wild carouse,
  Remembrance of young age, and sorrow's seeming;

Our island is a lovely woman silver and golden,
  A woman with warm breasts sweet to our sleeping;
Kisses, honey-comb-sweet, and immortal, olden
  Beauty stinging our blood to exultant leaping.

Lay oars to the creaking tholes; sailor-lads, row;
  Comes a far cry from the ultimate reaches of foam
Calling us, calling us over waters grown gold with the glow
  Of the last sunset . . . calling us, calling us home.

"Sailor lad, sailor lad, come to our island of rest,
Gather its twilight peace to your wild heart's yearning;
Leave the bleak coasts, seek the warm curves of her breast,
Let the world slide into darkness of no returning . . ."

Muse and Mirror VERNE BRIGHT

FANTASTIC INTERVAL

Along the battlements of dusk
Day drags defeated javelins,
The bird of night soars up and up
Above the city's casual sins.

Black water nuzzles at the docks,
The shadowy ships make in from sea;
Spilled from the many-towered clocks
The hours swirl down prodigiously.

They beat upon my heart's unrest
Like furious hammers . . . Dumb with pity
I see huge time with knotted fist
Curse the dark pride of this my city.

I hear the winds, assertive, run
Like ravening wolves from star to star:
I hear the years tread one and one
The eternal groove—they have come far.

Contemporary Verse VERNE BRIGHT

RIVERBANK BLUES

A man git his feet set in a sticky mudbank
A man git dis yellow water in his blood,
No need for hopin', no need for doin',—
Muddy streams keep him fixed for good.

Little Muddy, Big Muddy, Moreau and Osage,
Little Mary's, Big Mary's, Cedar Creek,
Flood deir muddy water roundabout a man's roots,
Keep him soaked and stranded and git him weak.

Lazy sun shinin' on a little cabin,—
Lazy moon glistnin' over river trees;
Ole river whisperin', lappin' 'gainst de long roots,
'Plenty of rest and peace in these . . .'

Big mules, black loam, apple and peach trees;—
But seems lak de river washes us down
Past de rich farms, away from de fat lands,
Dumps us in some ornery riverbank town.

Went down to de river, sat me down and listened,
Heard de water talkin' quiet, quiet lak and slow;
'Ain' no need fo' hurry, take yo' time, take yo' time;'
Heard it sayin',—'Baby, hyeah's de way life go . . .'

Dat is what it tole me as I watched it slowly rollin',
But somp'n way inside me rared up and say,
Better be moving . . . better be travellin' . . .
Riverbank'll git you ef you stay. . . .

Towns are sinkin' deeper, deeper in de riverbank,
Takin' on de ways of deir sulky Ole Man—
Takin' on his creepy ways, takin' on his evil ways,
Bes' git 'way, a long way . . . whiles you can.

Man got his sea too lak de Mississippi,—
Ain't got so long for a whole lot longer way,
Man better move some, better not git rooted
Muddy water fool you, ef you stay. . . .

Opportunity — Sterling A. Brown

THE DARK SONG

She was sitting quiet
  In the quiet sun,
When suddenly she knew
  Her darkness had begun.

She was in the sunlight
  With fruit in her lap,
And light lay in her
  Like a golden sap.

Sitting where a sunlight
  Poured like wine
Through little young leaves
  Of a trumpet vine,

And stems like dark rivers,
  Staining the sun—
She knew, the way they widened,
  That darkness had begun.

Everything was fading
  In a gray blur,
And the sun and the trees
  Were growing dead to her.

Veils were spreading
  Over her eyes,
And she heard herself moaning
  Little soft cries.

Dark was stepping
  Into her mind.
Little soft cries
  Told her she was blind.

"I am blind. I am blind."
  And the rock of her chair
Was a slow chanting rhythm
  Sighing in the air.

"I am blind, and the darkness
  Covers me,
Yet I think I touch the sun
  I cannot see.

"I think the sun is sifting
  Through the little leaves,
And the boughs make a music
  Over the eaves.

"And the wind is moving
  Over my hair—

It is like the hand
Of a lover there.

"I can hear the grass creep.
I can hear a bird
Draw the thinnest, frailest note
I have ever heard.

"Here I am sitting
In a cool dark,
With a thing in me
Beautiful and stark,

"With a thing in me
That is a relief.
Oh, the many nights I hid
My sorrow like a thief!

"All my nights a whisper:
'Blind—soon blind!'
Lay unspoken in my heart,
Buried from my kind.

"I couldn't tell my mother;
The look in her eyes
Would be like a stricken thing
That suddenly dies.

"I couldn't tell people
Who cared for me,
And then be haunted by their eyes
When I couldn't see.

"I hid it. I was furtive
And heavy with this grief.
And now I am beautiful
With relief.

"I think I can sit here
Forever and ever.
I think I know a dark peace
Clean of endeavor.

"I can sit as quiet
As I was before,
And listen to the wind flow
Over the floor.

"I can feel the garden
In its first bloom.
I can feel my mother
In the next room.

"I can listen to the clock—
Tick, tick, tick—
Pierce the smooth silence
With a star's prick.

"I can sit forever
Still as can be,
Touched with darkness
Fearlessly."

She sat in the sunlight
With her hands folded.
The smile on her lips lay
Peacefully molded.

She was breathing deeply,
Carefully, there,
When her mother's full voice
Sprang into the air:

"I am tired, Helen—
It's nearly time for tea.
Helen, just see the time
There for me."

Mother's voice, rich
And tall as a chime,
As she said: "Helen,
Just see the time."

She rose and the fruit fell
Bumping on the floor.

She rose, and there was nothing
Behind or before.

She rose and faced a darkness
Clean as a stone,
And the clock was buried
In a dark of its own.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse SHIRLEY BROWNRIGG

LAZARUS SILVERLOOM

Lazarus Silverloom,
in a furnished room
with musty walls
and a slattern chair,
sits on a bed
and contemplates the air.
Like Charlemagne
in his invulnerable tomb,
he waits for some brave strain
of music, for trumpet calls
blown from the city's domes,
winding along the sinuous halls
ghostly with strange footfalls,
into the furnished catacombs.
Lazarus Silverloom,
dreaming a fabulous doom
somewhere in a furnished room,
stares like Charlemagne in gloom.
His bones are wrapped in frost,
and his great beard is lost
in ageless dust.
Rubies of rust
float in his eyes and glimmer through the air.
He sits and views a chair
covered with sable;
cloths of purple and gold
fall from his table
fold on amazing fold.
His bed is a perilous throne,
and he sits with his sword in a cavern alone.

Green water drips from stone to stone
and trickles on marmoreal floors.
Far off, below him in the earth,
he hears the sound of closing doors
and muffled cries of unreal mirth.
The silence is unfathomably deep,
and Lazarus Silverloom feels very old.
Faintly he hears the curious creep
of time, and sees the purple cloths—
the gold and sable in a heap,
maggoty with mold.
And Lazarus is lonely, lonely.
He stiffens with a leprous cold.
Around him he sees the stain
of sleepless water falling like melted lead—
who is this, Charlemagne
or Lazarus, sitting dead?
Twilight floats into the room,
twilight rustles through the hall,
footsteps crackle on the stair,
Lazarus hears the voice of Saul.
Saul is walking in the gloom
looking for a furnished tomb;
Tamerlane and Jenghiz Khan,
Cæsar of the Rubicon—
they are treading up the stairs,
they are opening the doors,
they are whispering in pairs
through the rooms,
through the halls,
hunting furnished tombs;
standing in their palls
cadaverous and lean,
gangrenous and green,
on the creaking floors.
Lazarus sits and hears
the clicking of their bones
as they settle on their biers
with complaining groans—
and Lazarus waits.
The nervous city grates
against the window of his room;

the gas light is a tropic bloom
festering on the wall.
He rises from his crippled bed,
smoothing the shabby spread,
and tiptoes down the hall.
Odors of chilled flowers fall
through the dusty air,
as Lazarus searches for a stair.
Over the crying floors
into bleak corridors
blindly he races.
Skeleton faces
float by him there
with dolorous eyes
wreathed in dead hair.
Through the far halls,
endlessly black,
in a current of sighs
the steep walls
illimitably rise
before him in air;
they always come back—
he sways and falls in his despair. . . .
Lazarus Silverloom
in the unheard-of gloom,
crumpled in a corner of the hall,
sees the landlord in a ragged shawl
locking and unlocking doors.
He is sighing through the corridors,
walking in a weary way,
knocking, knocking at the doors.
Lazarus hears him halt and pray
as he goes from bed to bed—
sees a light about his head
and a sorrow in his tread;
hears him call in every room
in a tone of wistful gloom:
"We are not dead but only sleeping."
Lazarus hears him far off, creeping
down the labyrinthine hall;
hears the flutter of his call
in the room of Tamerlane,

in the rooms of Jenghiz Khan
and Cæsar of the Rubicon. . . .
Lazarus Silverloom
waits in the eternal gloom;
waits forever in his furnished room.
Always he hears remotely, long ago,
timeless like subterranean snow,
the old voice and the slow
feet creeping:
"We are not dead but only sleeping"—
and Lazarus is weeping.

HERBERT GERHARD BRUNCKEN

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

WINDOW SHOPPING

She stood before a window, looking in
At lovely trifles women joy to wear:
Soft silken things—a dainty boutonniere—
A bright-hued scarf—a gleaming jeweled pin;
Here at this shrine the age-old feminine
Urge comes to woman-kind, grey embers flare
Into a blaze again; caught in its snare
It is a bond that makes them all akin.

Her features glowed,—the years had slipped away;
She saw herself transformed in youth's attire,
Forgetful of each stinted yesterday
When poverty had quenched all bright desire,
Then irony took the stage and closed the play
And raked the ash upon a smouldering fire.

Contemporary Verse MARGARET E. BRUNER

FIRS AT THE MARKET

You're not unused to cold and snow
And huddle near the wall, I know,
Because you're so bewildered. Cars
And crowds are new to you. The stars

Had served as candles in the white
And silent north, and blazing light
That glares from city streets is bound
To startle baby firs, as sound
That's unfamiliar, frightens. Toys
May gladden chubby human boys
But they'll not lessen your dull ache
For stars, and one remembered lake.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer COLETTE M. BURNS

ADMONITION

What thing is sin
That causes you to turn aside
When she who wears it in her heart
Must cast her eyes as if to hide
The deed that keeps you two apart?

You talk with pride
Of virtues that are custom bred,
But you forget that trusty steel
Is heated first to blinding red
Then tempered till its strength is real.

Must you be blind
As Agonistes was of old
And wreck a house to save your pride?
You shun a sin long since grown cold
And fan to flame the one you hide!

Palo Verde D. MAITLAND BUSHBY

WISDOM

I looked upon a man
Whom men had said was wise;
I found a man of clay
With sorrow in his eyes.

I read a book of words,
Of words that lived in death;
I found I was alive
But not why I draw breath.

Once on a mountain peak
I heard within the trees
The voice of God and knelt
Upon a wise man's knees.

The Christian Century D. Maitland Bushby

ON A PAINTING BY PAUL THÉVENAZ

Here is an image he painted, a running-away,
This faun in his own fashion fleeing from houses,
From even a house head-downward in a bay.
Here, audible still, is his pipe and still arouses
Reflected birds across his rippling roof
And stirs a bewildered snail—whose horns expand,
To hold the final whisper of that hoof
And the breath of grapes lost in that curving hand. . . .
Shall I wonder if his eye still narrow its light
As once it did for beauty, or his hand incline
Toward images to be fingered into sight,
Or if he need companionship like mine?
Or shall I envy his intimacy with rain,
Since he yielded his earth back to the earth again?

The Dial Witter Bynner

A LOVE SONG

Sky-changes come and go
And the breathlessness
Goes with them; a friend's
Death is too difficult to know;
A bird's flight ends.
But you are here no less.
You are all these things
That shift and dart,

Breaking the heart
With life stranger than death.
You catch my breath
Away from me, you make the air
Almost too sweet to bear
With sky-change and wings.

The Dial WITTER BYNNER

VIGIL

Let me no longer separate my share
From the lot of other men; but let me dare
To be more forlorn than a man alone can be,
And yet more heartened by this adversity
Common to them and me and levelling all.
There never was singleness in a funeral.
Yet with each thought I take of life, your eyes
Are widened open and your limbs arise
Beautiful again, not only as they were
When I could touch your lips and feel them stir
The life that was theirs to laugh with and mine to love,
But by some miracle leaning above
My own in the same tender sacrament
Of night as when together we were blent.
Wherever love is, let me yield and share
This love of yours, and so be better aware
Of my beloved than I was, before
The door that seemed to close became no door.

The Dial WITTER BYNNER

HAY WAGON

On the road from Enfield, the other side of Lemster,
Or the other side of Newport, I can't remember which,
We saw ahead a hay wagon topped by a teamster
And a fellow with a hay fork walking near the ditch.

Even in the distance they bore an air about them
Brighter than New Hampshire air. Fire had begun

To tingle in their golden hair—just as if without them
It would have been a dark day without any sun.

And this was their difference from ordinary people—
They had left their shirts behind them, they were brown
and living men
Who came with something in their eyes that doomed the
village steeple.
New Hampshire, glory be to God, was Indian again.

Harper's Magazine WITTER BYNNER

AT LENGTH

Enduring ice and desert sun,
Changing toward the changeless one,
All rivers in some form or other
Creep back at length into their mother.

Trees, that spend brown earth for green
Leaves and blossoms, shall be seen
To mix again in ash or mould,
Paying for the green with gold.

And flame that hides in copper wire
Meets the sun in light or fire.

Then if in love your self was born
There is a chance you may return,
Like water, fire, or apple-trees.
You may be made like one of these.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse GLADYS CAMPBELL

NOT WITH OUR HEARTS

Let us make song with our lips and not with our hearts,
Sing like the birds at dawn because darkness departs.
Let music be like the breaking of waves upon rocks
Under the impulse of wind. Let it be like the flocks
Of blackbirds that rasp until night, and then under cover

Of darkness and silence find notes as sweet as a lover,
Singing for no one to hear. But the music that moves
In your pulse with the galloping beat of golden hooves
Shall never be heard, though it flow in eternal streams
Through aching hands and lips and stormy dreams.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Gladys Campbell

ON SUCH A ROAD

On such a road, as wide, as still,
Christ must have walked;
On such a hill
Of green delight
Winds must have stirred His garments white.
And, by a tree full-leaved and fair,
Like this, I think He knelt in prayer.

The Gypsy — Ellen M. Carroll

TO THE DEAD HUSBAND OF ANOTHER WOMAN

I would have been to you red flame,
A steady heartening glow;
Leaping to brilliance when you came
From out the night and snow.

She was a pallid candle flare,
Quenched by the slightest wind.
She should have lit an altar-place
Above all men who sinned.

Now you are dead it matters naught,
Unless from those far ways
God lets you lean to earth-caught-fire,
Flickering and faint, these days.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — Ellen M. Carroll

TO ANY WOMAN

I think if I should die you would not mind—
There'd be a thousand memories left behind.

There'd be a thousand little tears to shed
In consolation for a lonely bed.

And on still moonlit nights you'd visit me
With dainty garlands of anemone.

And by my grave you'd pray to have me back
So I could see how well you looked in black.

Bozart MARCO CARSON

LAST WORDS

The breezes of returning Spring
  Blow kindlier than before:
The robins hop, the sparrows sing
  More sweetly than of yore.
For O, the gliding seasons swim
And bear me on their rippling brim
  To my not-distant shore.

I'll no more strive to be a man:
  Cold world, bad world, Adieu!
I've done you all the good I can
  Or ever mean to do.
In fact—I say it in your ear—
It was a grand mistake, I fear,
  To try to better you.

The more I probed, the more I found
  The Evil's deeper source.
I digged:—the truth was underground;
  Star-gazed:—'twas cosmic force.
And as the baffling years slipped by
The streams of hope were running dry
  In their meandering course.

True, in the flashing of a spade,—
  The twinkling of a star,—
A light from heaven would pierce the shade
  And show things as they are.

But still I felt the world was sick;
For no one else would wield my pick
Or read my calendar.

Ah truth! whatever truth may be,
'Tis neither yours nor mine.
'Twill shine through taciturnity,
Through broken speech 'twill shine.
Then wherefore sweat to have one's say?—
To save what cannot pass away,
Or rescue the divine?

Scribner's Magazine JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

GOD THROUGH MACHINE

His stubby fingers in his thicket hair,
The poet raised his eyes from business lore.
He frowned at the telephone here, the time-clock there.
He thought of printing presses; and he swore:

"Damn this land and damn its people!
Damn each smug and cocky steeple
Lifted like a warning finger!
Damn the fate that makes me linger!"

The Telephone Addresses the Poet:

"Your voice outwings the swallows.
Your words sweep peaks and hollows.
No flying carpet follows
The speed I bear your greeting
In a thousand-mile-off meeting.
Think of the dramas fleeting
Through wires that weave a nation
With cries, romance, elation!
Use me for new creation!"

The Printing Press Speaks:

"Hear the blizzards that joust from
the northland intoning their dirges

For many great trees hewn down for
my hungering maw!
And yet who am I but a slave of the
Demiurges
Who have taught to all masters a
new and mightier awe?

"In the years before me the masses
had no way of knowing
Now I am the teacher of all—
and I forge a new way.
With each flap of my flame-girdled wings
I am overthrowing
For a man who can read is a man
who will think some day."

Chorus of Machines:

"Lever, boiler, battery, cog,
Building you a decalogue:

"Flesh your dreams in steel. Be tougher.
One part weak? The whole must suffer.
Make your heart a dynamo.
Only pressure makes things go.
Oil out friction. Nothing dusty!
Never let your thoughts grow rusty.
Drive as clean and straight as a drill,
One harmonious, steadfast will!

"Crank and wheel and piston rod,
We shall help man grow to God."

Japm, The Poetry Weekly RALPH CHEYNEY

MACHINE PROPHECY

And do I like machines?
Emphatically no!
But hail them as the means
Whereby our souls shall grow

When freed from Adam's curse
And high outbuilding Babel,
Not letting Cain coerce,
We resurrect young Abel.

We'll plant a Jacob's ladder
In every mill and street,
And no-one shall be sadder
For lacking clothes and meat.

And is the time at hand?
Most definitely not!
For those who kneel shall stand
And much that stands must rot.

Machines produce enough
True goods for everybody,
But owners get the stuff
While workers get the shoddy.

The tree of life shall flower
That seems so dead and chill,
Bear knowledge Eves devour
And yield more good than ill.

And will that Eden come?
A most decided yes!
Each dynamo's long hum
Foretells the soul's success.

Contemporary Verse . . . . RALPH CHEYNEY

NEW BIRTH

(*For Lucia*)

The night is warmed by breath of my dear;
But the pulse of the world rings quite as near.

Beneath the world's great heart and hers
The new man forms, the new man stirs.

It's love who fathers but I know
With them each pang they undergo.

Though the blood-red banner be never unfurled,
Love will discover a happier world.

But this I swear by my own soul:
While there are maimed I am not whole;

While there are outcasts I am lost;
I stand against a holocaust;

I'm shadowed by each prison bar—
I'm only as all others are.

Enough reward beyond my span:
The birth of new and better man.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly RALPH CHEYNEY

SEX

Oh, you may sing the flower. I applaud the sap
That, mounting, awes me more than any thunderclap.

Oh, you may chant the tree that lifts green wings wide.
For me the seed that finds the light without a guide.

Praise, if you will, remembered curves of a loving face.
But I give thanks for the sap and seed of the human race.

The seed holds perfection and all to come;
Its silent growth stirs me like a drum.

While sex in man or goldenrod
Contains the universe and God.

Contemporary Verse RALPH CHEYNEY

THE WINTER WOODS

Like knitters' needles, click-click-click,
The leather-colored beech leaves flick

The stiffened twigs on under boughs
Where hangs the vireo's vacant house.

Here at the wood's edge to and fro,
The oak leaves skate upon the snow,
Like squirrels that caper unafraid,
Round and round the pokeberry glade.

Oh, little there is to cheer and stir;
Only the hairy woodpecker
Swings his sharp pick on a dead stub
And cocks his head to hear a grub:

Only a nuthatch slides and bows
At Downy drumming up his spouse;—
And hark! who whistled on a leaf,
Or was the blue jay calling "thief"?

The east wind shuttles out and in.
It weaves white for the evergreen.
The time is bitter as a tear
And I must trudge the woods for cheer.

Voices W. W. Christman

AN ORCHARD NOTION

These mountain evenings, when the fall comes on,
Full of these winds and colors after dusk,
This searching air, so rich with icy dew,
And such a height of clear and lighted space
Between the hill horizons and the sky,
Make your brimmed senses and your heart swell over
With expectation of the Northern Lights;
And it was on an evening such as this,
About a year ago, the end of summer,
I came out in the orchard after tea.

The lamp was lighted, and the door was open,—
The kitchen lamp and door. The kitchen clock,
Perched on the wall, with glass and pendulum,

Suddenly looked, from fifty paces off,
No bigger than a doll's clock from a toystore;
And somehow, time turned childish with the clock,—
Our little time, a thing for playing with!
The shelf below it, with the dangling spoons
And sifters, hung there like a doll's-house outfit
Above the tiny table; they were all
Things for a play life, left among the fields
Between real things like trees and sky-topped hillsides.
Such a child's thought, such an enchanting play,
Life in our little houses, little townships!
We must have turned to midgets to live in them!
Alice in Wonderlands, who grow too tall
When we go out in orchards after tea;
We can't get in again until we say
"Sesame, open!" and slip through the keyhole.

The World Tomorrow SARAH N. CLEGHORN

SONNET OF WONDER AT LIGHT

Light has a life that moves in all directions;
At the same time, light plunges east and west.
Light, always wandering, always lies at rest.
Boundlessly straight, it bends back in reflections.

See how light shapes its body to the heavens!
How it can pour like milk, how it can pierce
Like needles! Light is calm, and light is fierce.
Mixing with none, all things it tints and leavens.

Light seems to move so rashly, so severely;
And yet it handles leaves with softer care
Than curling water, or the waving air.
I think it shows infinity more nearly

Than any other life, excepting death.
—It might be called the universe's breath.

The World Tomorrow SARAH N. CLEGHORN

We shall break the dry crust of this stale earth, batter it
down to a useless despair,
Temper it with white-blooded hate greater than the eyes of
the sea staring rigidly into the last typhoon;
Even fling black coal across its naked, foul-green spine,
And break it, break it, break it into everywhere!

For we are the ghosts of conquest. Throughout centuries as
old as the first startled yellow flame devouring soft
wood,
We have been sulking beneath the weight of useless war
crosses,
A weight so terrific, so like the futility of endless struggle
on struggle,
That it pulled upward from our embittered hearts with the
intangible strain
Of a heaven we could never attain.

Open, world! Let us bite into your frightened lips with our
skeleton teeth, let us feel your full breasts that we
may squeeze to disconsolate death their wealth
Gained with the drunken-lipped twist of lust and stealth.
Open your soul lest we spill the sea,
A shivering death of flaming ice, over your crooked eyes!
For we are tired of your eternal lies,
Of glory in death, of glorified conquest.

Now our grave is open, open as the sky before the first glar-
ing dark of a rumbling storm,
And we, the ghosts of unremitted conquest,
Setting crazily in the East, coming up wilding out of the
West,
Are risen to choke you to the last death
Of steel-pointed hate. Long has the world
Waited for us to be hurled
Into your arms. Now we have come!
The skies are black, the sea is a rage of burning white and
blue,
The moon is a glass of furious hell, laughing,
Laughing at you.

We have come!
Pain for our bayonets, blood for our drum.
Now we shall break you, earth,
Until we who died seem worth
All your barren greed and futility.
Glory! Glory on a horizon too black to stay!
Glory on ghosts of conquest for a year and a day!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS

SALT AND WIND

The sky eases a deluge of rain and color into a valley, the soil trembles beneath the fingers of dawn, motions the sun to mate with the sea, and a river is born!
This is a river, an old river running happiness and forgetfulness.
Here are quiet and alarm, beauty and ugliness, and forgotten passion.

There is nothing on earth to surpass an old river; there is nothing on earth to surpass an old love,
Unless we retrace carelessly to a young love and a young river.
A young love, a young river, an old love, an old river,
Somewhere beyond the arc of the sky a sea and time.
And if it be a young love or an old love, a young river or an old river, eventually it will all become an ordered sea of salt and wind.
Salt and wind!

Night, and the last bird has beaten his wings on the river's mist, love is quiet with no remembrance, for everything now at the last is salt and wind, salt and wind!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly ALBERT EDWARD CLEMENTS

AS IT IS

Now, no doubt, my friend and I
Will proceed to lie and lie

To ourselves, till we begin
To act the truth and call it sin.

But I wish that life were made
So that lovers, unafraid

Of heaven, hell, and gossip, could
Go their way and call it good.

The Harp — Grace Stone Coates

AN OLD WOMAN SPEAKS

I, having been young, am old; who say:
Girl, go not virgin back to earth;
Contemptuous worms would quit your clay
Disdainful of its little worth.

Why swoons the moonlight on the grass
Where waiting lilies hold their breath,
If you must delicately pass
Unsavored to the arms of death?

Rain spreads the wistful flower-cup,
And stings to leaf the startled trees;
Lift love's responsive chalice up
That you may burgeon even as these.

While panting noonday wraps the river,
And the hot blossom folds the bee,
Can you devote to the great Giver
Only a wan sterility?

Midnight is heavy on the hollow
In fecund pungency confessed—
O maiden, maiden, rise and follow
When Love would take you to his breast.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — Grace Stone Coates

THE CARAVAN AND THE SHAKERS

Think of all peaceful things: green hills and gold valleys,
Think of sheep feeding and cows in the shade,
Wide barns of stone, firm walls and deep orchards
And gray comely houses in order arrayed,
And the hum of spinning wheels, and the odor of herbs
On the drying racks laid.

Think of all gay things, transient and silly,
Glittering, tawdry, romantic and wild,
Out of the woods on the post road is pouring
In the pale light of morning, the dream of a child—
Elephants, clowns, lions, giraffes, and General Tom Thumb
Have amazingly come.

Think of the General stopping his carriage
While Shakers all to the windows ran
And the quiet beasts of the farmyard winded
In wide-nostrilled alarm the caravan,
And Tom Thumb himself gave orders for new pony-blankets
And a turkey-feather fan.

All things end: the moment is broken,
Time preens his wings and spreads them for flight,
The General waves, men yell, beasts lunge forward
And the bright procession passes from sight
While the busy Shakers stand idle-handed watching the Albany road
For a last sparkle of light.

The Bookman — Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE EMPRESSES

Victoria, Carlotta, and Eugénie
Were young queens once, were once young empresses,
With ears pierced for their jewels, and flower-shaped bonnets,
And parasols and billowing bright dresses.
They had young husbands once, with narrow waists
And brave mustaches. They drove satin horses

Through shaded parks, and with small smiles presided
At dinners of innumerable courses.

Proud! they were proud, those lovely princesses.
Victoria was determined as a stone,
Eugénie bore the blood of Montezuma,
Carlotta gambled for a windy throne.

One won, two lost, all three grew very old—
Old women who, before at last they died,
Had turned to legends, wearing on their fingers,
Like rings, the wars demanded by their pride.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

WINTER RUNE

Unriddle me my riddle
If you would have my love:
What is warm to all beneath
And cold to all above?

What moves gentle as a girl,
And has waves like the sea,
And is lighter than a butterfly,
But yet will break a tree?

What closes many a door,
As strongly as a bar,
And silences the footfalls,
And shines like a star?

And makes blossoms bloom
Where no blossoms were,
And pleases dogs and children
And the philosopher?

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

The Saturday Review of Literature

ON A NIGHT OF SNOW

Cat, if you go out-doors you must walk in the snow.
You will come back with little white shoes on your feet,
  Little white slippers of snow that have heels of sleet.
Stay by the fire, my Cat. Lie still, do not go.
See how the flames are leaping and hissing low,
  I will bring you a saucer of milk like a marguerite,
  So white and so smooth, so spherical and so sweet—
Stay with me, Cat. Out-doors the wild winds blow.

Out-doors the wild winds blow, Mistress, and dark is the night.
Strange voices cry in the trees, intoning strange lore,
And more than cats move, lit by our eyes' green light,
On silent feet where the meadow grasses hang hoar—
Mistress, there are portents abroad of magic and might,
And things that are yet to be done. Open the door!

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

The Saturday Review of Literature

BARBED WIRE OF THE DESERT

In listlessness the far-flung desert lay,
A giant waiting under countless sands;
Exultantly there comes to meet the fray
A David with a cobweb in his hands.
He dares with slender wires to vanquish space,
And in his footsteps living waters flow;
He plants the cottonwood to shed its lace
Where alfalfa and Indian corn shall grow.
His days are full of toiling, but his zeal has earned
Him nights of peace, and dawnings that are fair.
For there are shadows where the sun once burned
And there is beauty where the ground was bare.
From sky to sky the silver fence-line goes,
And, lo, the desert blossoms, like the rose.

The St. Nicholas Magazine CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

BOXWOOD HEDGES OF THE SOUTH

Suckled in satin, born of those who rule,
Their heritage from leaders of crusades,
Yet quick to learn within another school—
Their swords gave place to pruning-hooks and spades.
For not a dwelling only, but a place
Such as their childhood knew, they chose to build,
And England's loveliness you still can trace
In English flowers that once their gardens filled.
While soon it was that boxwood hedges stood
Under the oaks where honeysuckle stirred,
But singing through the fragrance from the wood
Their nightingale gave place to mocking-bird.
They chose to gather more than they would need,
Not life alone, but living, was their creed.

The St. Nicholas Magazine — CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

SOUL FREEDOM

Be thou soul free; let no one give thee aid
In guise of friendship that is not sincere.
Although thy way be dark; go unafraid
And meet life squarely, knowing God is near.
Far better to have tried and failed, than know
The way that helps thee scale the heights with ease,
But fetters thy high aims and drags thee low
In self-esteem to pay a debt that frees
Thee not. Success is failure but in name,
Unless thy soul in freedom gaily sings
A song of love that knows no blush of shame
When it returns again and payment brings
In full; for all thy debts thou must repay,
But barter not thy soul's immortal day.

Cincinnati Fine Arts — KATHERINE HUNTER COE

NIGHT-HAWK

The night-hawk goes up to the light
Lingering over coming night.

His slender wings have mirrors under
Their slow sweep of peace and wonder,

Twin heliographs to relay on
Brave words of the sun that's gone.

There is not among the birds
A grace so out of reach of words.

So thin and beautiful a scroll
Against the sky that day seems whole;

After things at six and seven
Here is calligraphy of heaven.

Up. Then like a falling star
He falls with a brief, celestial jar,

Like a bowstring snapped apart,
Like the daylight's broken heart.

Darkness leaps to have its way,
And the door swings to on day.

Creator! if Thy children might
Take such a clean leave of the light!

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The Saturday Review of Literature

THE RAM

A white ram rears against a wall
  With horns curled close in scorn.
The wall stands firm; yet he must butt,
  For that end he was born.

Beyond there are unnibbled fields
  And sheep that ean for young.
Like a hammer forging steel
  His head is reared and swung.

The rhythm of that beating head
Is built into our hearts
And into the volcanic sun's
Incandescent darts.

The passion of those bleeding horns
Is on each star that glows
And on the briefest petallings
Of a summer rose.

You ram who shape the universe
And lord who bleed to death,
Your hunger is our being fed,
Your dying is our breath!

The Bookman ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

HUMMING-BIRD

It would take an angel's eye
To see the humming-bird's hot wings.
He stands raptly on thin air
At his banquetings.

He flies so fast he is at rest,
His vibrant body poises still,
His wings into the crystal light
Melt invisible.

A bobbin winding off the threads
Of sunlight from the spools of flowers,
His hunger is a weightless thing
And holier than ours.

Saints and angels bathed in flame
Know far less of flame than he
As he hovers pinionless
A minute ecstasy.

The Yale Review ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

BLACK BABY

The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.
Today I set him in the sun and
Sunbeams danced on his head.

The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.
I toil, and I cannot always cuddle him.
I place him on the ground at my feet.
He presses the warm earth with his hands,
He lifts high the sand and laughs to see
It flow through his chubby fingers.
I watch to discern which are his hands,
Which is the sand. . . .
Lo . . . the rich loam is black like his hands.

The baby I hold in my arms is a black baby.
Today the coal-man brought me coal.
Sixteen dollars a ton is the price I pay for coal,—
Costly fuel . . . though they say:—
Men must sweat and toil to dig it from the ground.
Costly fuel . . . 'Tis said:—
If it is buried deep enough and lies hidden long enough
'Twill be no longer coal but diamonds. . . .
My black baby looks at me.
His eyes are like coals,
They shine like diamonds.

Opportunity ANITA SCOTT COLEMAN

THE GORILLA GRIEVES

Written after the Tunney-Dempsey Fight

"He was the most heroic of the herd!
Of all who claimed the jungle—dark Gaboon
As dwelling place, he dared, and he alone
To raise his head that long had hung
A heavy sagging weight,
With sagging brain,
And lift it till it heard a whispered word.

"Then came the wonder of more whisperings,
Telling him he could make
His stature straight:
No longer need he hang with downward gaze,
Hid by green curtained boughs,
To smite to death
A wayfarer whose pathway crossed his lair:
But out from tangled thickets venture forth—
His murderous paw
No more a thing of death,
But fashioned fair
To grasp in friendliness
Hands likewise fashioned—
And watch glad stars
Light heaven's bright thoroughfare.

"And so we sped him onward—
Brave adventurer!
And we have lived unknowing—
Silence through all the sundering of the years—
For us no story of his upward going
Only a wondering—wondering
And then . . .
What is this surging sound
Beating upon our ears?
Why is the sleepy stillness of our jungle
Tortured and torn by such mad notes?
By dissonance unwelcome and unknown?
Beating like blows upon our gentle hearing
The green Gaboon is startled into fearing.
Whence are these raucous throated outcries thrown?"

. . . . . .

Slowly, by dint of pain
And wilful might,
A sagging head raises its cumbrous weight
And prodding that slow brain
Translates the sound—
"They are the sons of him
Who long years gone
Fared forth from the Gaboon
With dreams of upright stature,

Friendly hands
And high-hung stars . . .

"And it is thus he fares
After uncounted years of waiting!
The tongues that tear the air about our heads
Shriek forth—
Hark to their stating—
'Tunney has jabbed a left to Dempsey's jaw!
Tunney's terrific right hand
Hooked a left and blood is flowing
Downward from Dempsey's mouth' . . .
. . . . . .
And we have hoped, unknowing."
. . . . . .
The fight-crazed thousands
Make unlovely sounds,
Sounds which these thickets hold
Where apes abide.
"They clinch—They sway!
They fall! More blood flows down."
Then roaring rocks the air
And the mad tides of unloosed cheers
On the wet night-wind ride . . .
The sheltered stillness of the green Gaboon
Is torn like shattered sheeting
From its spar . . .
Was it for this he lifted up
His heavy sagging head
And saw a star?

The Century Magazine LEWIS COLWELL

YOUNG POET

His fiery thoughts blew from his spirit's rim
Solar-projection-like. A dreamer near
Must have caught fire from any spark of him.
The quick imagination felt such fear,
However, as those Tuscan mothers knew
Who drew their children back, lest Dante harm

Them, lately from Inferno, passing through,
His scorched cloak brushing them with searing arm.

I think he was a deva, not a mortal,
His gestured plaudit or his gentle wrath
Had knocked on any heart as on a portal
And he left no print on the gravel-path,—
Though taking lightly off for Paradise
His foot had melted rock, not merely ice.

Voices — Isabel Fiske Conant

MONASTERY OF HOLY MARY

(*Mallorca*)

Climbing above the olive trees
We met a brown monk coming down,
And he had stuck some heather in
His girded gown.

"They would not hear you ring," he said,
"The gate is open. Just go through,
And if you like the flowers there,
Gather a few."

The hilltop monastery shone,
A honeycomb of golden air.
It was so still there seemed to be
No one there.

Not to awake the sleeping rose,
We crossed the garden silently
And found an alcove full of sun,
Facing the sea.

There were three walls of tile. The fourth
Was the blue water's depth and height:
And there were poems everywhere
I could not write.

Go make them for me looking where
Africa lies below the south.
Translate the Spanish of that bell
With silver mouth.

Write of the honey-colored walls
Crumbling about the garden close,
Write of the peace, not leaving out
The rose.

The Commonweal GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

MALLORCA: NOVEMBER HURRICANE

Rose-ochre, not quite brown
Flood-water rushes down
Gilded with oranges
Shaken from wading trees.

Caught in the dance they whirl
One with the stream to swirl
Through the flood-deepened breach
Of shell-and-pebble beach.

Now in the harbor lost
Bright oranges are tossed.
Meant for the children's lips,
They drown among the ships.

Hundreds are swept away
Into the curdled grey
Of depths opaque and salt.
Was it the wind's fault,

Or the fruit-pelting rain's,
Or the sea's? But none complains
Of ravage such as this,
Knowing what the sea is.

The Commonweal GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

SEA LADY

Who is the girl with the green scarf?

When she moves, a snaky gleam
Moves with her in sinuous stream
As of molten silver down
The slight limbs: a cruel gown
Molded to the crueler flesh
Under the metallic mesh.
Her hair glitters. Is it wet
Dripping from the sea-cave yet?
Wakened when a salty spark
Whispers through those twisted dark
Coils of sleekened violet?

Who is she? Dare I say who?
She is from a schooner's hold
Down along the India Wharf.
Twenty leagues were sifted through
The deep-combing hungry seine,
Twenty leagues almost in vain,
When—a little less than gold—
Snaky in her quivering scales
In among the mackerel tails
Tangled in the sullen net
There she lay . . . I saw her so . . .

Who is she? No one I know.

The Commonweal — Grace Hazard Conkling

SOUNDS

I've known the enchantment
Of beautiful sounds—
An Arab in prayer,
Surf against ledge,
The cry of a Duse,
And the graze of a wing,
But none quite equalled
That of my name
As whispered by you.

Town and Country — Le Baron Cooke

THE SINGER

Gray are my thoughts, storm-swept the skies,
And yet my heart will sing again,
Not as the skylark touched with sun,
But like a wood-thrush drenched with rain.

The North American Review — Le Baron Cooke

WHIFFS

Whiffs of smoke,
Pearl-gray, and fragrant
With the aroma of our cigarettes,
Float between me and my Beloved.

So slight is the veil
Between our modesties.

Town and Country — Le Baron Cooke

BEGGAR'S SONNET

Better be blind than see what beggars see
In their brown sacks when the day is over,
And the wind in his rags walks down the lea
And the spent lark pushes into clover.

Better be mute than speak what beggars speak
Round their green fires when the moon is coming,
And the gaunt lizard paddles to the creek
And the brittle locust begins drumming.

Better be deaf than hear what beggars hear
In the pitch night when they draw their covers,
And the star-crazy wood rats blunder near
And the blank owls become noisy lovers.

Rather than dream their dreams till day returns,
Better stretch dead across the loco ferns.

The Nation — Bert Cooksley

THE ANCIENT MIRACLE

Where are the silver lilacs we loved too
Well, and the white apples (which you said were
Buttons on Day's slip of calico blue),
And the grave sumacs too thoughtful to stir,
And the curled leaves we discovered in dark
Hedges—which were too little to have names—
And Miss Paprika, the penny-eyed lark?
Where are the flowers which were Christmas games
In garden-green boxes, and the prim row
Of little-girl tulips (you always said
"Hurry to school!" and kissed them), and the slow-
Footed evening in a gray coat and red
Vest coming to dinner? . . . Only a day
Has passed, and weeds have buried the gateway.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Bert Cooksley

COUNTERPOINT

When will the young and eager poets learn
To still their morbid chattering on sex.
Surely the silences where meadows burn,
The stretches of the shore, where windlings vex
The cypress and the piper and the sand—
Surely these things are of a lasting worth,
And look as well on paper as the gland
Of some neurotic female pushed to earth?

And there's a virtue (and a thousand rhymes),
In Seasons passing with a jumbled freight
Of rain and wind, of water-cress and limes
And rose and lilac in the Summer's gate;
These things I have discovered need a term
Of much intenser aptitude than sperm . . .

Voices — Bert Cooksley

MARGIN NOTE

If night is beauty to you, well and good.
Make songs for the owls then. Make verses for

The moon-weathered barn and the leaf-silvered wood
And roof shadows and shadows on the floor.
Make a bag for lyrics and put in it
All the tracks you find of Night's velvet feet:
And should it take a year or a minute,
Be true to Night and make his life complete.

Beauty walks from dawn to dawn, forever
Coming and going, fair and young always.
Hail her as she passes, (be the weather
Cruel or kind, if in the Nights or Days),
But never go searching the shelves of noon
For a cup full of stars, a slice of moon.

The Gypsy BERT COOKSLEY

PAHASAPAS

Heat!
The heat of the burnished sun scorches,
The dust of the hot earth chokes me—
O Lord, if I should die!

Lift up thine eyes!

Help!
Save me from burning wind blasts!
Free me from merciless yucca and cactus!
Whence cometh help? Tell me, lest I die!

Lift up thine eyes to the hills!

Hills?
No hills but Badlands, whose deadly white beauty
And fair tinted castles of torture I fear—
Help! Lest I die.

Lift up thine eyes to the hills—to the cloud-hills!

Clouds!
Western and low at the edge of the desert—
I stretch fainting hands to their purple coolness.
Help, Lord, lest I die!

Lift up thine eyes to the hills whence cometh thy help!

Help cometh?
Can help come from those cloud-hills?
Here is a river! Slaked, I follow the road up—up.
The clouds are the Hills!

Thy help cometh from the Lord who made Pahasapas.

Pahasapas,
Bringing grass lush with cool water;
Pahasapas, with open arms, leaning over to succor,
You save me from death!

Praise the Lord—praise Him in the heights!

Higher,
I ride over the cloud-hills, beside crag and torrent,
Above piney canyons, through birch, to the Needles,
Higher yet—near God of the Hills!

Praise Him!

Give praise to God,
Who made hills in Time's dawning,
Who made Pahasapas to save me from the desert.
Praise to God!

Pasque Petals MARTHA SUTHERLAND COON

FAREWELL

No more
The feel of your hand
On my breast . . .
Like the silver path
Of the moon
On dark heaving ocean.

No more
The rumpled darkness

Of your hair
Like the wind
In leafy shadowed trees.

No more
The lush sweetness
Of your lips
Like dew
On new opened Moon-flowers.

No more
The drowsy murmurings
Of your voice
Like the faint twitter
Of birds
In twilight.

No more
The poignant melody
Of hours spent
Between the moonrise
And the sunrise
Like the song
Of a crystal river
Going out to sea.

Only
The awful song
Of silence
In that hour a'fore the dawn
When the moon has waned
The stars died
And the sun is buried
In mist.

The Crisis MAE V. COWDERY

AN ELECTRON'S RUNNING COMMENT

We are God's busiest children,
And on His errands run
Swifter than a ray of light

Approaching from the sun.
Our work, tho' done in haste, is yet
Divinely done.

Our orbits in an atom,
We whirl a crowded race!
The bee may idle on a bud,
We pause not any place—
Obedient little children all
Before God's face.

Collisions never wreck us
As on our way we go;
And, ever changing, changing,
Are hurried, hurried so!
But what the rout is all about
We do not know.

All forms decay and vanish,
Old age we never feel;
Not one electron gone amiss
Can any glass reveal.
All men should be alert as we—
Afire with zeal!

Attic Salt JASPER BARNETT COWDIN

A NAME FOR ALL

Moonmoth and grasshopper that flee our page
And still wing on, untarnished of the name
We pinion to your bodies to assuage
Our envy of your freedom—we must maim

Because we are usurpers, and chagrined—
And take the wing and scar it in the hand.
Names we have, even, to clap on the wind;
But we must die, as you, to understand.

I dreamed that all men dropped their names, and sang
As only they can praise, who build their days

With fin and hoof, with wing and sweetened fang
Struck free and holy in one Name always.

The Dial HART CRANE

THE MERMEN

Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions

King Lear

Buddhas and engines serve us undersea.
Though why they bide here only hell, that's sacked
Of every blight and ingenuity—
Can solve.

The Cross alone has flown the wave.
But since the Cross sank, much that's warped and cracked
Has followed in its name, has heaped its grave.
Oh—

Gallows and guillotines to hail the sun
And smoking racks for penance when day's done!
No—

Leave us, you idols of Futurity—alone,
Here where we finger moidores of spent grace
And ponder the bright stains that starred this Throne,
—This Cross, agleam still with a human Face!

The Dial HART CRANE

VERY YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

He sought professedly for harlots in a hundred cities,
  Intending thus to win the Babbitts' frowns,
But found instead—ah, breathe your violet-scented pities!—
  Two gestures, seven pale adverbs, twenty virginal nouns.

The Signet NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD

REALITY

These are the gusts of reality,
And these, blown before them,
The pale timid respectabilities,
Fearfully whirling their oily roundnesses
Toward the ancient pool.

The Signet — Nelson Antrim Crawford

MEMORIAL TO LARRY

The Me of then, plus circumstance,
Plus these ten years, is Me today.
Your vital self, plus lead and chance
And half a second, is clay—clay.

I

Ten years are gone. Let's see—I've got
A job, a house, a wife and two
Fine children. And substantial chairs,
A car—well, what would you?

My wife is good, my children well,
And all is well, I guess, with me.
So nights we take the car and ride,
Or sit home cosily.

Thus ten years more, and ten years more,
And more or less, then I am spent.
To all the decades, coming, gone,
You are indifferent.

II

I doffed a life and donned a uniform
And lived in barracks. Thus I found that war
Could reach from head-lines, fit me to the norm
Of olive drab, and set me working for
Something. . . . Out of the blur of drab, some few

Near faces came distinct. And one not very
Unusual face grew, day by day. It grew
To be more than a face. For you were Larry.

And days and drilling came, when everything
Was strange—more strange than clipped suburban grass
Is to transplanted birches that saw spring
In a swamp-thicket. But when I saw you pass
I'd see the sweet familiar. For to me
You soon were timeless—Larry. . . .
One long hike
We quarrelled, being fagged, and savagely
I clenched my fist to strike. I did not strike.

And months and battles came, and commonplace
Routine. Routine the march through that thick night
Till, swiftly, we were torn from void black space
To a French road, streaked with hideous light
From mortar shells: they flared like ghastly flowers
That bloom in nightmares; crashed with shattering sound
Too loud for ears, too great for flesh like ours;
Dispersed us, animals, to clutch the ground.

The shelling stopped and we crept back. We knew
Your presence in the dark. Uneven lines
Of nervous feet caught your calm pace, for you
Were Larry, and were iron to our spines.

III

I could have easily reached and touched you—
We, in the woods by the River Aisne,
Rifles in hand as we peered through the rain;
For you stood in front of a splintered tree
Three feet, perhaps, to the left of me.
A crack and a whir. Your beautiful body
Slumped bonelessly, like a bale of shoddy
Tumbling to earth with a boneless thud.
Silence. And then I saw white faces,
And you at my feet, stripped of the graces
That made me love you. There was blood
Wet on your forehead. I could not touch you.

IV

These memories—what more are memories
Of vivid moments from ten years ago
Than sap-filled maple buds, torn from their trees
Ten years ago, and pressed and saved? I know
The blunting weight of time; I know blood-root
Dull in herbariums—dry parody
Of quickened white in bloom on a living shoot.
So I remember with tranquillity.

But then, one day I heard a muffled sound
That stung a memory to sudden being:
I saw you stand there—it was more than seeing—
You stood before a tree—its trunk was round.
Then I relived . . . what I can not relate,
And shuddered back to nineteen-twenty-eight.

V

You are remembered, Larry.

You are remembered by Florence: who for love of you would have played the pretty fool; whose son is in the second grade at school; who heard of your death and stared on blank days. She speaks your praise to her bank-clerk husband.

Your mother remembers: you are her distant son; she is the misty-eyed speaking with honest pride, "This was my son who died in the war." You are remembered for—she is your mother. But mothers bear mortality as well as sons. Time runs. . . . Your insurance money went in government bonds.

In elegant bronze you are remembered: in the Public Square is a boulder. There, on the front of the boulder, is inscribed some prose (I forget how it goes) praising Our Warrior Heroes. On the boulder's back is a bronze plaque bearing some names and your name.

Your buddies remember: last December we held a reunion. And somebody spoke of Larry. "—Larry." "Damn nice fellow." "He was that guy in the third platoon." "No, Larry was in the second platoon." Larry, late of some platoon, this was your meed: we agreed that you were a nice fellow.

Our voices grew mellow: "Damn nice fellow." There will be other reunions.

You are remembered, Larry, till I shall some day die. But just now I cannot recall your face.

VI

Our hikes have ended with the endless war;
Our armies walk as men; our scorched ordnance
Is marble-cool as your white cross in France;
The Vesle is calm as Troy and Agincourt;

The Aisne is peaceful as my ten-year sorrow
For Larry, you who lived and are the dead.
But midnight's past and I must go to bed.
To work tomorrow. Larry, there's tomorrow . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Kile Crook

TWO POETS

"The love-mad lark you sing of swooned," they said,
"And speared his bosom on a thorn of last
Year's rose; cease playing Orpheus; no blast
You blow can charm dead fairies from the dead.
Our ears are cloyed with songs our fathers heard
Of how your lady's face and form were fair;
Put by your fluting; swell a martial air,
And spur us on with some long-waited word."

So, wearying, he changed his tune, and won
The praise of little men (who needed none).
But, oh, to see him smile as when dawn blew
A trumpet only he could hear, and dew
He could not brush away besieged his eyes
At sight of gulls departing from his skies!

II

"How could a woman love him; love, or wed?"
And thinking only of his tuneless face

And arms that held no hint of skill or grace,
They shook a slow, commiserative head
To see him amble by; but still they fed
Their wilting hearts on his, were fired to race
Once more; and panting at life's deadly pace,
They drank as wine the blood-in-song he shed.

But in the dream-walled room where last he lay,
Soft garments gathered dust all night and day,
As women whom he loved and sang of came
To smooth his brow and wail a secret name.
A rose placed in his hand by Guinevere
Was drenched with Magdalen's eternal tear.

Opportunity COUNTEE CULLEN

SONG IN SPITE OF MYSELF

Never love with all your heart,
It only ends in aching,
And bit by bit to the smallest part
That organ will be breaking.

Never love with all your mind,
It only ends in fretting;
In musing on sweet joys behind,
Too poignant for forgetting.

Never love with all your soul;
For such there is no ending,
Though a mind that frets may find control,
And a shattered heart find mending.

Give but a grain of the heart's rich seed,
Confine some under cover,
And when Love goes bid him Godspeed,
And find another lover.

Harper's Magazine COUNTEE CULLEN

HANDS OF A LADY AT PRAYER

They could have been so uselessly at play—
Dawdling with gems, or thumbing fresh cut pages
Heavy with satire upon the primrose way,
Or plucking delicious sins with a laugh for wages.

So slim, so white, so fiercely passionate,
Those bare, clasped hands! The lighted altar
Dropped shimmering discs of light upon the delicate
Head that drooped as though mere words must falter.

So fervent the request that the frail flesh
Must press into itself unnoticed pain
Like a child before some wondrous window longing
For loveliness—and standing in the rain!

The World Tomorrow — MARION CUTHBERT

TRIPLEX

A Prayer

Let them not war in me
these three,
Savior-of-cities,
Flower-of-destiny,
and she
Twinborn-with-Phoebos,
fending gallantly.

Let them not hate in me
these three,
Maid
of the luminous grey eyes,
Mistress
of honey and marble implacable white thighs,
and Goddess
chaste daughter of Zeus,
most beautiful in the skies.

Let them grow side by side in me
these three,
violets
dipped purple in stark Attic light,
rose
scorched (on Cyprus coast)
ambrosial white,
and wild
exquisite hill-crocus
from Arcadian snows.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse H. D.

BIRDS IN SNOW

See
how they trace,
across the very-marble
of this place,
bright sevens and printed fours,
elevens and careful eights,
abracadabra
of a mystic's lore
or symbol
outlined
on a wizard's gate.

Like plaques of ancient writ
our garden flags now name
the great and very-great;
our garden flags acclaim
in carven hieroglyph,
here king and kinglet lie,
here prince and lady rest,
mythical queens sleep here
and heroes that are slain

in holy righteous war.
Hieratic, slim and fair,
the tracery written here

proclaims what's left unsaid
in Egypt of her dead.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse H. D.

SQUAW-CORN

Corn of the far northern prairie, corn of the Mandan and
Ree,
Saving from frost its rare treasure, however early frosts be.
Wonderfully hued is the squaw-corn, prettiest corn that
grows:
Marvelous colors awaiting yellowing husks to disclose.

Prized for its early ripening is this aboriginal maize,
Heritage from the red woman, won from the vanishing days.
Hers was a sad agriculture, tilling her field with a bone—
Desperate toil, too soon changing young wife to bent,
wrinkled crone.

When like a breath from far Medicine Hat the autumn wind
blows,
Lure of this corn, like a magnet draws my slow feet down
the rows.
This was the settlers' first crop, how well I remember it
still;
Sweet was the mush from that sod corn, ground in the old
coffee mill.

Oh, see the pheasant; he runs like a flash out of sight down
the row;
Gorgeous of plumage; the ears that he rifles no brighter
hues show.
Memories throng the corn rows of days we shall no more
see:
Ah, 'tis a tale of the tepee the rustling blades whisper to me.

Pasque Petals George B. Daly

FAMILY PORTRAIT

No one wanted poor Clarissa;
No one ever seemed to miss her.

All her sisters and her brothers
Duly grew to fathers, mothers;
But she had a shrillness for a voice
That scared away the neighbors' boys,
A quirky pride hot in her brain—
And no beau ever called again.

Aunt Clarissa was not wanted.
She knew it well, but still undaunted
Rode up to Boston, and brought back
(With shocking evidence of her lack
Of what the family called taste)
A portrait of her, powdered, laced
Firm in her most expensive dress,
And not one hint of loveliness!
—Unless perhaps you did not mind her,
But looked away, and saw behind her,
A purple curtain (decorated
With arms not quite authenticated)
Looped back upon a marble column
To show an ocean dim and solemn.
But the painter had no painter's tact:
He was, unfortunately, exact;
Her mouth was shrill and proud and vexed—
You knew just what she would say next.
And when Great-Aunt Clarissa died,
They buried her, for all her pride;
Were sorry she had been erratic,
And moved the portrait to the attic.

To-day, the rest of them are known
To genealogy alone:
Three words a name, three dates a life,
So many children by each wife.
Drained off to various family lots,
Politely private, each one rots
Too deep to fertilize the grass,
With stones to tell who each one was.
Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons—
No dreams cling round those skeletons.

At last the tables are quite turned.
Of all so quietly inurned,

Their silhouettes look commonplace
Next Great-Great-Aunt Clarissa's face.
Above the mantelpiece they frame her,
But their flat smiles can never shame her
Out of her glaring, old resplendence.
Meanwhile collateral descendants
Take pride in her stern piteousness,
Feel romance in the wooden dress.
She triumphs—sterile, overweening—
Our only ancestor with meaning.

The Atlantic Monthly S. Foster Damon

RIVERS TO CHILDREN

We rivers, we torrents,
We heavy-backed waters
Burned out of the green ocean,
Came, clouds, from the plunging
Sea restless as flame.

One-willed and unchanging,
We rained and flowed westward.
We crossed these same meadows.
We touched and knew children
Like you; not the same.

Where are those children
Whose fields we then rained in?
We wet their brown fingers,
And grasses about them.
We rained in their eyes.

Where? . . . Surely we waters,
We deathless, recurrent
In leaching this compost,
Have knowledge whenever
A living thing dies.

No grave could have slipped us.
How have they hidden then?
Where are they hidden—

Neither on earth, nor
Under the earth?

And you, shall it come to you,
Children, and teach you
How to evade us?
Even your eyes?
Even your mirth?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse H. L. Davis

APPLE CIDER

Come all who love the merry sound
Of glass and goblet going round,
And in the bright October weather
We'll drink our harvest drink together.
For wind-falls lying mellow ripe
Have felt the cider-press's gripe,
And here is their sweetness, redolent
Of all the orchard's rich content.

A plague on cordial and on wine
That tedious years must first refine!
The thin new moon is not half grown
Since first on the tumbled fruit it shone
Whose richness lies within our cup.
Come, friend and neighbor, drink it up.
For freely is the cider poured,
It is no niggard, to be stored
In parsimonious bottle or flask,—
Here is a broad and jovial cask.
It beams like mine host at the tavern door,
And says "Draw, friend, there is always more,
But set your tankard on the ground,
And turn the spigot round and round."

Now wine must have its cloth and table,
And glass as fine as you are able,
But for our simple country brew
Tumbler, pot, or jug will do.

Goblet, tankard, bowl or cup,
The mellow cider fills it up.
And if the doorsill is too narrow,
We sit on bench or stool or barrow,
And the house from field-stone step to rafter
Echoes our merry jibes and laughter.

Paler than amber, misty clear,
(Like moonlight nights in the fall of the year),
Paler than honey colored leaves
That heap the corners of the eaves,
It overflows the brimming glass,
And spills its sweetness on the grass.

Many a jest is in this cup,
For the country humor bubbles up,
The rustic wit that does not sting
For all its hearty bantering.
There's many a friendly nudge and wink
As the bubbles break along the brink,
And homely quips and honest mirth
Flow with this pungence of the earth.

So when the harvest work is done
We drink our cider in the sun,
And friend, if simple things content you,
Bring but a goblet and present you.

The Lyric JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

WHEN GOD LAUGHS

I—called him to preach?
Called whom?
Ah! A good man, perhaps;
But—I did not even know he lived!
I have never heard his sermons.
. . . Nor read your verses.
I have been *at work:*
Holding the course of my myriad worlds
Through the endless flight of the endless æons.

I—called him to preach?
Preach what?
I call no one to preach;
But all to serve!
There is so much to do . . .
So much—to learn . . .

Sometimes—I laugh . . .
Far on the fringe of my empyreal hosts;
Lost amid my countless colossal luminaries;
Flickers that feeble flame you call—the sun.
Yesterday, upon that insignificant dot of semi-darkness
Came a microscopic bubble of slag—and gas;
A moment ago it burst. A piffling fragment,
Spewed into space, became
Less than a speck of dust in my immeasurable universe.

. . . But now!
Over its face crawl pallid worms,
Babbling of "God's Plan"!
Mouthing cruel creeds and silly doctrines—
Like "Adamic Depravity"—"Eternal Hell-fire"—
Wrangling over "Immaculate Conception"—
Whatever that is—
Fighting—over a few drops of water!

. . . So
Sometimes I laugh
As I hold the course of my countless worlds
Through the endless flight of the endless æons . . .

Bozart LEMUEL DE BRA

PRELUDE TO AN EXECUTION

The guards' feet through the narrow stone passage resounding
Echoed like waves quickly lapping a rocky shore.
Listening, he felt his heart, as of old time, bounding:
Lost, he forgot what deed they were coming for.

The first sick dawn was shuddering through the screen;
Day had come back to comfort the children of sun.
It cast unmoving shadows over the strange scene,
The color of the strange thing that was to be done.

While they dressed him he stared at the window's grating,
Where the white sky was cut to a meagre square.
These were the men, he knew, he should be hating.
Hate's time was over; there was no need to care.

He was thinking of hate all through the chaplain's droning—
The hate he had lived for, and killed for, that had brought
him here.
The chaplain's murmur was like hungry sea-gulls' moaning:
He bent his head, his mouth twisted into a sneer.

One at each arm, they led him through the door.
Never would he hear sea-gulls again or waves,
Unless perhaps from the place where afterwards they bore
The pine-wood coffins to lie in numbered graves.

Once long ago a child with his name by the ocean
Had loved to listen to waves through the moonlit gloom;
When the gulls cried overhead he could feel their free
motion.
He must stop thinking now: they had reached that room.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

THE SNOW

The quiet, beautiful snow,
Falling steadily downwards,
Is like a swirling shower of white stars.
I watch its deep white mantle being laid
On field and hill,
Upon the naked boughs of blackened trees,
On festooned wires,
And on the quiet homes
Where now
The cozy lights begin to show,
Beacons of cheer which mock the gathering gloom.

The muffled boom of a distance bell
Chiming the hour,
Seems part of the silence,—almost.
I watch the far horizon's darkening gray
From which, as through a sieve
Is blown the scurrying cloud of pale star-dust.
I contemplate the slowly fading scene
With weird and languid fascination;
Musing the while upon those transient things
Which seems but only silence can express;
Until, still gazing, I no longer see;
Until, still listening, I can no longer hear;
For now the snow's own spirit has possessed me,
Under whose mystic spell there is no seeing,
No hearing,
Nor even much of feeling;
But only quiet dreaming
Of things which can exist but in the fancy,—
Immaculate, passionless, peaceful.

Opportunity R. Nathaniel Dett

PSALM . . . I WILL

I will be lifted in thought . . . lift my eyes to Him as the flower lifts upward ever.
I will rise in my heart as the song, as the wing of the red-bird rises at dawn.
On the shores of my sorrow, on the shores of men's sin I will ceaselessly hurl the waves of my Love, the waves of my Truth . . . and though my song raises a storm . . . soon will come peace.
With the Day of the present I will wrap and engulf the dark of the past

Yet before it is done let my song as the cricket's arise in the gloom of the dusk or the dawn
And even as I welcome the cricket and his song to my hearth, to my heart
So I pray You welcome my song and my heart
Oh my God . . . in this gloom . . . in this dusk.

Unity F. A. Dewson

GOOD WIFE

"All day long
I been slapping suds.
Money making's mine—
Money spendin's Bud's.

"Folks keep asting,
How could I
Let a man black as Bud
Take my eye.
I keep rubbing
'Till my po' head swim.
'Tain't worthwhile to answer
'Cause Bud ain't courted thim!"

Bozart — BLANCHE TAYLOR DICKINSON

EVEN HIS FOES

A Laurel Wreath for Lincoln

The "greatest since the Christ," proclaimed John Hay;
Count Tolstoi added: "Christ in miniature,"
And Hazeltine, the actor, saw His pure,
Sweet spirit in the eyes of Lincoln. Gray
And famous, now, is Hazeltine; that day
He was a program boy at Ford's. The lure
Of Lincoln pricked even his foes. How sure
Was Stanton of the truth when he could say:
"He now belongs to ages" yet untold.
The fifty years he lived and loved and wrought
His gaunt and quiet figure seems to frame.
He wrote: "but that which cried out"—none could hold.
St. Gaudens in New Hampshire's shrine has caught
And kept in stone that inner hidden flame.

American Poet — MARGARETTE BALL DICKSON

STARK BEAUTY

The cities rise in high serrated peaks
That cut a jagged line against the sky:

A Titan asking an eternal why
Exultant energy forever seeks
(Through drills and dredges, steam-shovels whose beaks
Dig deep and deeper, and whose siren cry
Seems depth and height and distance to defy)
For firm foundations . . . dredging weeks on weeks.

In such a changing world, is beauty now,
Without a veil . . . fierce suns have melted mists;
The search light seeks her out, her upstretched wrists
Beseech, command, that all should grant, allow
That simple, stark and harsh be her appeal:
A fitting symbol for the age of steel.

Contemporary Verse MARGARETTE BALL DICKSON

ELEGY

I shall lose your face in the flickering of strange faces
That rush toward mine all day.
At night I shall go to the nervous, crowded places.
I shall concentrate on the people and the play,
And follow along to the dancing, and be gay.

I shall lose your voice in the anarchy of voices,
The rustle of wheels and footsteps and the wind.
I shall listen all day, I shall learn innumerable noises
To disentangle from what the city has dinned—
And at the end,
Waiting for sleep, I shall think of music, or say
Old rhymes, or pray.
All this to frighten the ghost of one sound away.

All this to frighten away one ghost who would start
Perilously into my blood by day and by night,
Perilously upon my mouth with the remembered kiss
Like a paralysis,
Till I am wound in your beauty as in a tightened net,
And suddenly it is enough, and I must forget,
Forget your beauty before I am mad with its sting!

I know the way. One loses part by part
Till all is lost but the unknowable thing,
The dream, the image not of sound or sight:

It is a wild perfume upon the world, it is the bright
Perpetual honey in the hive of spring,
It is the broken bell whose legends ring
Fatally and for ever in my heart.

The Dial GEORGE DILLON

FANTASIA OF WINTER

Impalpable python, go wrap the world in your rings,
Till the earth's ragged floor is pressed to a pane of glass
Imprisoning petals and cobwebs and grackles' wings
And the brown ghosts of grass.

Go—delicate, relentless, without sound,
Insatiate, swift—seize beauty as a bird is seized:
So let the promise be kept, the sick profound
Anticipation appeased.

For here in the hollow of my grief you have been harbored
and fed,
Privily from the world in its season of butterflies.
Here, hollowed out with bitterness, I have given you bed,
Winter, serpent of ice!

Secret, intolerable, here you have lain the summer's length:
It is enough. Stir! Waken! Uncoil! Wind
Across the world your lithe translucent strength,
Terrible sleeper within the mind.

The Saturday Review of Literature GEORGE DILLON

LONGINGS

Life is the free man's struggle to be bound,
The bondman's to be freed.
The plant tears upward to escape the ground;
The ground is longed-for home to wandering seed.

The Dial JULIAN M. DRACHMAN

YOU MUST CHOOSE, GENTLEMEN

He who follows beauty
  Where she leads his eyes,
Shall stumble into quicksands,
  Shall gorge his soul with lies.

He who grinds forever
  At the wheel of truth,
Shall be old and broken
  Before he tastes of youth.

He who calls for flagons
  At the merry inn of lust,
Shall pay his blood for poison
  And slake his thirst with dust.

But he who, loving mankind,
  Is diligent to save,
Shall be requited amply—
  With a martyr's grave!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly JULIAN M. DRACHMAN

ICE HARVEST

I

The Brook

It came from springs that one could see
Like sapphires edged with the filigree
Of insistent frost and set in snow.
A thin blue flame crept from the glow
A little way and nibbled through
Cold level whiteness, ran into
The leveled spears of ice, and then
Was lost, though one could hear again
Its muffled sound of march that led
Into the ice-bound pool it fed.

II

The Pool

Its outlet had been dammed to keep
Ice harvest, and he came to reap
When barren fields that crowded near
Had given little through the year.
And she who worked so close to him
Felt through her thoughts congealed and dim
The rasping of the driven saw
And knew that some unkindly law
Had made him strangely like the thing
That she must help in harvesting.

III

The Man

To him it was an essential part
Of life. The year had made its start
In this, so let it end in this . . .
His ice saw's blade must be the kiss
For lips so cold. Another night
Another harvest would be right
For reaping—on and on—to store
The ice to sell, and then once more
The nibble of blue flame, the thaw . . .
His eyes were steady on the saw.

IV

The Woman

To her the harvest was his own—
With outlet dammed the pool had grown
In size—a greater store of ice.
She could not wonder at the price,
The rasping of the driven blade . . .
Numbed fingers . . . She was half afraid.
The pool, a grayish glinting eye,
Was staring at the steeled blue sky.

She dared not wonder when the thaw—
A tear dropped frozen from the saw.

Voices — GLENN WARD DRESBACH

WOODLAND INCIDENT

About the bush that hides the nest
Two thrushes dart, afraid to stay
But more afraid to go away.

Below, a shadow stirs the crest
Of weeds, and frantic thrushes see
How surely comes that enemy.

And what it is I do not know,
But I shall hasten to the spot
And find what little brain is hot;
And see how quickly fear can go
To chill the thing that darts away
When it, in turn, becomes the prey.

A squirrel, safely on the fence,
Jerks with his scolding's vehemence—
As if the thrushes has his blame
For building much too near the ground,
As if the crawling thing he found
In flight was less than when it came
And he had found at last the wit
To tell just what he thought of it.
But, sensing his futility,
He lingers on, resenting me.

I do not care, since I can see
The thrushes turn and nestward fly . . .
For they are glad I happened by,
And so am I.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — GLENN WARD DRESBACH

SPADE SONG

Strike through the clods, clean steel, or rust will be turning
Its secret fangs on you. Now the seeds are yearning
Under the weight
You assume for only a moment. The clod's isolation
Of soil thwarts not only the clod but the soil . . . To creation
Release it. Create,
By destruction of bondage, the place for the hidden breaking
Of husk and of shell . . . O this is an hour of waking!
The old omens run
Of wings straining under the darkness, of wings trembling under
The urge of the rain and the deep calling voice of the thunder . . .
Then suddenly—sun!

Sun! And the clod in its darkness no longer, no longer
The hard crust—to find that a prisoned seed was the stronger
Even if you
Had not saved the twisting of sprouts, slow anguish of growing
Where rapture should be! Strike deep, bright spade, and be throwing
Old worlds under new!
Strike through to the union of soil in its yearning and power,
Strike deep—and the roots will go deeper; the stem, then the flower
Will come, again fall
The seeds in the soil and be hidden, again come behind you
The clods in their bondage—but someone will come here and find you
Still bright on the wall!

Contemporary Verse GLENN WARD DRESBACH

MOUNTAIN AIR

The forests are crowned with dawn
And out of the dawn bright wings
Arise like sparks and are gone
Along the impassioned sky.

And my heart lifts and sings,
For air that danced over stars,
As the clear snow-water streams
Dance over the polished stones,
Swirls on its rainbowed bars
And sprays my flesh and bones
And washes over my dreams. . . .

I stand like one in a pool
Of the mountain springs,
Cleaned and refreshed and cool—
With the feel of wings!

But O, for greater wings
Than the wings of a bird
Or of a heart that sings,
To dart and dip
In rippled lakes of the sky,
To rise, from the surface stirred,
In an arc, and drip
With a rainbow shower.

And then, near earth, to fly
And brush each thirsting lip
Through this enchanted hour
Till myriad hearts revive
To the breath of it—alive
As one who stands in a pool
Of the mountain springs,
Cleaned and refreshed and cool—
With the feel of wings!

The Commonweal GLENN WARD DRESBACH

ANNUNCIATION

Mary the maiden walked out in the country,
Telling the wheat what the angel had told her,
The bees tumbled out of the flag-flowers to listen,
The birds stopped their fledglings and told them to heed her.

A woman in blue with wheat to her knees,
Mid a silence of birds, and a stillness of bees,
Singing, "Golden, ah golden, with seedsprays unfurled,
Ripen within me, O Wheat of the world!"

Mary, blue-hooded, walked out in the country,
Telling the vine what no other must know yet,
The butterflies flew to her hems as to harebells,
The flowers on the bushes shook gold rain upon her.

A woman, gold-wet, with rainbow eyes,
And a border of living butterflies,
Singing, "Purple, ah purple, with tendrils close curled,
Ripen within me, O Vine of the world!"

The Commonweal EILEEN DUGGAN

THE QUILT

Two old women
Once had a tilt
Over the pattern
Of a memory quilt.

They had pieces
For many a block,
Scraps they had saved
From apron and frock.

One old woman
Wanted 'A Star,'
The other one said,
"Too simple by far."

"Well, let us make
The 'Old Irish Chain.'"
"I think it crazy,
I don't like its name."

"Then how about
'Holland's Wind Mill.'"
"Of old Dutch things
I have had my fill."

This wanted thing
For old times' sake
In their friendship
Caused quite a break.

These old women
Fussed and fussed,
The great question
They could not adjust.

One old woman
Took 'Jacob's Road.'
Thus closed forever
The quilt episode.

The Prism — Jessie G. Eble

COUNTRY AUTUMN

Now come the days when asters rust
Upon their brittle stems,
And gaudy salvias on the lawn
Make discs of ruby gems.

Cold stars, whose far chill light is death
And colder moons look down
While autumn weeps her dreary heart,
In every little town.

To cities autumn comes with blare
Of trumpets sounding loud,
But to the country all she brings
Is but a crimson shroud.

A crimson shroud, cold moon and stars,
A ghastly flaming's might,
A last long quivering bally-hoo
Before the endless night.

Centre College Magazine — George Elliston

CINDERELLA

What Cinderella had, I too
May have, a coach and four
It beckons me, its milk white steeds
Are champing at my door.

On any morning I can take
A sun kissed cloud and light
And make myself a jeweled robe,
And any star lit night

I too may have a diadem;
The magic of old days
Was never lost but only this,
Belief in wonder ways.

What Cinderella had, I too
Might take from knowing skies
New splendor glows but I, I have
Forgotten to be wise.

The Gypsy GEORGE ELLISTON

CUPPED HANDS

The loveliness that hands can hold
Made in a shallow cup—
Cool water from a hillside spring,
And starlight new come up.

I love to catch sun in my hands,
How warm the flesh and red,
Small shadows tremble revelling
In bright beams' airy tread.

Oh, once I clasped the wind, and snow
I've owned in monstrous balls
And once I think a cloud bent down
To test the strange soft walls.

But nothing that I ever held
Within cupped hands of clay
Was like your face and lips pressed close
Against moist palms today.

The Gypsy — George Elliston

GREECE AND THE BLOODROOT

I

I have not dug for beauty in old Greece,
Scraping the mold of ages from the face
Of chiseled gods in some old burying-place,
Troubling their quiet dreams, their eastern peace;
I have not groped for any golden fleece
Beyond the golden sunset in glad chase;
Nor worn my western eyes away to trace
In Grecian words the tired soul's one release.
I have not seen earth's only loveliness
In shattered columns of an ancient hall
Nor in the mallet-driven knife's impress
Of women wailing on a broken wall
Above their dead—still mourners who let fall
Their stony hair in the cold stone's caress.

II

But I have found a beauty in the west,
On prairies where the quail and chipmunk breed;
In plowed-up corn fields waiting for the seed,
Cry of the dusky catbird near its nest,
Curious markings on a guinea's breast,
The casual swaying of a wind-pulled reed,
The measured crunch of horses at their feed,
A heavy moon dragged down the dark hill's crest,
And weary women always stooped with child,
Clamoring children playing in the street,
Squat dagos digging ditches in noon heat,
Stars through the magic of a frosted pane,
Paths where the printless feet of leaves have filed,
Gray restless dust that rises in a lane.

III

I have been one who broke the knife-born petals
Of dead flowers chipped from rock, smashed them on stone,
And gone into the little woods alone
To find the flowering bloodroot in the nettles
And torn it up to watch the mold that settles
Back to the earth when the split roots are blown
By winds that shake them till the ground is strown
With fire-sap and its colors like no metals.
I have found beauty in the dust of life,
In men who work in grime of shop and field,—
I know the force that led them to a wife,
I know the heart behind the dirty shirt,—
A beauty where the bloodroot is revealed
And earthworms build a labyrinth in dirt.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly PAUL ENGLE

FOR THOMAS WALSH

(1875–1928)

I

And then, he said, exult
In the beat and caress of the wind,
O city of crags and towers,
Toledo, rock of the Moors.
Face the skies, in the thunder flashing,
There is no doom in the skies.
And the storm light your limbs, look not down,
Death is there.

Ah the river
Swift-winding
Far below.
River with an edge sharp as steel;
Like a sword on the thigh.

II

Though orange trees blossom
In the court of the Mosque at Cordoba,

Listen: the tramp of axemen nearing from the hills,
And grindstones
Singing
In the streets.

III

In the high Alhambran woods
Are running waters,
In the woods upon that hill
Are nightingales.

Near the palace is a flowering bush, an almond,
Pink its petals in the morning,
Lavender at dusk; in the deep dark invisible.
In the deep dark eyes cannot see,
In the deep dark feet cannot walk,
And what is there left of a flowering bush
In the deep dark
Invisible?
What is its worth then more than a fragrance?—
Fragrance:
A memory.

In the woods upon that hill
Are running waters,
And ghosts
And nightingales.

The Commonweal VINCENT ENGELS

ANSWER TO A YOUNG MOUNTAIN

Blue thing,
Sky thing,
High young stiff thing,
O mountain less than half forever old,
How much granite can a violet split?
How much granite does a cliff brake drink?

When copper August blows away in petals
Is there one grain of you in many petals?

Is there one rocky atom fluttering
Into the windy end of aspen yellow
Blowing to the valley and the sea?

When do you heed the warning of the ferns?
How many shady fronds of hartstongue lick
Your lime-rock grown of coral bone and shells
Before a single shell, sucked from the old tomb
Of a withered sea,
Blows the last ocean echo of itself
Into a cloud of spores
Dusting the lower squaw-weed on the river?

Blue thing,
Air thing,
O mountain younger than a meadow hill,
Where is an end of ringing, ringing wind,
Dragging those cloudy oceans from the sea,
To crack in flaming thunder on your sides
Turning the afternoon to rainy silver
To feed the moving rivers of the earth?

Mountain, there is no end of ringing wind,
Curling and curling, lapping like the tide,
The wind has made you pleasing to my hand;
Out of the sea the rainy rivers come,
Back to the sea the silent rivers go;
Now you are smoother than you were,
You shall be smoother than you are.

O wind that drags the strong rain from the sea,
O wind that lays the white snow in the flint,
Hark to the slipping of the sodden thaw,
Hark to the crackle of a thawing frozen,
Hark to the passage of one spall of flint
A man's length toward the bottom of the crag,
A man's length toward the bottom of the sea.

O steel pink spire,
O black high thing,
Young mountain that gives meaning to the valley,
Why do you tell me timberline is final?
Why bid me climb above the plumed song

Of woven spruces toward those bitter trees
Like air-whipped torches frozen into stone,
Too crooked for the mast of any ship?
They shall come down and yet shall go to sea,
When they dissolve and when the river takes them.

Why do you bid me come to you, young mountain,
If you must come to me when we are older?
Have I not seen the aged Appalachians?
Have I not seen a tired rock in the desert
Crumble beneath a single heron's weight?
Have I not seen the harrow in the prairie?
Have I not smelled the green wheat in the delta
Drinking the dissolution of the hills?

I have been restless in these restless mountains,
If I shall die I would be more secure.
Let me be buried in the river delta,
Closer to the final roots of wheat
That drink the dissolution of the hills;
Let me go sooner down the river delta,
Under the ships, under the level sea,
Let me go sooner to the ocean trenches
And let these younger mountains cover me.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune: Books THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

BLIND BOONE

Blind Boone fiddled night and day,
Not a tune he couldn't play.

Red haws bursting on the trees,
Catfish sunning in the river bed,
Sweet-smelling lilacs in the breeze,
New moon shining overhead,
White catalpa blossoms drifting down,
New-born mules kicking up their heels,
Corn pone cooking crisp and brown,
Feet tip-tapping in the old-time reels;

Blind Boone fiddled all the night,
Couldn't read a note, didn't have no sight;

Blind Boone fiddled all day long,
Making up the tune as he went along;

Morning glories growing round the door,
Old man possum hiding up a tree,
Darkey babies playing on the floor,
Black woman singing bout her misery,
Warm wind blowing up the taste of rain,
Bird dogs barking and a loud-voiced gun,
Farm wagons creaking up a dusty lane,
Quiet coming with the day's work done;

Old Blind Boone, down Missouri way,
Played on his fiddle, night and day.

Bozart DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

DOWN SOUTH

My grandfather slept when he was young
With a nigger wench he coveted;
My grandfather had a silent tongue
But he told of her until he lay dead:

Her limbs were smooth as a stripling willow;
Her young breasts were a dusky pillow;

Her mouth was sweet and fiery red;
Her voice was soft as a song, he said,

And he said there was something in her way
Made your veins run fire, night and day.

There's a nigger swung from the cottonwood tree,
Is he part of the blood and heart of me?

My grandfather's name was James, the Proud;
He strode the earth with head unbowed.

He rode fast horses and drank red wine,
And bred six sons to carry his line.

He was rich in slaves and sons and gold,
And he wasn't afraid of growing old.

He had everything a man could desire,
And on Sundays he sang in the church choir.

There's a nigger hanging from the cottonwood,
Is he flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood?

One son never was just right,
He had the fever and died one night.

The Yankees killed two in the war;
One went North and returned no more.

It was the youngest that was found
Down in a nigger river, drowned.

One was slain in a tavern brawl,
He was the last . . . and that was all.

There's a nigger and his name is Jim,
He's hanging high on a cottonwood limb.

He followed a singing girl one night,
He said he forgot that she was white.

They cursed at him and they said he lied
And he'd better grovel before he died.

They struck at his mouth until it bled
But he didn't ever bend his head.

Most niggers beg before they're hung,
But Jim, he kept a soundless tongue.

Back and forward and back in the dark,
Scraping against the cottonwood bark.

Down in the cabins they pray for him:
"Lawd, Lawd, have mercy on Jim!"

(If they'd only stop their praying and weeping
A body might get a little sleeping!)

There's no use my weeping and saying prayers;
There's no use my feeling this way for him;
He's only a nigger and nobody cares
If his head was proud and his name was Jim.

There's a nigger swung on the cottonwood tree,
Is he flesh and blood and one with me?

Contemporary Verse DOROTHY BELLE FLANAGAN

ASCENT

This is the sky, the bottomless and bitter air, the void where
space alone has foot-hold,
This, this—immensity without a fence, a bar, a wisp to catch
you if you fall.
This is the floating wilderness, the unfettered air, heaven
revolving intolerably
On the point of my heart's beat.

Here only the rootless wind can flourish and die, the light
unfold and wither to darkness,
The little bird choke and spin,
While man,
Butting his forehead on infinity,
Leans, gapes and plunges fainting into
The echoless and empty chasm of time.

This is the sky, never impounded by pushing angels, never
reduced to blocks of paradise
For Almighty God's heel of loud flame to burn on.
No, never!
Never the least thing clings or clots here, makes acres or
vacant
Angles or printed dust,
Never the smallest spider hangs her elastic couch on any
Airy thorn—
But glittering space broods on itself, upright, without sup-
port

And without effort.
O terrible chastity, wherein the mind of man finds no obstruction
And no help.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse HILDEGARDE FLANNER

THE ISLAND

God was an artisan
  Working away,
Eager his fingers were,
  Covered with clay,

Making a world
  Out of ice and desire,
Agony, innocence,
  Secrecy, fire.

God snapped his fingers,
  Caked with all these,
Down fell a particle
  On the high seas.

Island so casually
  Through ether hurled,
Flecked with God's weariness,
  Dust of the world!

Harper's Magazine ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

TALKING STONES

You may gather us stones in tip-carts and throw us
Up in Old South * on the sandy Common—
Lovers passing there would not know us
For stones they've trembled on till we are human!
Lagging footsteps! how you have worn us!
Nicked are we by the coffins and hearses,
Lovers, jades, and mothers have shorn us,
Bridal feet, and feet shod with curses.

* Old South Burying Ground, Nantucket

You may lay asphalt for other summers,
Drink your toasts on a new made table,
Dance with smooth feet, O bland new comers:
But night draws on and the faint, unstable
Steps from Old South. When Impalpable Feet learn
Strangeness beneath— Will you be able
To tempt them from where they nourish the sweet fern?

The Dial ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

EACH IN TURN

They were plighted years; his frantic love
  She returned in gentle fashion,
When suddenly over the doon appeared
  One she beheld with passion.

Her first love saw her marry her choice—
  (O the Island fog hung heavy!)
She went to live in New Dollar Lane,
  And he stalked home with the bevy.

For seven years he lived by himself
  And she in a well groomed garden
And often at night "What I did for love,"
  She said, "May the good God pardon!"

But her husband drowned in the rip one dawn
  And, tossing, she said, "If only
I'd known how bitter it was, my first
  Love I had not left lonely!"

But while her anguished widow's tears
  In solitude she was shedding,
She heard, up the Lane, her first love's feet
  Merrily dance at his wedding.

The Dial ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

THE MESSAGE

(For L. D. N.)

Lay out my frock
  And my cloak of blue,
I am going to take a message
  To heaven for you;
Slippers for my feet,
  A ribbon for my hair,
For the gale may be strong
  In the upper air.

As I can't walk
  I think I'll be flying,
There's a cloud ajar,
  (When I'm through with dying),
Over Miacomet!
  It is not a whimsey!
I'll wrap me in sky
  If my cloak seems flimsy—

You wave from Sachem
  When the grim dogs free me—
I'm off! and won't he
  Be glad to see me?

St. Paul's Church Calendar ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

THE TRESPASSING WILLOW

When first our chimney
  Warmed the swallow,
Our neighbor planted
  A weeping willow—
A switch not big
  Enough to gird
Itself from the wind
  Or to cherish a bird!

By the time our boy
  Was two years tall
It was choking the pinks

On our blossomy wall.
We couldn't abide
Its trespassing fancies
And sheared off its
Melancholy branches.

You came, reticent,
Back from war
And found it had laid
An arm on our door.
We said, "You tree—!
Why stretch so wide?
Why can't you stay
On your own side?"

We danced "Three Meet"
And "Haste to the Wedding,"
Its leaves at our feet
Were shedding, shedding.
Now I lie alone
On an icy pillow;
Close to my head
Soughs the comforting willow.

The Dial ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

ACQUAINTED WITH THE NIGHT

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and hushed the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-bye;
And further still at an unearthly height
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

Virginia Quarterly Review ROBERT FROST

THE MIDDLETOWN MURDER

Jack hitched into his sky blue bob
And was off through snow to the lumber job.

A week was what he had aimed to stay,
And here he was back inside of a day.

Kate came to the door to ask him why.
"To give you another kiss goodbye."

The gun he took to the woods for meat
Came out from under his blanket seat.

Kate tried to laugh at him. "You go long,
And don't be silly. Is something wrong?"

They stood and looked at each other hard,
Kate plainly blocking the door on guard.

Suddenly Jack began to shout:
"I know who's in there. So come on out!"

If someone extra was there with Kate.
He wasn't to be brought out by hate.

(Some people are best brought out by love.
The others you have to drag or shove.)

Then suddenly something frightened Jack,
And sent him shouting around in back.

"Hey, no you don't you goddam snide,
None of your tricks on me," he cried.

Kate cut across the house inside,
Leaving the door of the kitchen wide.

Now three of them choked the door emerging;
You couldn't tell which was pulling or urging.

"In a killer's choice like this of three,
There's some can't tell which it should be;
But I'll soon show you it won't be me.

"You have been my friend; you have eaten my salt;
But this was eating my sugar, Walt.

"The joke's on me for trusting a whore.
Wouldn't it make a rifle roar?

"To pro-long life and humor Kate
I'll give you a start as far as the gate."

He looked at a button along his gun,
But kept from shooting and told him, "Run!"

The first shot fired was over Walt's head.
He still was running; he wasn't dead.

The second shot went by one arm,
The third by the other, and did no harm.

The fourth, and next to the last, was low.
Walt felt it under him ploughing snow.

He thought, "I'm running in luck to-day,
I'm getting away—I'm getting away."

Just what to Jack would be meat and drink
To have the galloping bastard think.

All four misses were only art.
The fifth shot fired went through the heart.

The fifth was the bullet that stained his shirt,
And dove him into the snow and dirt.

We call that "bounding a man all around
Before locating his principal town."

"Now, back to your keeping house," Jack said.
"I guess you'd better go make the bed.

"No first you'd better put up your hair.
After that's done we'll see what's fair."

He pulled her in and shut the door,
And wouldn't let her look out any more.

Kate didn't know what the law would say
To a man for killing a man that way.

She hated to be the death of two.
But what was a woman going to do?

Be ready for when the sheriff came,
And say Jack wasn't the one to blame?

The least you could always do was lie
To hurry the day of trouble by;

And it wouldn't be long before you were glad
Of the worst young day you ever had,

It was so much better than any old.
But my, the sheriff would probably scold.

All the sheriff said was, "Cousin Kate,
You're the prettiest black haired girl in the state."

(The township numbered a couple of dozen,
And most of them called each other cousin.)

"I suppose you were born to have your fun,
But in doing to these two what you've done,

"If you wanted to get the good one jailed,
The bad one murdered, you haven't failed.

"I'll do it as gently as I can,
But cousin, I've come to take your man.

"Let it be a lesson to you for life:
Next time you marry, be a wife."

Someone lying stiff in the road
Like a cordwood stick from a farmer's load.

And over him like a frightened dunce
A guide post pointed all ways at once.

No curious crowd had gathered yet,
But a rural letter-box choir quartette

That stood in drift at the crossroads corner.
They had human names like Stark and Warner.

But more like ghouls than men they stood,
As much as singing that bad was good.

The Saturday Review of Literature ROBERT FROST

THRUSHES IN THE DAWN

Have you ever heard the thrushes
Waking in the dawn?
O witchwelia-welia . . .

They tune their plaintive fiddles
Before the stars are gone—
O witch-welia-welia. . . .

Notes glissade from bushes,
Are tossed from tree to tree—
O witchwelia-welia . . .

Till the ensemble crashes
Into melody—
Welia O witchwelia . . .

A melody of woodlands
Cool and green and dim,
O witchwelia-welia . . .

Some, an air for dancing;
Some, a votive hymn—
Welia O witchwelia.

A melody with whistled
Laughter for refrain—
O witchwelia-welia . . .

With trills of mating madness,
With tremolos of pain—
Welia—welia—welia. . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

THE AIRMAIL ARRIVES

I greet you, Bellerophon, as you come
Spiralling earthward from far nebular
Heights, the breath of your muted propeller
Filling the dawn with an apian hum.
Say, what of your course?

It followed across
The aerial highways of heron and crane,
Avenues cobbled with stars; over rain
And forests that lay on mountains like moss.

Saw you wind?

Aye, aye, and the thunder;
Iron-tongued thunder and smothering cloud.
Taxiing over and volplaning under,
I left them behind me, wondering, cowed.

When you are rested, what will you do then?

Climb to the meadows of Taurus again.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

THE OLD BULL

Always at dusk's still hour, the old bull came
Slowly through the trees to contemplate
From the hill's brim, the aftermath of flame,
And to nuzzle the padlocked pasture gate.
Behind him in the shadows of the wood
A host of shadowy figures seemed to mull
In the gold-slanted dust, the while he stood
Outlined on the sky, gaunt, unbeautiful.

He alone of some long vanished horde
Remained—a king deposed; set there apart;
He pawed the earth with baffled hooves and poured
A cry of hunger from a breaking heart;
Then listened, trembling in every limb,
As echo hurled it empty back to him.

The Commonweal — ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

FLYING CHARLIE

(Who said: *And I looked down and saw the most beautiful country my eyes had ever beheld . . . and it was Ireland.* And whose mother said: *Charlie gets a lot of Irish from my mother's side.*)

You must have heard it calling you, Ireland, your Ireland,
You must have heard it calling you from over across the sea.
You saw its banners fly for you
Far and wide and high for you,
Making a singing sky for you,
For you, its flying Charlie.

Ourself that's racing through your veins, your Ireland, your Ireland,
Called, Charlie, clap your wings on, be stepping along the sky.
We'll wear our greenest green for you,
It's proud we'll be to be seen by you,
And she'll watch, the dark Rosaleen, for you,
For you, her flying Charlie.

Whisht! did you see her walking the hills of Ireland, your Ireland,
Her dear dark eyes in her dear dark head lifted to see you come?
And her smile that melted the sleet for you,
That smoothened the sky like a street for you,
And the heart, her heart, that beat for you,
For you, her flying Charlie?

O it's Flying Charlie
For you and me,
It's him that's the king
Of air and sea,
It's Charlie go bragh
From the Land of the Free,
The whole world's flying Charlie.

The wind's white fingers swept the harp of Ireland, your Ireland,
The harp of the hills that makes the pulse go lepping on its way.
And the bells of Shandon played for you,
'Twas a runaway tune they made for you
For they were never afraid for you,
For you, their flying Charlie.

We can't be claiming the all of you for Ireland, your Ireland.
America's mixed the Viking with the blood that is our own;
But the Irish heart in the breast of you
Has put the zip and the zest in you—
A drift of dreams to go west with you . . .
So we're willing to call the rest of you
The whole world's flying Charlie!

O it's Flying Charlie
For you and me,
It's him that's the king
Of air and sea,
It's Charlie go bragh

From the Land of the Free,
The whole world's flying Charlie.

The Step Ladder LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

MACHINE MEN

All That a Man Hath

It is not that I feel especially rich
On Wednesday when I come to you and say
I'm through for good and want this half-week's pay,
But something happened just this morning which
Has made me think. As I came by that switch
Where a train stood upon my usual way
To work, I slipped. It started and I lay
Right in its path. I scrambled in the ditch.

But in that second when I saw the wheels
Above me grinding down upon the rail
I thought of things now twenty years gone by:
The taste of roasting ears, and how it feels
To fight a bass, milk singing in a pail.
There are some things to do before I die.

No Revolution

So all day long he leaned against his bench
And watched the cutters slowly whirl around
And watched each shining tooth that ground
A flake of steel. Sometimes he took a wrench
And changed a piece or crossed the shop to quench
A doubtful thirst. Then back to hear the sound
Of grinding gears and shrieking belt and pound
Of hammer blows, and smell the old oil's stench.

But weary hours of minutes would bring night
In which these would redeem the whole of this:
His supper on the table fresh and warm,
Clean clothes that would be neat and cool and white,
Forgetful splendour of a woman's kiss,
And the soft yielding comfort of her form.

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West ROBERT GATES

DECEMBER

Rain over the tall oleanders
and over the whorls of cycads, rain
dripping all night, all day through the alamandas,
cascading gently over the purple stain
of bougainvilleia. . . . Rain
calling gray memories, till the mind tires
of the incessant humming along the slender wires
of rain; of the persistent drumming
on roofs and leaves and earth and the brimmed cups of flowers—
drop by drop like the passing of happy hours,
drop by drop like time.
. . . and in what rain the heart remembers
the long arpeggios of sorrow, rhyme by rhyme,
ask of the leaves, ask of the ginger-embers,
ask of the dark, slow, tender heart of the rain!

The Gypsy CLIFFORD GESSLER

CANOE NIGHTS

Full moon nights are canoe nights: gather around
the canoe house under the hau trees when the full moon comes up,
strong-shouldered companions, steel-rippling of back-muscle, ready with song.

These are canoe nights: form in a double line
on either side and carry the long canoes to the dark-shining water
in the moon-night mellow and mad, the surf-night violent and gay.
Ready, bend strong knees and lift from the hips—
ready, ha-pai! *
Laughing, shouting, carry the long canoes, the shark-nosed koa canoes, to the moon-water.

Steady the stroke and strong, beating time to the night wind,
chanting a sea-song blent with the sea's crooning;

* To lift or carry.

paddle out to the surf-line, bending broad backs in time;
ho-e, ho-e,* driving the hollow log canoes
into the night and the sea and the benison of the moon.

Steady, circle and wheel, where the wave gathers like huge
muscles flexing;
wait for the long thrust, the fierce deep uplift of sea.
Quick, for it comes, the wave, polished with moonlight,
sleek and voluptuous, nakedly snakelike coiling.
Dip the broad paddles, urge the canoe to the thrill
of the first throb of the wave, snakelike rippling to
plunge
headlong over the coral—

Quick! Crash the wide blades
full into the swell! Faster! Faster!
Madly, more madly the paddles race—Huki! Huki! †
Huki! The breathless shout urges the tensed arms,
spurs the quick-bending backs. Huki! and faster still
till we feel the shock and the headlong leap and the
rush
of toppling towers of sea, powerful and smashing
with giant shoulders of gods—we are riding the night!

Lay paddles by, lean hard on the outrigger!
Balance and sway as the canoe slants down the fierce
curve of the sea.
We are plunging into the wind, we are hurdling chasms
of sea!
Mad with the fierce joy of the surf, shouting the sav-
age sea chant,
borne on the shoulders of sea-gods rushing we soar
shouting, exultant, breathless, moon-drenched and won-
dering.
Moon nights are canoe nights, Huki! the mad seas call.

Contemporary Verse . . CLIFFORD GESSLER

* Paddle.
† Pull.

SURF SONG

Strong shoulders carry the long brown boards
down to the water, when winds blow from the mountains,

when cool winds pile up sharp hills of sea along the slant of the trades
curling and hissing over the reef, thrusting steady and sure.

Carry the long boards down to the restless water,
ka Wai ki-ki, the swift upthrusting water;
launch with a run and a smooth glide the curved, slant-shapen
redwood planks, that to us are steeds of the foam.

Paddle the narrow craft out to the far-encircling line
where the white beards of the sea-gods stream in the keen wind,
where the waves gather and crouch for the shoreward leap
joyous and fierce and strong.

Chant the old chant, sitting astride, waiting the far-off swell;
gather sea water in the bent cup of the hand
(brown hand or white hand or yellow and lean and long)
toss it over the shoulders (dusky or pale or red with the dye of sun)
muttering the old words, the broken last words of the forgotten chant,
the fierce old prayer to the sea-gods, who are mighty yet.

(Come great waves, great smooth-rolling surf, come!
Let the little waves, the slender flat-breasted waves go hence.
Bring the fat, big-bellied, boisterous waves.)

Shading eyes in the glare, gaze out over the bright shark-road,
see where it stands dark against the edge of the world!
The sea-gods lift broad backs, the surf is up.
Lying prone, now strike out with hard arms, lean arms thrill to the race;
bite off swift chunks of breath as the panting chest struggles heaves;
wrench hard with taut arms, rowing, rowing the bulging water;
push till the lungs ache and the heart clamors in the breast;
heave, heave—we are on the crest—rise now and glide
birdlike, godlike, balancing incredibly on the wave's peak;
slide, slant, slipping athwart the surge and rush of the green water,

white water, foam-boiling, furious swift-curving water.
Stand charioteer-wise, shouting, exultant!

So we ride the sea-lightning, clutching the fierce wet mane
of the sea.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly CLIFFORD GESSLER

HER SAMPLER

(*An Irish Grandmother's*)

"Finished . . . May . . . 3 . . . 1825"
The moth-eaten, faded letters tell
That a little maid, in a small dame-school,
Completed her sampler. She made it well.

All of the alphabet nicely wrought
In crewels . . . then so soft and gay . . .
Enclosed in a border of foliage
Left her hands on that third of May.

Fit for the tasks of a life's detail
Two lines of letters marched, small and plain;
Flaunting capitals, five rows deep,
Flourished each in its own domain.

Zig-zag, dog-tooth, ball-flower, scroll,
Egg-and-dart, trefoil, grecian-key,
Day by day in Dame Sophy's school
She had cross-stitched them patiently.

Ascushla, acushla, how could you know
Your work was beginning when you thought it through!
That the tasks of your patient woman-life
Would be spelled by the letters of sombre hue!

Mavourneen, mavourneen, long are the years
Since we folded your hands . . . with our weeping wet . . .
Long are the years, but who will say
That the work of your life is *finished* yet!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly ANNE KELLEDY GILBERT

THE PRIESTESS

Richer than violet these late last days
the fragrance of her flaming altar pours
narcotic draughts against the very doors
of Heaven, while she chants her funeral lays.

And where her incense on some crispéd hill
gutters and dims, with footstep fierce and light
she runs and dances, eager to invite
the morient flame to leap and murmur still.

And grief shall consecrate these afternoons,
and beauty permeate and burn, till blue
on heaven's curve the shadows only do
remembrance rites, and little chilly moons
chalk up the stubble where bright Summer to
the Most High God has burnt her sweet and rue.

The Harp — HELEN GILBERT

HUNGER

Christ, Who knows all sorrow,
Had more than grief to bear
When He blest the children
And touched a baby's hair.

The Commonweal — CAROLINE GILTINAN

DISILLUSIONED

Leaves already dying fall
Back of your dear head
And I who love you listen
To nothing that is said.

Let me keep my eyes on yours:
I dare not look away
Fearing again to see your feet
Cloven and of clay.

Commonwealth-Monitor — CAROLINE GILTINAN

PROUD WHITE WAVES

The ocean heaps its thunder upon the sand;
While combers, preening their bright disdain to the shore,
Combers, crested with languor, poise toward the land,
Like proud white swans, arching over the roar.

Proud white waves interrogate not the sea,
Lest—too much aware of the hour they are the heart of—
They cannot exult in their leashed, white liberty
Nor feel the lavish power they are a part of!

The Commonweal LOUIS GINSBERG

THE MEADOW

Sinking knee-deep into awe,
In this luminous field, I heard
Manifesto of a bird
Publishing this meadow's law.
As its tidings rang in air,
Brooklets vowelled proverbs there . . .
While no clouds above them tarried,
On the pond, two Heavens married . . .
All the flowers I could see
By a sense more keen than sight
In this field's unearthly light,—
Flowers mangered mystery.
Every rock was pasture to
Beauty that the meadow knew.
Vines upon their journey high,
On their pilgrimage to sky,
Vine and branch—and I—and I—
Rose and weed and bough and blade,
Rock, sweet anchorage to shade,
Twig and petal, brook and feather,
Leaf and pebble, bush and pond,
Link by link in network vast,
All were woven, braided fast,
All were ligatured together
In one universal bond.
Each was but a separate name

Each apparelled but the same
Quenchless and informing flame . . .
Each was but a separate name;
Each apparelled but the same
Quenchless and informing flame!

Voices LOUIS GINSBERG

THE VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE SPEAKS TO THE MUTILATED OF A GREAT WAR

What could flesh do, in
a fight so unfair?
I lay—I too—in
a tomb of despair.
White over ruin
I shine in the air.

I knew the damnation
of body and will . . .
Decapitation . . .
swords could not kill!
Wings, for salvation,
remain to me still.

Now I have done with
laurel and blade;
All that I won with
my losses is laid:
I soar to the sun, with
my soul unafraid.

Oblivion lies upon
navies and kings,
And armies with eyes upon
temporal things . . .
I shine in the skies, upon
triumphing wings.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ELLEN GLINES

ROADS

I could curb my will to those narrow trails
That puny men have scratched across the earth,
Until her face is lined like a wrinkled hag's;
I could pace my soul to that choked path
That cramped dull men have marked the allotted road;
And, doing so, could earn that modicum
That little ones with grim justice grant
As praise of little deeds.
Like snails, they scrawl their slimy tracks
On life's bright face,
And bid an eagle limp along that way.

I will follow—
As lightning snapping at the heels of storm;
I will worry their ordered paths
With the bitter harrow of a cleaving scorn.
Like a comet flaring through the sky,
My sereing truth will burn a new highway—
Another Appian Way;
And though their law-walled roads
Rise tier on tier upon it,
Down all coming time
Their crawling sons will stumble on the rocks
Laid firm by my defiance.

Voices GLORIA GODDARD

AUTUMN

The wind lays the sacrifice of leaves
Along the paths,
And at the foot of every tree,
Which in itself is god and victim.
Asters and goldenrod with their brave glow
Serenely deck the altar,
And from every hill
Birch and oak, with a gently sighing laugh,
Light the funeral pyre . . .
And, with the prodigality of doom,
The maples toss garnets into the lake.

Voices GLORIA GODDARD

FRATE FRANCESCO

A Canticle of Assisi in the Spring

These are Assisi's hills you trod,
O little brown-girt Friend of God,
And this your loved and lofty town
Whose Castle and whose towers look down
On Umbria's plain below,
Strewn with the April snow
Of flowering plum and peach and pear
And Umbrian blossoms scattered there.

These are the ancient gates through which you went,
Your sandaled feet on mercy bent;
Here is the hillside garden where you sang
Your Canticle of the Sun,
Lifting your love in music up to God,
O humble one!
Below the garden gleams the Umbrian plain,
Shriven with sudden rain,
And olive orchards glow more softly gray.
It must have been on such an April day
You chanted here your rapture of the Spring—
Your voice and spirit worshipping:

"Laudate sie mi Signore—praise
Be unto Thee, O Lord, for Brother Sun,
For Sister Moon and stars upon the night!
Laudate si . . . per frate vento—praise
For Brother Wind and for the lovely air;
For Sister Water, precious, humble, pure.
And for our Mother Earth who nurtures us!
Laudato si . . . per frate Focu—praise
Be unto Thee, O Lord, for Brother Fire,
Robust and bright, and beautiful and strong . . ."
Upward through all the rapt and mounting song,
Francesco, little sandaled Friend of Man,
Your love for all created things arose!
Surging above Assisi's narrow span
It swept beyond the fields of Italy,

And still in undiminished music flows
Beyond the Alps, beyond the farthest sea!

A thousand years go by and are forgot;
A thousand men—and are remembered not . . .
Uncounted voices echo and are still,
The feet of nations vanish . . . these remain:
Your sandal-print upon the Umbrian plain—
Your Canticle upon Assisi's hill!

Good Counsel AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

EMILY DICKINSON

At eventide
In a far place, beyond the spires of Amherst,
Walks one haply in a garden of dreams,
Tending the lily,
As once she tended the rose,
Her spirit yet being native to the earth
As when a while she dwelt there—a New England nun.
Cloistered, she played I-spy with some odd deities,
A canoness of Salem kin
Administering scourges tempered to her kind
In that they were sedately plied.

Pale were the fires of passion in her spent;
And pale the longing for a love denied;
Pale the fine sacrifice;
Yea, and the angel plumage very slightly scorched.

Amherst by inchmeal came to see in her
That which so tardily is recognized
As starshine in the congeries of life.

She burned as does a candle in the sun,
Casting a spell of bay leaves on the air
Pungent and hinting of a Pentecost
Somewhere in regions of a kindling soul.
Hers was the gentle mortal privilege—
Albeit sterile in her own felicity
And shy of voice—

To sing;
Urging, persuading others freshly to inhale
Even the breath of life.

So she remains in a far garden, busy
With buds and blooms of mercy, as may be;
Thinking, perchance, of Amherst and such things
As made and make New England what it is;
Counting the heart-beats of the dandelions
And the steps that the sunflowers take.

The Commonweal — William Griffith

MERIDIAN

Hale in this fiftieth year,
Having solace of treasure nor power
Commensurate unto the day,
Nor aught on the altar to lay,
Other than bubbles contain—
Bubbles that fade in an hour—
Life has a relish of rain.

Labor, yet being a boon,
Oddly hallows vainglory and pride
At this fleeting moment of noon.
Work . . . and the force lurking in it
And the keys to what it may hold,
Rusting, are failing to fit
This door or that gate of gold.

Mirth proves the ship of the line,
On reviewing a time-serving deed;
Buoyant even the while the wine
Of hypocrisy pales the glow
Of an ocean fellow in need
Of quenching a thirst too deep
For fish of the creek to know.

At this assize, so it seems,
There is less to be won than is lost;
Yet once one begins to be young

And once ceases counting the cost,
Replacing visions with dreams,
Pæans there are to be sung,
Rarely recalling a dirge.

Romance, by genius made real,
Is becoming what Times leaves to Chance
In an hour of spare moments spent
By builders of clay, who reveal
A dearth of such circumstance
As leaves a nation for rent,
Lacking tenants of a kind.

Alien to great singing care,
In their juvenile passion and lust,
Are pale pilgrims fleeing from death,
To find it ambushed in the dust
Of a new world, giving them breath
The while to pipe to the moon
Strange notes of a foreign air.

Their cry is something in need
Of more houses swept clean by the wind
And tended on long vacant days
By caretakers wearing the bays
Of such genius for rare employ
As requires a man in a boy,
In ranks standing autumn-thinned.

Pending the poets to come
Of the people, whose urge they shall voice,
In clarion tones, of the need
Of youth such as ours to rejoice,
Time turns and pauses to heed
Those on the highway of song
Who cheer the world going home.

Of Bryant, who rose serene
And full-fledged with his grave matin song,
Let a note be gratefully made—
And of Whittier unafraid
To smite himself like a gong,

Calling witness to the scene
Of the home-place burning down.

Whitman, robust in his day,
Hoarsely shouting a text to the crowd
And making it sound like the truth
That he and none else had to tell,
Wove, with what splendor, a shroud
Out of soul-cyclone and spray,
Glimpsing a heaven in hell!

Emerson, Poe and Lanier
Kindled beacons seen flashing by those
Who would guard the gates from the rear—
Victory wavering on the front—
And in the name of the Rose
Would conquer and bear the brunt,
Shielding Beauty as a shrine.

Latterly there has been one
Of no Lowell-Longfellow descent—
A Moody to reckon and read
And review, as one does the sun;
Bierce, Bret Harte, Riley or Field
Of the folk life so revealed
As to make it sweat and bleed . . .

Others there are in the van
Who are pushing the clouds on ahead,
Man to woman, woman to man,
Bent on keeping some Christ alive,
(Chary of raising the dead),
By placing flesh in the ground,
Lest the soul fail to survive.

Genial and ever a lad
Is a spirit companion of mine
Ragged, in gonfalons clad,
And strangely reluctant to die;
Much as the sun has to shine,
Daily rising from the sea
And sinking into the sky.

. . . So has the sailor to sail,
And the savior be patient to save
Such of the few who remain
In each generation to hail
A following one—and to brave
The toil and tempest of pain,
Unto what venturous end?

Voices WILLIAM GRIFFITH

SEPARATED

Not by a judge and jury
Deciding evidence;
Not by a frank acknowledgment
Of broken confidence;

Not by a recognition
Of priestly ban or bars—
But by their own souls' dissonance,
Divergent as the stars.

The Century Magazine GERTRUDE B. GUNDERSON

MASKS OF HORIUJI *

These masks were cut to the perfection of an ancient day.
Great dancers have worn them in the courts of the temple,
Gesticulating, posing, swirling sword or brocaded sleeve,
Striking hands with the shut fan, making pictures of a time beyond memory
When the masks were new;
Making pictures of a time long gone
When the temple was new, and the earliest dancers created intricate step and gesture
To follow a mood of ecstasy, or the murderous humor of a story loved by the people.
But the years passed on, endlessly, like the flowing of water over Kegon,

* The temple at Horiuji, reputed the oldest wooden temple in the world, houses a remarkable collection of early religious dance masks.

Dropping like the endless waters of Chuzenji into the deep
pit of Kegon;
And the new became old, and the intricate step and gesture
were holy rites to be handed down from father to son.
Every generation had its famous teachers, and its pupils who
sat at the feet of custom to learn ritual.
Now the temple stands in the open fields, and its courts echo
only to priestly geta, clacking, clacking.
No more shall come the proud music of the drums or the
flutes:
No longer shall the koto make music for proud dancing feet.
Quiet with the hush of old sorcery, leering, grotesque,
demoniac,
The Masks stare down through drifting whorls from lazy
incense urns,
Tended by a yawning acolyte who hungers only for rice
and daikon!

The Gypsy ALICE ROGERS HAGER

ASPIRATION

Some lacquered gold on blue days,
(Too-good-to-be-true days),
The poems preen on every tree,
And spread their lovely wings for me.

Jangling, gray and cold days,
(Too-bitter-to-be-told days),
Only parrots preen their wings,
I cannot find a bird that sings.

So I will watch through witch nights,
(Sparkling-spangled-rich nights),
For on a moonbeam branch I've heard,
There sways and sings the Poet's bird . . .

God grant that when the day breaks pale,
I may have heard the nightingale!

The Gypsy ANNE HAMILTON

AN OLD HOUSE

An old house is history, bound in a tome
Of clapboard and roof-tree, pillar and dome.
Floors . . . such curious tracings are drawn
On each board—polish or scar
By knowing scrutiny cannot mar
Their patterned symmetry.
Howso threaded their weave
They can only leave—
Completion.

Walls . . . put your ear down close:
A murmur like the rush of bright waters in spring;
The silken movement of a wing;
The doors on their hinges . . . they sometimes turn
In the night . . . there are candles that burn
On a hooded shelf . . . not every one sees.

O the scraping of fiddles! the tapping of heels!—
An old house is history. . . . Fasten the door—
Dance, Ghosts, on the sags of a worm-eaten floor
Till a grey dawn down through a grey casement steals!

The Oracle HALA JEAN HAMMOND

SONG OF THE NEW HERCULES

With this night upon my shoulder
I am stronger, I am older.
I am Hercules at last.
Now that nothing blurs or blinds me,
Now that nothing snares or binds me,
With the swamp, the dragon passed—
I, the puny god that killed,
To a labor unfulfilled,
To a new Antæus stronger,
I, the human myth no longer—
I go out, the Man at last!
With this night upon my shoulder,
Growing stronger . . . growing older . . .

What are lights and what are stars—
Halo-cycled avatars!
I can rip their hearts asunder,
All their locks I trample under
Till their inmost veils are rent
By the force within me pent.
In their light I take my stance,
Watching Grecian maidens dance
Into labyrinths of Crete.
I can see the man of Ur,
When the oak-leaves lightly stir,
Feeding strangers bread and meat. . . .

I am free, Antæus, free!
I shall meet you in the dawn
With your own dark alchemy—
I come singing . . . singing on. . . .

I can feel electrons beat
From the earth into my feet;
I can feel them shattered, whirled
Through my body, through the world,
Till again they clash and hiss
Foaming into synthesis—
Nebulæ of star and sun
In my body, blood and bone!
I, the little god no longer,
Growing older . . . growing stronger. . . .

From azoic æons flashing
With their avalanches crashing,
From the green slime slowly creeping
Through the sunlight . . . seeping . . . seeping . . .
I have crept—oh I, this tall
Thing that crashes through the wall
Of this night . . . so small . . . so small. . . .
God! how could you ever see
Blood and bone and brain in me,
Blood and bone and love in me!
I who sing and leap and shout
Till I shake the starlight out,
I whose blood like chlorophyll

Reaches, reaches for your light,
Sifting crumbs of your own Will
Down to roots that clutch the night—
God, how could your wisdom see
All this veining symmetry,
All these honey-guides in me!
Halleluiah! Let it swell!
God can see the smallest cell—
God can touch it with His breath
Till there's neither hell nor death!
Oh, there's neither space nor time
That can stop one drop of slime
When God's breath has cut it clean. . . .
It may creep, but it will climb
Through the tendrilling of time
Till it swings beyond all time
And the little gods between!

Halleluiah! Hear it chime!
Tossing rhythms into rhyme,
Wave on wave! Oh, watch it climb!

Now a splutter, now a flame,
Now it utters its own name;
Now it moves an upright being,
Groping, feeling, hoping, seeing,
Catching breath and moving faster
Through a Buddha, Zoroaster,
Breaking chains from walls behind it,
Leaping from the pits that blind it—
Up and down, a zigzag growth,
Isaiah, Amos . . . Christ stand forth!

Halleluiah! Praise his name!
Earth and air and water, flame,
God of golden-banded bees
Stamen fingers, blossom, trees,
Human hearts that burst and bleed,
God the cyst, the cell, the seed,
The sunlight sealed in peat and fens—
Spinoza's God, clear up the lens
Till one is all and all sufficed . . .
Breathe on it, God . . . oh, warm it, Christ. . . .

Through this body, bone and blood
I can feel it swirl and dip,
I can feel it breaking bud
Into flowers on my lip—
All the winters, all the springs,
All green syllables of things,
All the mothered hush of rain—
Oh, the pollen in my brain!
One with leaf and one with mold,
Swift and slow, and young and old,
And there never was on earth
Pang or pain or grief or birth
That my heart cannot enfold—
That my love cannot enfold . . .
There was never petalled creed
That I cannot feel its root,
That I do not bear its seed,
That I do not taste its fruit . . .
There was never thing that fell
To the depths that men have curst,
There was never sin or spell
That I could not slake its thirst.

Shout the pæan! God is Love!
God is earth and air above!
God is everything that's done
In the star and in the sun—
God is growing, God is groping,
God is feeling, God is hoping,
God is bud and bloom and frost
And no breath of God's is lost!

Oh, no breath of God's is lost!
Though this earth, a cinder, freeze
Till the fir, the last of trees
Totter, fall beneath the storm,
With this love that Christ decrees,
Through the ashes to my knees,
With this breath to keep me warm—
Growing stronger, growing older,
Till this night slips from my shoulder—

I go on, and on and on,
I go on . . . and on. . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse LEIGH HANES

SMALL TOWN

Anything can happen
When the silver crown
Of the moon is laid
On a small town;

When a gate swings wide
And the shadows stalk
Side by side
On a cool walk.

And no one sees
And no one hears
When the silver keys
Turn the locks of years,—

Oh, anything can happen,
Anything at all,
The moon drop her ring
Or a star fall.

The Lyric LEIGH HANES

BROOKS

The seas, they were made
For the whales and the ships,
But the brooks, oh the brooks,
They were made for my lips!

And the lips of the leaves,
And the lips from the meadows,
And the lips that forever
Are drinking their shadows . . .

For the ragwort that gleams,
The elder in bloom,
For the old thirsty roads
Limping home through the gloom

With a pack of torn memories,
Laughter and scars,
Kneeling down at the brooks,
Drinking long with the stars . . .

The Lyric — Leigh Hanes

THE BEAUTIFUL

There's nothing so beautiful as wind on water
Early in the morning, or the rain's soft chatter
Practicing the songs the Night-Mother taught her—
These are the only things that really matter.

These are the things that man cannot alter;
Wind on water, and the soft-voiced rain;
Where song-notes of sound and silence falter
All things perish, but these will remain.

Muse and Mirror — Eleanor Hansen

TO A CLARINET PLAYER

(*For William Grant Still*)

Black-boy, bite your clarinet;
blow—and let your hot breaths get
into its ebony loins and croon,
load its hollow bowels with tune!
Hiss on the spit-drenched reed—(that grew
beside a scummy river, and knew
how to sob the blues in the breeze)—
make it yodel, make it wheeze,
make it screech and crack! . . .

The night is young; the night is black—
ebon and damp as your glistening brow.
Release damned music! . . . send it now,
out of the window, into the air
to beat on the stars with a cursing blare.
Fling minor notes until they're strewn
about the ghost-light in the moon . . .
Conjure half-tones: make them wail
like a branded witch in jail
(kicking her rusty pail).

Grin! you dusky devil, grin!
Show your teeth! There'll be gin
from an icy golden flask,
later, for you. Make your mask
quiver, sweat with studding juice:
turn the savage in you loose!
Click your eyeballs till they shine
black and white with brine . . .
Let your fingers—clawing rakes!—
squirm and reel like dancing snakes
in an inky riot; play
till the eerie tombstones sway
in the grave-yard . . . make them be
serfs to rhythmic lunacy—
(chanting two-time threnody).

Stamp your feet—and stamp again
tempo maddening as cocain;
squeeze the black-horn . . . stoop—lash
its murky throat with jazz, and splash
syncopation till it rips
from the kiss of wooden lips!
Do your worst—do your best—
I've a lady, breast to breast,
dancing this way, dancing that way,
and a garish crazy hat way
down across one lidded eye—
she'll want sleeping by and by.

Charge the air with plangent tone,
split the radio's microphone,

swell your symphony to shatter
rigid muteness! . . . Make it chatter,
snicker, gibber, snivel, cry,
slide and shudder, up the sky,
madder rhythm—drunken laughter;—
shake the summer nocturne! . . . After,
there'll be gin for you—you may
brush your drooling sweat away.

Son of jungle and the black
barbaric gods ten centuries back,
hurl the fury of your song
against the wind and out along
the last dimension! Thunder free,
stir up tonal sorcery
where the world is sleeping . . . Oh,
Black-boy, scare yourself—let go—
aim your clarinet—and *blow!*

Contemporary Verse PHILIP M. HARDING

IN MATHEMATICS

Now in the darkest interval of night
  Corpse-still we lie; corpse-still we work to fathom
The crystal domes of space and grains of light
  And the precise filaments of cosmic rhythm.

If, lying here, we are the naked core
  Of nothingness—are our immote expansions
The craftmanship of endless dreaming? Or,
  If not, what levels border our dimensions?

And do we know: as there was no beginning,
  Thus, in true reason, there can be no end
Nor alteration to the infinite spinning? . . .
  This thing we know—yet never comprehend.

Here is a great suspended silence! Bars
  Of undulation thunder down, though never
A sound were we not swimming where the stars
  Are milestones on the rivers of forever.

Oh, never sound nor any sense at all
  Were the quintessence of our lonely fire
The increment of dream—and we should fall
  Like minor notes struck quickly from Death's lyre.

Then do we go . . . For we shall never see
  What we have seen, again. There is no end,
No crystal domed or walled infinity,
  Ever we know—yet never comprehend.

Bozart PHILIP M. HARDING

AFTERNOON AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD MOVIE THEATRE

And now they straggle in with listless feet.
And each one idly chooses each one's seat.
And all the old folk chatter to the young.
And all the young folk chatter to the old.
And then they pause, and give each other's tongue
A little rest. And someone says: "It's cold!"
And someone says: "It's warm!" "Gee, ain't she got
A dandy figgir, Mamie?" "Gosh, that's hot!"
Another laughs. And then the organist
Begins to play; and someone beckons: "Hist!"
And then the organ stops its weary chanting.
And some old woman tells her boy: "Stop panting!"
For one tense interlude the place is still.
And someone, tired of waiting, whispers: "Will
It never start? This place will drive me mad!"
I think it is so quiet here, and sad.

Skyline HENRY HARRISON

A FABLE FOR FOXES

Now are the young grapes firm to the vine.
Let the warm wind rush down from the mountain,
Still will the grapes be firm to the vine.
Back with the cool wind lag to the mountain.

Up from the valley the gay fox comes,
Lapping the wind with a sly, quick tongue.
Only for the fine, young grapes he comes—
Prematurely now. But O! how his tongue

Snaps with a hunger for curved, young grapes.
Out of the valley, and now he is there,
Eager to nip the ripening grapes
Firm to the vine too high in the air!

But the gay fox crouches, and leaps with the wind,
Only to snatch a breath of the grapes
Enticing and sly as a twilight wind.
Again the fox leaps for the quivering grapes,

Snapping his teeth on the vine-bound air—
And the earth grows bitter with every fall.
But the ripening grapes are wavering there,
And the fox will clip them, or not at all.

Again and again the mad fox tries—
Longer his tongue, and shorter his breath—
With a cluster of grapes still in his eyes,
And an angry passion now in his breath.

Back to the valley the mad fox goes,
Hotter than the wind that follows him down;
And this the furious, smart fox knows:
The well-ripe grapes will never slip down!

But the grapes lie now on the bitter, black earth,
Eager and ready for the valley-bound fox.
But the shy grapes now must rot on the earth,
Yearning for a gay, too impetuous fox.

If only young grapes knew patience a vice!
If only a fox knew patience a virtue!

Contemporary Verse HENRY HARRISON

APRIL MILE

I walked an April mile to find
A harebell hanging in my mind;

I told him it was very rude
To desecrate my solitude:

Then with a modest metaphor
I asked him what he waited for.

But in his turquoise arrogance
He merely mocked me with a glance;

And when I tried to pluck him out
I heard a maple blush and shout.

Stop! the maple said to me,
And don't pull up infinity!

I thought the maple tree was daft
And so I turned about and laughed.

A wild-rose stuck me with a pin—
A cameo of discipline;

A poplar full of juice and jolly
Slapped me soundly for my folly.

So I sat down upon some rocks
To ponder nature's paradox;

A drunken tulip stumbled up
Bearing a sacramental cup;

A jonquil stretched its greedy mouth
For golden liquor from the south.

A robin with a sunset vest
Ran past me like an anapest.

A small green grass tuft flashed his sword
Like Gabriel, Angel of the Lord,

And every little silver shoot
Leapt upright on its amber root

To make its militant salute,

While all the clover regiments
Stood plumed in pink magnificence!

Resistless, then, I could but smile
At the guardians of the April mile,

And quiver when in truth I found
My mind ingrowing with the ground.

For then I knew in certainty
The harebell was a part of me.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ERNEST HARTSOCK

ENCOUNTER ON MAIN STREET

I saw a traveler on our street
With æons flaking from his feet,

Shod with the shoes of cataclysm;
His shadow was an agate's prism,

And, woodpecker's telegraph,
His cane tapped a staccato laugh.

So in my skull's parenthesis
I said: What shall I make of this?

(And, since I thought I didn't know him,
Immune, I trapped him in a poem.)

The tune he whistled seemed to speak
The wood-flute cadence of the Greek;

The hat that sheathed his golden head
Was armored ardor of the dead.

The book locked in his fingertips
Seemed bursting with apocalypse,

And like a god in deft disguise,
A dream swept sudden in his eyes

Like beauty's august fire that blows
Breaking the crimson brain of the rose.

Who out of mirth's immortal host
Was this extravagant young ghost?

Not blowsy Bacchus nor bow-legged Pan—
Nessus? Narcissus? Satyr? Man?

Then in a flash I caught his ruse,
Hearing the rustle of his shoes,

And knowing by their silver whirr:
Hermes, the heavenly messenger.

So I sang to myself: All's well for men—
A poet has found the gods again!

The Commonweal ERNEST HARTSOCK

SONNET TO A SILVER DOLLAR

Here in my palm I hold a metal disc,
The root of evil and the fruit of good—
The garrulous, mad goal of mortal risk,
The breaker of the bonds of brotherhood.
Upon its face is blazed: "In God We Trust,"—
The God who drops the dollars in our hands,
The God who lets us grab the pauper's crust,
And winks to see us strangle heathen lands.

Here in a nest of stars a lady's face
Scowls into distance without mirth or mercy.
Who can she be? Nike of Samothrace?
Diana? Atalanta? . . . Nay, but Circe
Disguised in laurel like a nymph divine,
Still at her trick of turning men to swine!

Bozart ERNEST HARTSOCK

STEEL RIBBONS

The moon glints
On the steel ribbons
Of the elevated tracks
That stream away into the night.
They are blue and grey,
Like a Damascene blade
Whistling downward as a moonray strikes it,
Like runnels turned ice
Atop a granite viaduct
Questioning the stars about its builders,
Dreaming of the long-ago.
Red signal-eyes flash
Out of a wall of solid black,
And a train hurls itself at the wall,
And there is a roar as of falling masonry.
The night is reconstructed.
Green eyes placidly gleam.

My window is thrown open to a soft breeze
Which is all freedom to me,
And I see the tracks through the leaves of a bean-plant,
All nature to me,
While the humble little flowers
Are an epitome of beauty in my eyes.
I must be quick now if I would dream.
Romancing is possible only between trains,
For when darkness crashes
Towers of jacinth and opal fall with them.
I hear a voice
From a forgotten page of my reading,
"Come to me when the round moon
Black-barred by the portcullis
Clears the cypress trees;
Come to my room."
The voice is a distillation of all romance,
It intoxicates.
And the night tumbles with a roar.

Contemporary Verse JACOB HAUSER

THE MOTH

Out of the dark cool ivy's twining,
Out of the old brown house, thatched with new green,
Climb heavy limbed—crawl with limp wings between
Murmurous walls, into a slow sun's shining.
Here is a new sky—here is a clean wind singing
Over a new, clean world.
Here are the young leaves curled
Silver and slim, on the vine tendrils clinging
Close to grey stone. What a day, what a magical earth
Called you to birth!

Clutch at the woven portal, feeling
Surge of the sun, tide of unmeasured blue
Flung out of heaven like a warm-crystaled dew,
Over your sodden self, into your slow veins stealing.
Look to the wide wind, pushing the leaves asunder,
Crisping your new damp wings
Into pale rainbow rings
Glimmering gold. Leave the green portal under
Tremulous, dizzy flight—sloughing the grey shroud there,
Circling slow, into the dizzy air—

Japm, The Poetry Weekly SARA HENDERSON HAY

NOVEMBER WIND

She stirred, pale in the little farmhouse, grown
Afraid of the wind beating at the pane,
When suddenly she thought she heard a moan
As of a dying child; the night of rain
Sorrowed in passing, dark against her door;
Alone, she listened to the broken sound
That hurried through the room, from wall to floor;
Then silence fell; the stillness was profound.

Finding the shelter of the bed, at last,
She wondered, yet she could not guess or know
What portent hung like shadow gravely cast
Over her; but the rain was deep to blow

In boughs of hemlock stripped of all their leaves,
And the wind grieving as a woman grieves.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly SAMUEL HELLER

SUSPENSE

Two leaves together are clinging to a tree,
But an hour earlier they had numbered three.

Last night and yesterday they had counted many;
By tomorrow morning they know there'll not be any.

One leaf trembles, shivering in the breeze;
The other leaf shudders at the swaying of the trees.

They cling to each other in mute, poignant grief
And wonder in their hearts which will be the last leaf.

Choir Practice HARRIET OLDS HENDERSON

FROM DOT TO DOT

Truth,
Like a straight line,
Is the shortest distance
Between two points.
Where there is resistance,
Tricks may combine
To force the line
To swerve to either side
Protuberant, small or wide
Arc that extends
To reach the ends.

Still, Truth
Though lost, forgot,
Is the straight line
From dot to dot.

The Will-o'-the-Wisp HARRIET OLDS HENDERSON

It might have been less cruel
For Jesus of Nazareth, had he died in Autumn.
There is no shame in lying down with the leaves.
In the midst of fruition, the reaper but has his right.
But for Him to die in Spring,
When all things moved with the breath of life—
He who could not endure the death of the little girl,
Or of His friend Lazarus, or of the others;
For Him who loved His own beauty and strength honestly
To turn to that which none would desire to look upon,
To die in Spring—

He was still young, full of love for the world,
More passionate over earth's beauties than other men.
He tried to tell them of glories their eyes saw not
Close beside everyday steps:
Lilies more marvellous than beautiful raiment,
Which He loved, too;
Nesting sparrows; a sycamore tree
That drew the eyes upward with sun-splashed branches.
These were things men left when they died.

It was in a garden He really died,
On a night articulate with mystery of birth,
When He fell, at grip with rebellion,
Among soft mosses, beneath moon-gilded leaves.

It is in Spring one must speak of love to all beloved.
His heart held many beloveds
Taken hold of impetuously and not let go:
A gay lad Nathaniel, whom He loved on sight;
A groping young rich man, loved instantly, too;
Quaint Zacchæus;
Children reaching their arms to love *Him* with unconcealing eyes;
Magdalen of the craving heart, Martha who craved too little,
And Mary who had found a better way than either.
Even Judas, whom—recalling sweet counsel together—
His unwise heart could not lightly let go.
And Jerusalem, fair city of loved men,

He had cherished greatly.
These were things He must leave when He died
In Spring, when one desires to make known
To all beloveds how large is Love.

Death was deep,
Full of solitude and black;
Eternal for men who loved not dear life so dearly
Yet cried out, too.
But He had already grasped the door
Not letting it close on the child nor on Lazarus.
He had loved life preciously and strongly.
Could He be finally overcome of death
In Spring?

In the garden, His soul leaned over the pit
Gazing, and there He died.
Dumbly He faced the other hours,
Blind, blind to Spring.
Not letting His ears hear lest He falter,
Nor moaning lest they take pity before it was finished.
Knowing only in the dark infinité drop
When God's hands let go;
(Not knowing even how God's grief burst on sky and earth)
Knowing only that somehow
The door must be lifted to crystal light for others,
By the force of His so many loves
In Spring.

RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON
The Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

BOY'S DAY

He burst from bed
At whistle of day.
His footsteps sped
To find his play
Where he'd laid it by;
It would not wait,
Was his eager cry,
For he is eight.

There were things to hear
And things to see,
With nothing to fear
At all, and he
Ran fast as the brook,
Ran fast at his chores,
Ran fast at his book.
Outdoors, indoors,

His body, his mind,
Till day had passed,
Ran fast as the wind,
Ran fast, ran fast!
He ran with his brother
Birds and flowers;
He brought his mother
A tale of the hours.

The light on his hair
He slipped into bed.
His ardent prayer
Not wholly said,
With dream steps fleet
That we could not number,
On phantom feet
He rushed into slumber.

The Commonweal — Ruth Evelyn Henderson

ADVENT OF DAY

Does anything approach more quietly
Than Day! Can April's child appear with tread
More soft! Can plum or pear or lily spread
Their tender petals any more noiselessly,
Does smoke unwinding pass more silently
Than day emerges from her star-tucked bed
And maiden-shy stands with her radiant head
And glowing body shimmering on the sea.
Here for a breathless space words have no sound,
All thoughts suspend; Earth must, I think, stop still

And moving things stand fixed upon the ground
To see Day come! While she with naive will
Now stretches her lithe limbs, released, unbound
And hauntingly steps on from hill to hill.

Voices — Agnes MacCarthy Hickey

PASTORALS

I

I watched the pond without lifting my eyes:
Shadow of leaves on shadow skies;
Scarves of color twining through haze
And a bright bird flying with wings ablaze;
A bird flying over, the day in flight,
And I watched him pass without lifting my eyes.
It was enough—the shadow of delight,
The shadow of a bird over shadow skies.

The first white star unbound her hair;
The water trembled, and she was there
Setting her foot on the darkening mirror
While round her the trees of night leaned nearer,
They gathering dark, she gathering light,
And I watched the pond without lifting my eyes.
It was enough—the shadow of night,
The shadow of a star in shadow skies.

II

Half-way across the bridge of ivory
The sultan's daughter leaned far down to look
Into the braided waters of the brook,
Flecked with white petals from the apple tree.
Her tears dimpled the stream, her shoulders shook
With sobbing as she thought of the dark sea
Where the familiar orchard brook and she
Would meet so soon, and neither know the other.
She wept and called in vain to her dead mother,
She begged the gods to blast her where she stood,

Or stay the rapid flow of time, or smother
Her heart before she yield her maidenhood.
Then, as none answered, with a childish scream
She leaped into the waters of the stream . . .
But they were shallow.
All this was a dream.

III

Always more riches, more enjoyment, more
Of everything the world can briefly give,
Though through your avid hands as through a sieve
Beauties unnumbered and unnoticed pour.
You chase the wind, but you are fugitive
From the great quiet at the whirlwind's core,
And spendthrift of life's measurable store.
You have not purchased the mere right to live.

There is a vacant seat beside me here
Where you may rest and watch the season change;
Form, color, tone, mysterious or clear,
In swift variety though never strange,
Where if one beauty wholly be revealed
Life would have yielded all she has to yield.

IV

The tracks stretch into fog forever,
Lifeless but for the iron humming
That thrills them when the train is coming.

The long rails hum, the air is roaring,
Black smoke into the grey fog pouring.
Hundreds of faces behind glass,
Like fish in an aquarium,
In agitated flashes pass
And end. And now the rails are dumb.
The whirling cinders sting and choke
The man left gasping in the smoke.

If parallels should intersect,
Euclid, a demonstrated liar,

Would crumble, and the western flier
Ungeometrically be wrecked.

Outcast in fog from sun and sky,
I watched the western flier go by,
And I have missed my train forever.

V

Now on the idle pond
Slowly the fallen leaf
Drifts with its double.
Crescent from prow to poop,
Curving with curves of gold,
Galley of silence.
How have our pomps decayed!
Frail is the royal barge,
Autumn the cargo.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ROBERT HILLYER

AFTER POETRY

He who in spring's rebirth has put his trust
Now answers not to April or to May,
Nor sees the moon-white apple blossom sway,
Nor breathes the sweetness on the evening gust.
He who was first to climb the height of day
Lies full-length in the valley of the dust;
His sword sleeps in his hand, and it is rust;
His heart sleeps in his breast, and it is clay.

Brother so mute among the fallen years,
We come at dayspring to your living tomb
That is the green earth, and we shed no tears;
Knowing that if you wander otherwhere
Soon will you give us gracious welcome there,
And if you perished, then we share your doom.

Book Notes ROBERT HILLYER

A FAILURE

Evening has come, young man;
What have you done to-day?

I have fashioned a younger man
Out of the ageless clay.
He will pass invisible
Through crowds in the market square;
They will say, "Did you hear a bell?"
They will say, "How queer to smell
Incense in open air!"
Wherever he plants his feet,
Wherever he skims his heel,
The air will go mad and sweet,
The asphalt will jig and reel.
They will say, "We can hear the beat
Of a mighty revolving wheel
In a powerhouse far off."

Young man, that is not enough.

The Dial — Robert Hillyer

SONG OF THE YELLOW-GREEN WILLOW

My love sleeps long,
With never a song
To brighten the day:
My love that used all the day
Sweeping the dusty room,
Her broom heavy with light—
Lightly sweeping, as now her
Tresses sweep the floor,
Heavy with gold and sleep.

But the dusty blue wood
Remains in its dust and its blue
Undisturbed, and my love
Sleeps long.

I fear the blue casement
Will nevermore open
The orange eyes of my love,
Nevermore waken, nevermore weep.
They are blank, and stare
In their sleep.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse GRACE BAER HOLLOWELL

IN A COLLEGE COFFEE-HOUSE

Translated by the Man at the Next Table

Three (sentimental) sophomores are talking about other and better days.

Ah—life is sad. Most exquisitely sad.
Most richly, yearning, sweetly-somber sad,
With husky-throated horns forever blowing
Blended music in a minor key. Slow
Sweeps the pageant by, the wide procession
Of this silly world, muted, once removed,
Softened in velvet to the drowsy mind.
A face in the crowd, a form remembered,
A swift illusion in the color, held
For a moment, and in a moment gone;
A voice, memory, a sweet memory:

Their words . . . in fragments . . .

"Once last year . . . stayed up till morning
. . . and sang
To the stars. 'Deep in my Heart, There is a
Dream.'
The old crowd, Larry, Marty, Don and I. . . .
And I remember . . . freshman year . . . gone
now!
Great boys, great fellows . . . no one like them
since."

They are silent, remembering.

The smoke breaks into visible music,
Strata that shift and melt and are blown down.
Words, what pale poor muttering sounds are
words
To tell those golden, lost, once-only nights!

They wish.

Oh, these four walls should spring cathedral-
high,

Open to heaven, there should be a chant—
Words, colors, memory and music mixed
In praise of what mere words can not bring back.

As men of the world, they speak, but not so unfeelingly that The Man at the Next Table cannot translate.

But that was long ago and far away.
Oh, well . . . And that is life. And life is sad.
So fiercely-tender, aching, throat-full sad
And beautiful that it could break the heart
If it were not that the heart endures this—
God knows why—and finds itself, somehow
In love with life, and somehow, therefore, sad.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse JOHN ALBERT HOLMES

MEMORY

Memory is a quiet thing,
Lipping at the edge of mind,
Nor even murmuring
Of all the sea behind.

We do not think it strange
The furious noise of wave
Should be with sudden change
Cool water in a cave,

Where the bugles of the wind
And the green charging roar
Diminish and are thinned
Till they sound no more.

But even the longest breaker
Here at last will come,
With the loudest wind, its maker,
And both lie dumb.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly JOHN ALBERT HOLMES

PALESTINE

(*A Christmas Poem for Jews and Christians*)

O holy land of Palestine,
Where Jordan rolls its flood

From Hermon to the bitter lake
Of ashes and of blood,
What handful of thy sacred sod
Knows not the tears of men;
What hill or vale re-echoes not
The cries of death and pain!

A hundred kings have sown thy soil
With savage salt and rust;
A thousand swords thy city towers
Have smitten to the dust;
But ever prophets scorn'd the wrath
Of sceptre and of rod,
And held thy fetter'd people fast
In fealty to God.

In Horeb's stony fastnesses
Elijah heard the Word;
On Zion's mount, Isaiah spake
The summons of the Lord;
John the Baptizer, in the waste.
Repentance fiercely cried;
And Jesus, on a Roman cross,
The Kingdom saw—and died.

Far-flung like seeds upon the wind
These prophets quicken still;
In scatter'd lands, 'neath alien stars,
They prove God's holy will;
And lo, the myriad tribes of earth
In rapture turn to thee,
And lay upon thy sacred shrine
The hearts of men made free.

O Palestine, thou holy land,
I see thee rise anew;
Thy walls and towers, and fruited plains,
A golden dream come true!
Thy law, the law of brotherhood;
Thy rule, the rule of peace;
God gird thee, guide thee, gladden thee,
And give thy days increase!

EDGES

Smoke has a white edge curling upward,
Foam has a white edge in the sea,
Pain has a white edge thrusting inward
Piercingly.

There is a beauty in sharp edges,
There is a dulness in some pain,
Rather for me the edged white thirsting
Come again.

Rather for me the sharp white hunger
Probing and probing silently,
Than the slow ache of your returning,
Rather for me.

The Commonweal — Elizabeth H. Honness

TO DR. W. E. B. D.

Dark glittering eyes, Syrian nose, suave, pointed beard—
You resemble a sunburnt Jew,
A Turkish merchant from Constantinople,
An Italian count, a Cuban, or a German diplomat,
Anything but what you are:
A Negro, born in the Berkshire foot-hills.
You talk most intelligently of Negro pride,
Negro pioneers, Negro poets, Negro problems.
Your two-edged bitterness is enclosed
In a subtle sheath of politeness.
But somewhere in the secret depths of your mind
A voice cries—
For Yolande, the dark princess, your daughter,
Homesick in Paris,
And for the young son, who lies
Beneath the snow, holding communion
With the approaching spring.
"Know your feelings, use your wants."
(Ah, do not weep for them!
The dark princess will be happy with her lover

And he who lies under the snow has heard
The first groping whispers of the hyacinth roots
And is glad.)

The Crisis ELEANOR HOYSRADT

THE LORE OF HERACLITUS

We who live in suburbs have our harvesting to do.
  You hear our rakes rustling and you see our sheaves
Taking shape beside the curb, in the autumn dusk,
  And then you see the flame and smell the smoke of leaves.

We who burn leaves are of the school of Heraclitus.
  We look to find truth naked when we gaze on flame,
We know we have the sum of things between the leaves and smoke,
  In fire we see that flowing which for ever is the same.

You must have thought in autumn how the truth of things is visible—
  There is flame in all the herbage and there's flowing in the air.
Fire leaps out from every bush, you are ringed with burning,
  And see your life caught up in the flame that's everywhere.

Such are thoughts that come to you when you are harvesting
  Along the curb, when dusk has made the yard a blur,—
You scratch a match, and with its blaze the truth comes over you,
  You have lived another autumn and are not the man you were.

Then, after looking long at the bright flame of leaves,
  With tired eyes and smoky clothes you turn and go
Through the dark once more to your people and your permanence
  And a year may pass before you think of what you know.

But sometimes, in a strange place, as lonely you are walking,—

If you have lived and burned enough to be a flame-adept,
And suddenly is borne to you that smell of burning leaves,
You need no one to tell you why Heraclitus wept.

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West HOYT HUDSON

SID

All of us have hobbies—something we enjoy
Above the common, and gloat over.
Sid had his. As a boy
I remember what a rover
Sidney was, how he'd come
Home from mysterious trips
And make the others of us glum
By saying, with half-bragging lips,
"I've been somewhere you haven't been!"
Or "I've seen something you haven't seen!"
Of course he really hadn't gone
So very far,—along some common road
We might have travelled on
If we had cared. But when Sid showed
Such glee and zest in every limb,
We could not help but envy him.

Today, by every shifting glance
Of twenty years, I saw Sid's funeral,
And took the usual decent glance
At Sid laid out for burial.
It all came back—a wave
Of all he ever was or did
Engulfed me as I gave
That glance at dear old bragging Sid.
His face was changed, of course,
But kept that same triumphant look,
That smile, with all its old-time force
To show that he was glad he took
A road the others had not taken.
As he would say if he should waken,
"I've been somewhere you haven't been,
And I've seen something you haven't seen."

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West HOYT HUDSON

CREATION

The earth was created fair
And the circling sea,
Beetle and beast and bird,
The fruit and the tree,
And beautiful human things
Without tear or fret.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

Then He scattered the clouds with fire
And the earth with pain,—
Poison and tooth and claw,
And the shattering main;
And the strong heart shouted with joy
At the dangers met.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

He sowed in the highway snares
Where the feet must pass,—
This way the sun-pure heights,
There the morass;
And the spirit of man stood free
At the cross-roads set.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

He bordered the day and the life
With the velvet dark,
And he spread out the misty sea
Where souls embark;
Then Love soared up to the skies,
That is born of Death.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Ye may sing!" He saith.

GRACE

Grace at the table said he
  Over his meat and bread,
Thanking God in his cold way
  That he was fed.

Grace at the table said he,
  But Ellen, Ellen knew
Three small graves over the hill
  Under the morning dew.

Maine Bulletin — WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

PARDEL'S FAT SHOTE

His knee on my heart,
His knife at my throat,
And a lick and a promise
On Pardel's fat shote.

His muffin cries he;
His strength doubling mine,
Is it wonder I foreswore
Both shilling and swine?

The gallows be near
To his neck I can see,
But I'd not have him hang
For the likes o' poor me.

Maine Bulletin — WINIFRED VIRGINIA JACKSON

OH, SHE WAS SMART

She was as ragged
As a patchwork tidy
On a kitchen rocker
From Friday to Friday.

She was as bright
As a new steel pin,
And never sold her rags
For a pretty sin.

Oh, she was smart
As a new steel trap,
And knew the Deacon's knuckles
Had a stealthy rap.

And she knew the Parson
Prayed louder for money
Than he prayed for her
Stealing Jane's honey.

And she knew the road
And lots of places
Where dark girls wore
Red paint on their faces.

So when he came along,
With a deep-sea roll,
She laughed in his face
For the good of her soul.

And she gave him back
Of his salt sea talk—
Her little tongue's *no*
As hard as a rock.

For she, willy-nilly,
Must be well wed
Before she would go
To a sailorman's bed.

So, wed she was;
And, wed was he;
And she went to his bed
Respectably.

When good comes, goes bad;
When bad comes, goes good.

Five little cockleburs
Dropped in a stocking,
Worn on a Queen's Day
For Lunnen walking.

When day comes, goes night;
When night comes, goes day.

One little cocklebur
Fell through a hole;
A tall gray traveler
Caught it in a bowl.

When the sun comes, goes rain;
When rain comes, goes the sun.

Two little cockleburs,
Toeward driven,
Fell sound asleep
And dreamed of Heaven.

When water comes, goes land;
When land comes, goes water.

One little cocklebur,
Seeing what befell,
Reached for the stars
And slipped in a well.

When angels come, go devils;
When devils come, go angels.

One little cocklebur
Set to darning
A hole in the heel
For Nicean warning.

Good and bad, day and night;
Sun and rain, angels and devils.

Five little cockleburs
Dropped in a stocking,
Worn on a Queen's Day
For Lunnen walking.

Maine Bulletin — Winifred Virginia Jackson

WORD CARVINGS

I

Love
In an aged heart
Is like a bluejay
Pecking
At a mellow
Apple.

II

At dawn
The larkspurs
Are like city steeples
Blue penciled
With smoke.

III

The white lilac tree
Is a gathering
Of Colonial ladies. . . .
A butterfly has just settled
On one of the proud heads,—
What a beautiful comb!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — J. Graydon Jeffries

NIGHTCLUB

The golden dancers
pirouette,
blending in rose
and violet.

The music booms,
fades and halts,
resumes the languor
of a waltz;

while the spotlight catches,
clasps and frees
latticed breasts
and powdered knees.

Synthetic beauty!
(O the sight
of blossom-laden
trees at night!)

Mad world, mad—
rouge your cheeks;
smear paint on all
your heart-breaks.

If the blood is hot
and the bones aching,
what right has a heart
to be breaking?

. . . Why should a heart
or anything
clutter up
an evening?

Blues, A Magazine of New Rhythms OLIVER JENKINS

DAKOTA HIGHWAYS

Steam shovels of the graders
Bite back into the hill
And gouge out yellow gumweed,
Vervain, pasque, and bladderpod.
They bury purple frostflowers,
Foxglove, fern and goldenrod;
Below the hardened flatness

Of a gravelled road; but still,
With springtime showers,
Wild roses
Star the broken sod;
The ditch finds grace
In Queen Ann's lace;
Tall sunflowers bear their gold to God.
For Life takes back each torn clay hill;
Life bubbles from each trampled clod:
It trips in white anemones;
It struts in pungent mint and dill—
Mounting from shreds of root and pod
The monster shovels cannot kill.

Pasque Petals — Adeline M. Jenney

ESTRAY

I

Woods follow courses, and the brooks that lace
Meadows in May are never lost beyond
The margin of some sky-reflecting pond;
Bird, wind, and bee find roads from place to place.
Always across the path we choose will run
Small footprints pointing toward a different land
Where Time dissolves and distances are spanned
By the great golden compass of the sun.
We force our destinations on to those
Who travel by the names of towns, and they
Will never wonder where the red fox goes,
Or visit secret inns along the way,
Trying no tangent, equally content
To spend the night at Harwinton or Kent.

II

But you may meet a traveler who has been
Odd journeys in the shadow of one hill,
And he will show you where his roads begin—
The river of his township turns no mill.
Stop where a stone has gathered warmth all day:

Quietly he will sit beside you there
And map a country older than Cathay,
Whose hidden people breathe a lovelier air.
Sunset will come, and Summer change to Fall.
If one forgets the shortest way between
Two busy towns, that will not answer all,
Or find the stranger who was never seen
After he left the beaten tracks that went
To some such place as Harwinton or Kent.

The Nation LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

PLUM BLOSSOMS

They found him toward morning
In the old orchard back of the Pierson Place
Hunched and still.
His near-sighted eyes from which the thick
Rimmed spectacles had all but fallen,
Were fixed and staring at the flutter
Of crushed buds in his cramped hand.
No one heard her quick cry at sight of them,
Agony is pitched very high—or very low—
. . . The doctor went on with his banal questioning;
Had he slept well? Had he been unduly excited?
Had his talk been perfectly rational?
Rational? . . . His talk? . . .
In twenty years he had spoken of nothing
But his interminable statistics . . .
He had kissed her, as usual, in his abstracted way
Then had turned on the fifth step
To tell her his mail was heavy now,
With queries from far and near—
There was nothing, he said, that he could not figure.
And she had laughed, in an excess of Spring,
And asked him, "How many petals
In a shower of plum blossoms?"

Muse and Mirror EDNA JOHNS

EVENING

Just before she comes
  Lifting her great gray gown,
A discord rattles and hums
  From end to end of the town.

Louder the mason's maul,
  Shriller the children's cries;
The stark mad animals all
  Complain with heavenly eyes.

The harsh pain of the road
  Makes watchers blench and start,
And a finished episode
  Beats hubbub in the heart.

A frenzy wags the bells,
  And birds uncertainly cry,
When the old gray wife compels
  Her flock to fold the eye.

The door of sight and sound
  She'll hurry on to close,
Leaving on all the ground
  The thing that no one knows.

And spread the web at last
  Farther than we can mark . . .
Till late ones hurrying past
  Are bits of separate dark.

The Dial — Orrick Johns

FULFILLMENT

At last I gaze into your eyes and know
The tryst is kept I held against the years
With dire misgivings and with secret fears
Lest you be late, too late: time travels slow
When lovers wait. The evening sun is low—
The kindly earth an autumn garment wears

All brown and golden, as a friend who shares
The other's fortune, in its ebb and flow.

Drunk with belated rapture hand in hand
At length together, as I dreamed, we stand,
I hear the beating of your heart, and feel
The wordless messages it would reveal;
At last I gaze into your eyes and see
The perfect answer to the call in me.

The Crisis — Georgia Douglas Johnson

FATIGUE

It is the deadliest poison of our day,
It is the little fox that gnaws the vine,
Spoiling the tender grapes; it is the root
Of unintentional cruelty, of neglect,
It is the breach within the spirit's walls
Through which the dark and bitter floods roll in
To drown the heart with sorrow. It distorts
The careless jest, the unconsidered word,
And holds a false, discolored mirror up
To friend and foe alike. It dries in us
The milk of human kindness. At its touch
The gentle graces fade, and in its grasp
The nerveless hand lets fall the long-sought prize,
The heavy eyelids on the burning eyes
Shut out the vision, and the tortured ear
Is deaf to every sound save those of strife,
It is the Judas which betrays us all!

And man alone has raised this monster up,
Unloosed this evil genius on the world
To his undoing. Centuries have passed
And still the seasons take their ordered way
Unwearied and unwearying. The sea
Swings its great tides in silence to and fro
Beneath serene, far-off, slow-moving skies
Unhurried and unhurrying. Man alone
Beats piteous wings against the cage whose bars
He forged himself, and can no longer break.

Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot — Josephine Johnson

SHORE ROAD

Star up and sun down
And the ruffled water!
The young dusk is kissing
The day's last daughter.

Emerald and copper,
Then silver foil—
The sea mocks the roadway
Where dust-pots boil.

We, on the roadway,
Wind the long waves,
Where silence-slippered evening
Walks among the graves

Of all its selves that once were.
Poised light lingers,
But drab has covered silver
The width of two fingers.

Drab grows drabber,
Followed by jet.
Gulls cry a poignance
None can forget.

Sudden, through darkness,
Piers leap a-light—
Thin, jeweled bangles
On the wrists of night.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse SIDDIE JOE JOHNSON

JOHN WORTHINGTON

A thousand years ago, I guess, there ware some dreams an' such;
But creeds or scruples, even then, wan't botherin' overmuch.
They found me on a doorstep, but they never found my name,
So boarded me out here an' there, an' nagged the way I came.

An' some, there ware, who licked me sly, an' some with "spare the rod,"
Which, mixed up in the fear o' hell, made little like for God!
An' then, one fool Town Meetin' Day, a swap was made o' me;
Jest what I got by stickin' round ware more'n I could see.

There wan't but one who took to me: a woman, thin's a rail,
Who worked like some raw-boned old mare, for fodder, whip and flail
So, when I went, I slied to her an' told her my intent,
An' she ware jest one human thing as knew which way I went.
An' says she, "John, there is one thing that you won't never do,
An' *that* is *steal!*" So that's made one thing I ain't never knew!
An' that ware all my bringin' up, but, say, it's stuck to me
An' tagged along like my own shade no matter where I be!

I tramped, first off, to Portland Town; I struck a Schooner there
An' sailed me with a Captain, heavy-handed, hard but fair;
I bo't my donkey's breakfast from a dirty sailor man,
An' paid for edication from old Maine to Ispahan!
It's far I've been from Harbo'r Lights since settin' o' them sails;
Belayin' pins hev cracked me an' I've rid a stench o' gales;
But when a somethin' gits me that makes me blue an' dumb,
I out and fills myself up full o' old Jamaiky rum!

When Land-pull's got a holt o' me, I've lumbered with Canucks;
I've trekked the Painted Desert with the prayin' Hopi bucks;
I've chored and starved in Cherryfield; I've stuffed in Disco Bay;
For oft you'd swear 'tware one thing when 'tware jest the other way!
Old belly-pinch has griped me in the snow up North o' Nome;
I've bawled me for a punkah with my macaroon at Rome;

Old Rory Bory's crazed me on a God forgotten hill;
A lime-kiln thirst in old Rangoon has sucked a jorum's fill!

An' women? Wall, they've played their parts, when I hev drawed my pay;
But there ware only one for which I'd set a weddin' day:
An' she, wall, she ware willin', but she wan't for sech as me—
For she ware sudden taken up by Him as Made the Sea;
An' after follered groggy days, when I ware out to kill,
But she came back one lustful night an' showed me 'twan't her will.
Yet, Cripes! I've paid the Devil an' I've danced to Hell's own Tune,
From Bangor's own Speak-easies to a Bow'ry rum-saloon!

It's always I've been goin' on, with nowhere much to go;
With no one in this gosh-dinged world to give a damn or know;
An' East an' West an' North an' South, hev turned out much the same,
To me, as has no kinfolk, an' no born-an'-ready name!
I'm sure, I guess, to go about till sometime I'll git caught
Out on old Mother Carey's ship, with tow-rope, tarred and taut;
An' so, when I git thinkin', I go out on hell's own spree—
For, I ain't belonged to no one, and no one's belonged to me!

The Lumberman ALEXANDER JONES

OUR CURSES ON THAT FATHER

Come all you tender shanty boys and listen while I sing
A song of love and longing that recollections bring:
My song is of sweet Katie, a maiden fair was she,
And of young Larry Laughlin who loved her manfully.
Alas, fair Kate was daughter of Mister Gallagher,
Who swore an oath no shanty boy would ever wed with her;
But Katie loved young Larry and vowed she would be true,
When he went up to Middle Branch in Cushman's logging crew.

Chorus: Our curses on that father
Who parted of them two,
With a fa lu ra lardy
And a fa lu ra lu!

Now there appeared in Great Pond in the fall of Eighty-One,
A gent from Down the River with a long and ready tongue,
Who set to rival Larry and to cause him grief and woe
By shining up to Katie wherever she did go;
His name was Holbrook Hastings, standing six-foot in his socks,
And he paid golden money to buy of Katie's box,
And bragged of his rich father, who, when death called him to die,
Would leave him land and oxen and fourteen fields of rye.

Our curses on that father
Who parted of them two,
With a fa lu ra lardy
And a fa lu ra lu!

Our Larry sadly laid the pine, remembering the bees
Denied to all brave shanty boys who cut and haul the trees;
Remembered lovely Katie with her bright and beaming eye,
Till ring of every hauler's bell would bring his heart a sigh,
Nor came a cheering letter from fair Katie far away.
Young Larry, broken-hearted, did mark his time and pay,
Departing, lone and weary, upon the logging road
With fear that hawed his bosom and prodded him with goad.

Our curses on that father
Who parted of them two,
With a fa lu ra lardy
And a fa lu ra lu!

Soon there came up a blizzard, as bad a Sixty-Three,
That caused those hardened shanty boys to groan most mournfully;
For there was brave young Larry out in the cold and storm
With no dear mother's prayers to rise to keep him safe and warm.

When that fierce storm was over, we set out, though we knew
If Larry had not reached fair Kate there was not much to do.
We found him at the clearing of Morrison's old camp
And every eye that searched for him was sorrowful and damp.

Our curses on that father
Who parted of them two,
With a fa lu ra lardy
And a fa lu ra lu!

Fair Katie wrung her slim, white hands, and sobbed her grief and pain,
And vowed no head on her sad breast would lay where his had lain,
Though Holbrook Hastings, he was there, who hoped to be her mate,
And Mister Gallagher did frown and roar at lovely Kate.
We made young Larry's coffin, and dug his frozen grave,
And laid away with Christian prayers that lad so true and brave.
Now let this be a warning to fathers far and wide,—
For ere long Katie Gallagher was sleeping at his side.

Our curses on that father
Who parted of them two,
With a fa lu ra lardy
And a fa lu ra lu!

The Lumberman ALEXANDER JONES

TADOUSAC

Steadfast as rocks that tower through cloudy space
To bastions high above the sombre bay,
Led by the Virgin of the Saguenay,
Came men whom ages honour in this place;
They left the sheltered cloister, yet could face
Rude strongholds on the Huron waterway,
Enduring fiery dooms that Love might sway
One heart among a dark barbaric race.

Beneath the mountain peaks that glow and change,
In battles for the Dream that shall not fail
These warriors fell to save the Northern land;
But past the reaches of the loftiest range
Where lives that conquered life and death prevail,
Heroes on heights invisible they stand.

The Sketch Book Magazine THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

ISAAC JOGUES

Apostle to the Mohawks

Bent toward his breviary he does not mark
Wolf-howl or Mohawk's stealthy moccasin,
As savage hunters shod with beaver skin
File past and loose an arrow's whistling arc;
For through the cabin wall of cedar bark
Like drifted snow the angels enter in,
And, though the hearth-flame flickers blue and thin,
His dream of Christ still lights the winter dark.

These hands that turn the pages never pressed
The whining bow-string, yet red chiefs will yield
Before his godlike patience to endure;
And he, the mightier hunter, shall not rest,
But seek in pathless wood and burning field
The fair white quarry Love alone can lure.

The Sketch Book Magazine THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

JEFFERSON'S HILLS

(*A ballad*)

Jefferson Callan went to the War
One day when the corn was green.
He carried a sabre in his hand . . .
Grandmother knows. She seen.

She seen him flutter along the road
Like a wild hawk on the wing;
And over the hill by Davy's Mill
She heard him sing.

And Captain Beal came by, came by
In the autumn when oaks were red:
"Jeff was brave, and don't you cry . . .
Poor Jeff is dead."

They seen him fall at Bridal Spring
With one leg off at the knee;
He died with his sabre wet with blood,
Over in Tennessee.

Only at night he galloped back.
(Darling, the stars were drumming);
People said that they heard him call,
"Gen'ral, I am coming."

Grandpop opened the cabin door:
Nothing but whip-poor-wills . . .
"O, they cry in the brush tonight!
These were poor Jeff's hills."

And then *he* came in a swish of wind;
The glare of his eyes was green.
He had the cavalry out with him . . .
Grandmother knows. She *seen*.

Voices MacKinlay Kantor

DOUBLE MAGIC

I hold that spells are harmless things
  At most, if one would only dare
To charge them boldly—fairy rings,
  Black cats, or toads should never scare
Folk given to wild imaginings,
  Except to meet them unaware.

Laugh at the curses on your head
That witches cast on feeble men;
Sit under Judas-trees, instead
Of bland acacias, where and when.
Such charms you need not ever dread
To tackle singly and again.

But—sometimes it were more discreet
To run, or pray upon your knees;
For if the powers of malice meet
And challenge you by twos or threes,
The chances are that they will treat
You roughly, as your star decrees.

Between the twilight and the dawn,
Unholy spells are quick and free;
And soul and wisdom will be drawn
For life, perhaps eternity,
If after dark you happen on
A witch beneath a Judas-tree.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly · JOHN KEARNS

THE STORM

The coal black steeds of night wait in their stall,
And twilight lingers on the ocean's brim.
Her gray cloak ragged, and her eyes grown dim,
Yet loath to lay herself upon the pall,
That night is spreading for her. Low winds call
To stars to come out, and a freakish whim
Besets the ocean with a curling skim
Of white. The moon appears, a silver ball.

But suddenly Thor challenges the night.
His muffled hammer sounds behind the clouds,
The ocean heaves, although the moon is bright.
Now Orion hunts, the dead in long white shrouds
Fly up against the moon, and blot the light
Of stars—storm devils rush in shrieking crowds.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly · LILIAN SUE KEECH

GREED

I have the finest webs of lace my sister made for me,
Sewing late by candlelight till dawn was in the skies,
Sewing by the window till it grew too dark to see.
I took the needle when she'd done and pierced out both her eyes.

And I have robes the loveliest that ever came from loom,
Colored like beryl and amethyst and rich with ruby sheen.
I locked my sister's children in a close and sunless room,
And they wove me golden tissue and peacock blue and green.

And I have milky pearls that glow like a white rose half blown,
Tender and twilit pearls like mist on silver filigree,
Pearls colored like a clouded moon. To have them for my own,
I drowned my sister's husband in a cold cave of the sea.

The San Franciscan — Edith Summers Kelley

SHIPS

Ships,
Young ships,
I do not wonder men see you as women—

You in the white length of your loveliness
Reclining on the sea!

Your spars
Delicately reaching for stars;
Rope blown up and down on the wind
Like gold hair,
Your white prows bare
To the rough and insistent sea.

Ships,
Fair ships,
In your youth

Yielding your bodies to the naked truth
Of living,
Taking and giving
Ecstasy!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING

FEBRUARY TWILIGHT

The woods are blue with shrouding mist,
The lights stand out upon the hill;
A spirit I cannot resist
Calms my own beyond my will.

Upon the ground the snow lies wet,
The water streams, a velvet ooze;
A beech-tree spreads a silver net
To catch the dream I would not lose.

Here in the stillness of this hour,
Deep in the twilight loitering,
Time breathes more lightly than a flower,
Waiting the miracle of spring.

The Lyric SALLY BRUCE KINSOLVING

TO A COMMON WEED

You are the ugly stepchild of the earth,
Whose lean roots grapple with her stingy soil,
Whose sappy stem with travailing gives birth
To meager blooms that droughts cannot despoil.
Your legions storm the garden's barricade,
A rebel horde, damned and anathematized;
Defiant of the scythe's avenging blade,
Yours is the hardihood of the despised.

But when the hot and desolate winds shall blow
And the frail lily's golden chalice lies
A dry cup in the sun's oppressive glow,
Reproaching the inhospitable skies,

The bright, triumphant banners that you bring
Shall guard the green integrity of Spring.

Troubadour — John H. Knox

INVITATION TO THE SAUNA

(*To every good Finn*)

Come to the Sauna!
Black stones are steaming, steaming in the Sauna!
White skins are gleaming, gleaming in the Sauna!
Walk through the summer dusk to the dark Sauna!
Naked clean bodies in the smoke-black Sauna,
Clean, soft symmetry of wet limbs shining,
Smells of the summer woods filling the hot Sauna,
Fragrant young birch twigs steeping in the waters!
Sweet-smelling cedar branches steeping in the Sauna!
Wet limbs in silhouette against the black rafters!
Beat your white bodies till they are red and glowing!
Beat your white backs with the odorous birch-leaves!
Let the steeped twigs break their fragrances upon you.
Know what it is to be clean, to feel clean *through!*
Clean soul and body in the cleanness of the Sauna!
Throw on the wood till all the stones are glowing!
Throw on the water till all the stones are hissing!
Plunge into the lake when the cool night-winds are blowing!
This is a cleanness beyond all earthly knowing!

The Harp — Miriam Heideman Krarup

ECSTASIES OVER NIEMELA'S PALE TAN MARE

Seen through the billowing boughs of spring,
That delivery horse is a lyric thing:
For it's classic in color and likely in line,
And its belly is round and its fat flanks shine,

As it flashes a brown and much brushed mane
And plumy tail down a long green lane,
Pulling its wagon of groceries
Past Lake Linden Avenue's poplar trees,
It moves in the sun in a harmony
Of tan and brown and spring green tree.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly MIRIAM HEIDEMAN KRARUP

A HERETIC STOOD ON A HILL

"God, if there is one, strike me dead!"
Was flung with fury from his heart
Through narrow lips on narrow head
As there he stood, arms flung apart.

And even smiles of men grew terse
At blasphemy they knew would ring
The tocsins of the universe,
Then fled for fear his words would bring

A molten meteor to their side
To cleave the earth with lightning force,
Holding the waters from the tide,
And turning stars from out their course.

But nothing happened. Then one said
Of those that ventured back again:
"He looks just like the gingerbread
They bake in moulds of little men."

And one man, both hands on his cane,
Looked at the sky and laughed aloud:
"How blue it is, no sign of rain.
God hears and doesn't give a cloud."

Japm, The Poetry Weekly DOROTHY KRUGER

NEW YORK

They say New York is a laughterless city.
I have seen laughter on lips of men,
Here, where riveters sing to clouds
Buildings of petrified poetry.

I have seen laughter
Cut two mouths like knives,
As eyes, pinning eyes,
Waited the move of a muscle;

And laughter
Freeze the corners of lips
Bent low over tape
That ran like white satin ribbon
Through fingers, white at the knuckles;

I have seen laughter
Screw up a face,
Stretching the skin to breaking,
Beneath the black driver of envy.

And splintered laughter
Thrust into hearts,
As fingers on outstretched arms withdrew,
Like steel is withdrawn from a magnet.

I have seen laughter
Sucked into broken breath
As strong men conquered their Gorgons,
To keep from turning to granite.

And all these laughters
I have seen relax and rise
Deep throatings of gladness,

As men turned faces to towers;
Their strength and their brawn responding
To the brawn and strength of their city;
Their towers that dripping with sun
Trace on the ether a circle,
Giving the earth an aurora.

They winked green eyes when he who grew
Out of an acorn someone threw
On needles of their pine woods' floor,
Stretched thin to drum on heaven's door,
And strained the roots his passion pinned
To boulders, tangling skeins of wind,
Or twisting lightning to a crown
That sprang snake-like to strike him down.
They smiled fat smiles when with his blades,
Keen as the swords of all Crusades,
He pierced the clouds borne down with lead
And glittered with the hail they bled.
They see him not a crystal tree
Splendid with fire of mutiny
And tall as rays of sun are tall,
These firs whose obese branches sprawl
On earth, but as a spider-thing
Blackened and naked as a string.
Nor can they see the sun has etched
His shadow, long as he has stretched.

Palo Verde — Dorothy Kruger

POEM

O Heart: this is a dream I had, or not a dream.
Lovingly, lovingly, I wept, but my tears did not rhyme.

In the year of my mother's blood, when I was born,
She buried my innocent head in a field, because the earth

Was sleepy with the winter. And I spoke the corn,
And I cried the clover up, with the dewy mouth of my mirth.

In the honey of summer my brain conceived: a child, I
flowered
Over the maiden-stalks, drinking sweet upper light,

For I was intimate with the sun, till he devoured
Me utterly, O Heart, his tenderest neophyte.

So I died. Small gluttonous birds picked on my limpid brow,
My pale drooped feet were manacled with rushing worms;

And when I was sufficiently dead (torturer thou!)
I was born again. Dissolving, memory reforms

The cyclic hour I pulled life's bony root, slow inch
By inch, from its loamy trap; shrilly, like a mandrake,
screamed

To rip the cord, suck liberal air, after the pinch
Of planetary rock. Womanly, a shadow combed

Her dark tremendous hair beyond the violet border
Of my sleep. Strong passionate hands I had, but could not
find

The red position of her heart, not the subtle order
Of her lips and breasts, nor the breathing cities of her mind.

Lovingly, lovingly, I wept for her absent eyes,
Large pity of her thought; I broke the spine of my pride

Upon a stone, seeing she did not recognize
My tears, because our sorrows did not coincide.

Softly grieving, ironic with a smile forlorn,
I took my baffled head and buried it under the corn.

O Heart: this is a dream I had, or not a dream.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse STANLEY J. KUNITZ

CHANGE

Dissolving in the chemic vat
Of time, man (gristle and fat)
Corrupting on a rock in space
That crumbles, lifts his impermanent face
To watch the stars, his brain locked tight
Against the tall revolving night.

Yet is he neither here nor there
Because the mind moves everywhere;
And he is neither now nor then
Because tomorrow comes again
Foreshadowed, and the ragged wing
Of yesterday's remembering
Cuts sharply the immediate moon;
Nor is he always: late and soon
Becoming, never being, till
Becoming is a being still.

Here, Now, and Always, man would be
Inviolate eternally:
This is his spirit's trinity.

The Commonweal — Stanley J. Kunitz

ETERNAL FLUX

Down the vast headlong of eternity
The torrent of our universe still flows,
Sprung from the womb of palpitating snows
That wistful mortals call divinity.
Rushing and chafing ever restlessly
Along its course of fateful change it goes
Till, plunging fathoms deep, at last it knows
The calm nirvana of a cosmic sea.

Shall all life sink to the inert sea-loam
To rest in endless nothingness and shun
The surging surface,—or like leaping foam
From clash of waves, scatter to bits and so,
Drawn by the potent force from some far sun,
Rise to new summits of eternal snow?

The World Tomorrow — Louise Burton Laidlaw

THE DOME OF STARS

(*To the Giant Telescope of California*)

When night's last luring space is pierced,
Discounting all our finite bars,

Mirror and lens compounded high
May show a blinding maze of stars
Where all the bright orbs seem to merge
Into one solid dome of light.
So will the heavens be once more
A prison to our eager sight.

Then shall man seek some instrument
To penetrate the stars; embrace
The tantalizing certitude
Of space beyond our space.

N. Y. Times LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW

THE GREATER DIONYSIA

Is Dionysus dead?
No! Still his essences inviolate
All that is bleak and dull annihilate.
For ages men have bade him bow his head
Imprisoned in the vicious vats of earth;
Today he has regained his godly height,
And true immortals, radiant with delight,
Revel again in Dionysian mirth.

Is Dionysus dead?
No! Volatile and gay and free he stands,
Free to dispense the vintage of his hands.
To waken Summer with his buoyant tread;
To flood Fall sunsets full of lambent wine,
With nature's ripe exuberance again
To play blithe havoc in the hearts of men
Until their passions soar above his shrine.

N. Y. Times LOUISE BURTON LAIDLAW

EPITAPH

Write this; When clouds drove thither from the western sea,
And they were bronze and beryl, and gilt with fire,
They seemed not clouds to him, but verily
Turret and battlement, and bridge and spire.
And it was all quite simple then to hear,

As though a horse were gripped between his thighs,
The lofty trumpets calling, far and clear,
Till of a sudden tears were in his eyes.

And this: There is a pool where herons come to fish,
Where cattle drink and muse, and drink once more;
God gave it to him for his dearest wish—
Oh, half an acre of it, shore to shore.
And there of mornings, through the marshland fogs,
While yet his boots were thick with yellow clay,
The snags were topmasts and their driftwood logs
Were seven tall galleons riding in a bay.

Write this: He had no fear of forests—peace was there,
And holiness beyond his tongue to tell;
All forest silences were holy prayer,
Song and the muted sweetness of a bell.
Yes, every pine was kinsman to him then,
And praise arose from every flower and stone;
For this he held beyond all other men—
The certainty that none need walk alone.

Then this: Dreamer of dreams, what meadows know you now?
What larches call you comrade as you pass?
Whither away are you? From what white bough
Do your loved blossoms strew the April grass?
Your pool is but a shallow pasture pond,
Your clouds but clouds, whereon the sunset gleams;
And song has fled your forest, leaf and frond—
Dreamer of dreams.

Portland (Ore.) Spectator BEN HUR LAMPMAN

TO A SEA BIRD DYING

Here where the tide has cast it, lies this wrack,
White as the crest that bore it to the land,
And swart of pinion as the storm is black,
And very pitiful beneath the hand.
Now death has touched it, though its eye is brave,
The dark beak lifted as to strike the foe,

While in its glance the wildness of the wave
Ebbs as the head droops low.

For you our mother ocean beats no more;
No sea-glint summons where the far sail veers,
Nor any surge shall smite the hollow shore,
Nor sundown beckon where the great whale steers;
This gathering grayness is not driven mist
Fleet as winged winds that flee;
It is no fog of pearl and amethyst
Risen from out the sea.

All motionless is the suspended tide,
The viewless thunder thins and fades . . . is still;
And the sun's self is quenched in all his pride,
And pallid grown and chill.
So death comes, wild one, and an end of days;
So comes he, swift one, and an end of flight;
An end of mother ocean and her ways.
Of rock and dune, and dawn and noon, and night.

It is not true. Life is not slain by death.
The vast, immortal sea shall have her own,
Shall garner to her this expiring breath,
Shall reap where she has sown.
And with her you shall be, in her delight;
Her winds your flight, her wildness your desire;
Her whiteness yours as these your plumes are white—
Bright wings that never tire!

New York Times BEN HUR LAMPMAN

MAUDLIN

Maudlin is an English word.
But my, how she mocks
The poise of perfect England,
This wench from Wapping docks!

She leans against ale-houses
And wipes her sleazy tears.
She brags, "I ain't been sober
For the last eleven years."

Her face is broad and blotchy;
Her eyes are filmed and red.
She wears a tam-o-shanter
To top her frowsy head.

She carries all her make-up
In a patent-leather case—
The slip-shod belle of Limehouse,
The haggard painty face.

She slithers into corners
To kiss the sailor-boys.
And everywhere about her
Are tawdriness and noise.

She isn't strong and wicked,
Nor glorious in sin.
The silly thing is living
For old Whitechapel gin.

Maudlin's full of loose fat.
She's lazy and she's low.
She lives down on old Wapping
Where the fleets come in and go.

Skyline MARY LE DUC

WIND

I

The wind is laughing through the trees again,
The broken, sobbing laughter of the world,
The singing, crying laughter of the world,
To the throbbing, throbbing tom-toms of the rain.

II

All night the wind has twined
Its aching fingers through the sycamores. . . .
To me the wind is mad,

Mad with the cringing madness of the blind,
Fumbling at the marble doors
Of ancient tombs,
Babbling for a key.
All night the wind has whined
Incoherently
While the throb . . . throb . . . throb of the rain
Beats the broken thing
With the dogged rhythm of pain.

I have closed my eyes to the night.
I fear the face of the wind
That lifts through the walking rain . .
Bloodless . . . sightless . . . white!
And mad with the cringing madness of the blind.

III

The wind grows restless in its sleep,
Restless with natal visions of shadow and flame
And the fallopian tubes of the infinite,
Wakes and goes crying on toward Babylon,
With its silver bugles of lust,
With its brazen bugles of fear,
Rising,
Falling
To the recessional
Chanted by the feet of forgotten armies
Marching . . . marching . . . marching on to Babylon.

The wind breaks on the crumbling walls,
Babbles to itself of gardens,
Soldiers, kings, dancing girls,
Rose and ivory and jade . . .
Shrieks and goes careening over the desert
Driving sand at the three Rameses
And their little grey and green lizards.

IV

The wind is drunken with heresy,
With too much living,

With too many gods.
It has bellowed flame through the brazen mouth of Baal.
It has spoken in a voice of thunder from Sinai.
It has mocked the Greek at Dodona and Delphi.
It has laughed at the hammer of Thor,
The wisdom of Wodin,
The cunning of Loki.
It leapt to life with the Sun God
And it has wept brokenly with a woman
On Golgotha.

But I say the wind is drunken with heresy,
With too much living,
With too many gods.

The door is locked
And the key—
Tossed into what?

V

The wind is compact of soul,
The ultimate . . .
The wanton of Persepolis,
Xenophon slashing to the sea,
Sappho singing,
The brothers Christ, Confucius,
Buddha, Mohamet,
Talking . . . talking . . . talking,
Napoleon at Austerlitz,
Shelley in the Mediterranean,
Wilson writing ideals,
John Smith haggling with the corner grocer
Over a pound of beef, . . .
Dust . . . dust . . . dust oxidized
And blown to the shapeless mold of the wind,
Laughing, weeping, singing in the wind,
While the latest divinity
Spits needles of blue flame
At the evening star.

CHALLENGE

I proffer love the brutal fist,
The naked sword . . . the arrowed flame,
When once again we keep our tryst
At some dim altar built on shame.

Where once white hands were supplicate
And sea-sharp smoke climbed up the air,
Now coil the tentacles of hate,
Now prowl the foxes of despair.

Where life once builded cell on cell
And beauty came like slanting rain,
Now lift the battlements of Hell,
Now whine the little wolves of pain.

And so I proffer love the blade,
The slashing fang . . . the cruel claw,
Where incensed words, like smoke, once swayed
To music I shall know no more.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — C. T. Lanham

A LETTER AT FIRST SPRING

O lady
I have stood upon
the lean uncivil hills and seen
a feeble and unwilling green
lift up from scrawny prints of unseen feet
the inland savage winds goad on
with cracking lashes up the screes

O lady
I have stood on hills
and seen the earth's mean sleep disturbed
by neat unbidden spring unfurled
from curling mists
and seen the geldings
sniff uneasily the frail

volutions of the paling mist
and run their frightened eyes along
the keener verging distances

O lady
    and suddenly on this day
when up the ark is lifted from the
comfortable dust
and borne before the deep
unseeing eyes of us who see
in heavy-lidded sleep
the calyces of timeless
dreams begin to stir
                I tremble on the brink of
spring
and fumble in my musty mind
for words and the dusty
relic of your smile

The Commonweal R. Ellsworth Larsson

LETTER BEFORE DEPARTURE

(For M. S. D.)

Save if to smile
my lady shall delight
and sight my journey truly to a new
and golden land of cities tall as light
all fixed and focused boldly in mine eyes
by smiles like trumpeting and horns
to scale the dazzled morning with a nave
of high fern-fronded arches
trellised all and musical
with arabesques of smooth
slow gold of Viol de Gamba and of flute—
                my journey
were to end in wilderness where wild
and angry and the dark embittered winds
grind all bright cities to a dust
                and brighter

cities than an eye has seen
lie spilled in rubbish by the eyes
that sought them

Save if to smile
my lady shall delight—and smiling
shall make bold my lonely eye
with skilfully tended columns grown in rows
all garlanded and golden of her eyes
and of her smile as splendidly aspiring of a place
all taller goldener more rarely glittering
in air than any city—
then my journey finds its end
in windy wilderness—
mine eye
spill sights and seasons out to dry
in stony rubbish and in sand.

The Commonweal R. Ellsworth Larsson

THE APPEAL

To Henry Lavarack

A dirty rain-rivulet floundered in the long roll of the gutter,
only an occasional rotten fruit thrown to it
aroused its sluggish imagination
to a spasmodic somersault of pleased ripples;—
but I saw coiled within it
an imprisoned rainbow flash starved grimaces
to an ambiguous sun.

Blues, A Magazine of the New Rhythms Pauline Leader

SAINT PER

Per, the miser, was richer than any—
He worked like a dog and saved every penny

His bony old hands could close upon
To add to his pile when the day was done.

Queer places were stuffed with silver and gold;
Slits and cracks had all they could hold.

In the larder in every cup and dish
Were coins enough for anyone's wish.

But he never gave mite to poor or priest,
So the good church people long had ceased

Their hinting, and long had ceased to wonder
Who would get the gold when Per went yonder.

And the cracked bell high in the rotting steeple
Sounded to Mass, calling the people;

Till the old bell broke! Now all together
Must go to Per and ask him whether

He'd give some money to buy a cord,
Or if he would get a bell for the Lord?

Ten good men went to his house,
But there wasn't a sign of man or mouse.

They knocked on the window and knocked on the door,
Pushed it open and saw on the floor

Per sprawling and counting his piled-up money.
One stepped forth as sweet as honey,

Smiled at Per and said: "See here!
What about getting a new bell, Per?"

"Your souls," said Per, "a hundredfold
Be damned before you get my gold!

And a thousand devils pour burning oil
Over your flesh when in hell you boil!"

He cursed and swore till the honest men
Said they had better go home again.

With rags on the windows and slats on the door,
Per counted his silver and copper once more.

. . . . . .

Time went by until one day ten
Strong men knocked on the door again.

Squinting through the keyhole, one of them said:
"Heaven bless me! The miser is dead!

And all his money in heaps on the floor!"
They broke the windows and broke the door—

Per lay on his back with a glassy stare,
Skinny as a nail, and the cupboard was bare.

They bought a coffin and buried him proper,
And counted at night the silver and copper,

And said: "Let us get the new church bell,
By now old Per is safe in hell!"

. . . . . .

But the years have changed the tale a bit:
The good old mothers like to sit

And tell the children about Saint Per
The pious man who once lived here,

Who gave to the church the golden cord
And a bell of silver to the Lord.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse BORGHILD LEE

PRAIRIE

Though my feet have taken
Root in the brown mold,
Nothing here to lean against,
Nothing to hold.

Prairie winds have blown
Four walls into space,
And left me swaying, dizzy,
Shielding my face.

Tree-windows, let green shutters
Rise and fall,
Move in, mountains,
Let me lean against your wall!

The Nation BORGHILD LEE

BEQUEST TO MY DAUGHTERS

Though it grieve you,
This is all that
I shall leave you:

White and slender
Buoyant bodies,
Which will gender

Love and wonder;
Beauty newer
Than leaves under

April's flashing
Silver rainfalls
And their splashing.

To the youngest
I leave dreaming;
To the strongest

Streams for leaping,
Trees to be like,
Shade for sleeping;

Something singing
In the other
Like the winging

Panegyric
Of a swallow—
Some deep lyric

Pride of living.
That is all I
Shall be giving.

Virginia Quarterly Review LAWRENCE LEE

HE WHO LOVES THE OCEAN

He who loves the ocean
And the ways of ships
May taste beside a mountain pool
Brine on his lips:

May feel in the desert
The parched day long
The slow camels swaying
To the sea's song.

A meadow in the moonlight,
However dry it be,
Is slippery with sea-weed,
Smells of the sea.

He who is banished
From marshes and weirs,
Who has for sea savor
The salt of his tears—

To him the dust of hoof-beats
On a windless plain
Shall be spindrift flying
Before the hurricane.

In cornfield or wheatfield,
Wherever he may go,
He hears water sobbing
Low . . . low . . . ;

He hears water calling
Till a prairie mist is thinned
To skysails and royals
Proud in the wind.

Whom the sea has summoned,
Whom ocean claims her own,
He finds in clouds a caravel
And coral in a stone:

He looks toward lost horizons
Till any city street
May dance and dip and curvet
Under his feet.

Who lives a salt sea lover,
Though inland far he dies,
Feels sea wind on his pillow,
Has the North star in his eyes.

Irene Leache Memorial — Mary Sinton Leitch

INDEMNITY

To be stripped bare; in one swift hour of flame
Beggared of all that gives to hand and eye
The invisible past, that sets it in a frame
For memory's keeping! Heavy now shall lie
Upon my years obliterating sands.
How close the heart is knit to wood and stone
I did not know, or how the empty hands
Can clutch the air in long night hours alone.
Yet, as the waters ebb from flooded shores
But flow in surely toward the naked beach,
So now a freshening tide of beauty pours
Upon me. Only empty hands can reach
For flowers and stars. More richly now are mine
Dusk of the cedar, purple of the vine.

The North American Review — Mary Sinton Leitch

SCENT OF HEATHER

In wandering down an alien way
I saw a bunch of heather
And, sudden, on a Scottish brae
I walked in Scottish weather.

The heart—no slave to sluggard heels—
Has secret means of travel,
And need not, under laboring wheels,
Watch the slow miles unravel.

From Perth, Strathmiglo, Earn or Ayr,
Not hills and seas together
Can keep Scots hearts, no matter where,
That feel the scent of heather.

The Christian Science Monitor — Mary Sinton Leitch

ON A FLY-LEAF

Creatures that fly, or walk on legs,
Or swim as fish, or crawl as worms,
Are mostly born, they say, of germs
Hidden mysteriously in eggs;
While vines, grasses, flowers and weeds
Are born of germs hidden in seeds.

And yet these giddy cells that grope
Out of their secret envelope
With such a slow determined rush,
Hurrying to become a bush
Or clamoring to become a bird,
Are good as dead till they are stirred
By a warm wing, or wet weather,
Giving a push to leaf and feather.

Words germinate like eggs or grain.
They seem as lifeless as a stone
Until you bring to them your own
Equivalent of sun and rain,
Or sit upon them in your thought
And, having warmed them, hatch them out.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Maurice Lesemann

BURGLARS

Did you ever know of a more noisy, more bunglesome pair of
burglars
Than wind and rain?
Working all night to jimmy one door-lock, drawing dia-
mond after diamond
Down one pane?
Then suddenly going wild and trying to throw the whole
house
Into the lane?

They'll not get in, but when you walk around out of doors
in the morning
You'll find the loot
They've scattered behind them because they weren't able to
carry it:
Cornshocks and fruit.
Rain's a slow worker, but rain's more deadly in the long
run;
The wind's the brute.

They'll not get in, not now. But every year some farmer's
Roof is taken.
And from the way they keep on coming, and the wild surly
way
Those doors are shaken,
I'd not much wonder if they get us too, when we're asleep
sometime
And fail to waken.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — MAURICE LESEMANN

WRITTEN IN NOTRE DAME, MONTREAL

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and fail and die.
Dim o'er the altar-rail
The gray Lord Christ hangs high.

Pale His face; but flushing
Crimson flows the tide,
Through the ages gushing
From His wounded side.

Broken souls run calling,
Under their weight of woe
Stumbling, kneeling, falling. . . .
Cease not, crimson flow!

Broken souls kneel praying,
Casting their burdens down;
Nor flinches He the paying,
Nor minds the thornier crown.

Never the ages bringing
Sharer of His load,
Companion of His singing,
Venturer on His road!

Vainly His heart goes yearning,
Down the foot-worn aisle,
For a friend's discerning,
For a comrade's smile!

Candles flutter and fail,
Flutter and flare again,
To the Lord Christ dim and pale
And patient in His pain.

Scribner's Magazine KENNETH LESLIE

SERFS

They plant in darkness and black ecstasy,
Blinded by lust more blazing than their own,
The pitiless lust of seed that shall be sown
Forever in a mad fecundity;
They sow in blindness, and implacably
The groping seed emerges flesh and bone,
Pollen that dreams of freedom but is blown
Straight to the dark flower of its destiny.

Inexorable Rhythm of Life! O Womb that teems
With servile procreation, show them no ruth!
Let them torment themselves with silver dreams
And wound themselves on loveliness and youth:

Show them no pity, lest with quickened eye
They pierce the throbbing shadow, laugh, and die.

The Book of the Rhymers' Club CARR LIGGETT

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS

I—*My Brothers of the Poet Trade*

My brothers of the poet trade,
Leave your ivory towers and stand
On the porch, and watch this ardent band,
And praise with me
This masquerade.

It is nineteen twenty-eight,
But the old powers reign in state.

From a cloud by the dark Art Institute
Old Barnum comes,
Followed by serene Greek gods;
And the lake-breeze hums.
There, on Michigan Avenue,

The fellow who led the game,
On his arm sweet Jenny Lind,
Her splendor still the same.
Neat escort! Open carriage! Foaming horses!—
For a singer unafraid!
So then behold her midnight dream-parade.

Passing the dim Art Institute
Her cavalcade glides on—
Nonsense and inconsequence
We had thought forever gone.
We see it with our spirit-eyes,
And sing, to the wise;
And join the song of Jenny Lind,
An arrow above the town:
"Go find the wonders of the dawn
And bring the wonders down!

Bring, bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down!"

With marble gods we march to the song,
And they spread the street with wonders,
The bright Athenian violets,
And the cupid babes turned loose.
Then come the slow thunders
Of the throne of Mother Goose,
Drowning out the wise guys
Who are crying, "What's the use?"

Though Barnum's show is gliding by,
Now the silence is so deep
We can hear the farthest feathery clouds
Whisper in their sleep.
Then whisper the sleepers of this racking roaring place,
Joining immortal Jenny Lind
With the songs of our new race.

But Buffalo Bill interrupts us still
With the scalp of Yellow Hand.
Then comes Grizzly Adams with his grizzly band,
His bears blowing cow-horns, his bears blowing pipes,
Wearing boots like forty-niners,
Steaming like ocean-liners.

Then see stark-naked Indians, painted in stripes.
Then
The Deadwood coach.
Then see approach
Sikh horsemen cruel and lean.
Then
Cossacks in green.

Then
Again we hear our Jenny Lind,
In a white hoop-skirted gown,
Standing in Barnum's carriage
With a song for beast or clown,
Dominantly singing, over the sprawling town,

"Go find the wonders of the dawn
And bring the wonders down!
Bring, bring the wonders down,
Shower, shower the wonders down,
Ring, ring the wonders down,
Go find the wonders of the dawn
And bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down!"

II—*A Million Singing Circuse*

Then a million singing circuses
Come marching to the star—
Then a hundred million circuses,
None greater than the other,
All in a family unity,
Big sister and big brother—
Marching from the hearts that sleep,
Hearts in the nation buried deep.
Hail, turkey-gobbler, yak, and osprey,
Boa-constrictor, and snake-charmer, and triumphal car!
Tiger, jackass, horse and zebra, gnu, tarantula, armadillo,
Strong man and clown,
Set free to find the Great North Star
To bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down!

And the whisper of Chicago
Grows sharper than its roar,
And haunts the handsome do-do birds,
The storks, the cranes, the cassowaries,
The ostriches and llamas,
And all the mixed menageries
That flap their wings
Or dance from every door.
Our trance-wrought United States
Sends them forth to war,
Sweeps among the wagons
And haunts the marching train:
For Chicago is the Nation,
California and Maine.

For every soul is a circus,
And every mind is a tent,
And every heart is a sawdust ring
Where the circling race is spent.

Now march from their souls the mammoths
Of old geologic time,
And mastodons rerisen from the six first days of slime.

Behold the wild boars of Cathay,
Sacred cats of Menes' day,
Then elephants of Buddha's day,
Elephants of Hamilcar,
Elephants of Amritzar,
And elephants Adam Forepaugh bred
In the wilds of the U. S. A.
In his happy Yankee way,
Spreading out umbrella ears
To hear the whisper sent
That sweeps from the top tent.

Elephants from sophisticated modern Lincoln Park,
And Genesis animals two and two, two and two, two and two,
Genesis animals two and two
From Noah's crowded ark,
All spreading out their searching ears
To hear the whisper sent,
For the heaven-born WORD is all they love
That sweeps from the top tent.

III—*The Long Street Lifts*

Now—the long street lifts toward the Great North Star
Of Liberty and Wonder.
They hear its canaries trilling
And its prophet-choirs thunder.

And they hear a call, so far below
(A hard, an alarm-clock call they know)—
It is turned to a breath like a daisy's death,
And they laugh to hear it turned to a breath:
"Chicago, go, Chicago, Chicago, Chicago, go,
Go Chicago, go Chicago, go, go, go!"

Then follow fast the call above,
The cry from out the far North Star of liberty and love.
So come, let us be bold with our songs, brothers—
Come let us be bold with our songs!

IV—*The Pontoon Bridge Miracle*

Now prophets, preaching in new stars,
Have come in ships of sleep
And built a ghostly pontoon bridge that Michigan Avenue
Can keep.
Have built a causeway bright with sails
Where hares and tortoises may creep,
Where burbling bullfinches, laughing hyenas, whinnying
Shetlands
Climb the steep.

O the harp-song of our sand-dunes
Up this arching avenue!
O the voices in the prophet-sails!
O the lovers strolling slowly, two and two!

Though every Yankee patent some iron animals at last—
With his feet on the ground in Chicago,
Invent those blatant stunts, undreamed of in the past,
And would invent his own parade, and strut for his little
Yankee maid,
And stand beside his mansion,
In his own special wedding-animal-skins arrayed,
Though he thinks he holds in his possession
New tin Lizzies past description or expression . . .

This is wild America, not orderly Timbuctoo.
So Barnum's old procession holds proud Michigan Avenue,
Again moves by up the pontoon bridge
To the Prophet Avenue.
The thought goes again through the night so dark—
Going up to the North-Star ark
Ostriches two and two.
Kangaroos two and two, behemoths two and two,
Hippogriffs two and two, chimeras two and two.

O Radio, O Saxophone, O Slide Trombone, O Horns that moan!
The lion, the lion, goes roaring from his cage—
Ten thousand years before your jazz he roared a deeper rage.

And Jumbo, great Jumbo, goes swaying left and right,
Ten thousand years before your jazz his trumpet shook the night.

But Jenny Lind outsings him still upon the heaven-born wind,
Stands up in Barnum's carriage on that bridge across the vast,
That pontoon span of comet-boats arching above the past,
That silvery bridge of dawn across the cold.
In the rigging of their ships the prophets old
Sing with her their songs across the cold.

So, come, let us forget our ivory-towers, brothers,
Come let us be bold with our songs.

V—*Beside her Carriage*

We will hike beside her carriage now, up and among the stars,
Up Michigan Avenue, rainbow-high, above Chicago's carts and cars.

We will look adown, adown, in the circus-moods of slumber,
Then straight on to the chaos-seas and the North Star coming near;
While these mastodons are singing and trumpeting away
At the joy-bells without number and the top stars that they hear;
While underneath us all everyone belongs—
There's a cry from every house,
From the weirdest and the tiniest,
From whale and from snail,
From walrus, seal and porpoise,
From hare and from tortoise,
From leviathan and mouse;
For menageries, like rivers, pour roaring from each house.
For every soul is a circus.
And every mind is a tent.

And every heart is a sawdust ring
Where the circling race is spent.

And the lake-storms and breezes
Are but nets to save the brave,
And the planets are trapezes,
High, high above the grave.

So, come, let us be bold with our songs, brothers,
Come, let us be bold with our songs.

. . . . . .

And Jenny Lind sings at shrill noon
Sweetly above the town:
"Go find the wonders of the star
And bring the wonders down."
Dominantly singing,
Over the sprawling town:
"Go, find the wonders of the star
And bring the wonders down,
Bring, bring the wonders down,
Ring, ring the wonders down,
Shower, shower the wonders down,
Ring, ring the wonders down,
Go, find the wonders of the star
And bring the wonders down."

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — VACHEL LINDSAY

INVENTORY

These lovely things are blue. High heaven spills
Its over-brimming rapture on far hills,
On tossing lake and harebells hanging high
Across gray slatestone ledges, and the sky
Is always blue in dreams,—so is the sea,—
As love is always true.

Forgetmenots are blue,—
Mertensiers by a pool,—
Larkspurs and lupins and rare butterflies,
Cornflowers and chickory and children's eyes,
And little gingham gowns once dear to me.

The breasts of birds, the swallow's wing,
Shadows on snow;
Torquoise and lapis from afar,
And sapphires in whose bosom sleeps the star
Of long forgotten twilights, dim and cool.

A ginger jar,
A shining row
Of dishes on a certain shelf I know,
Are blue as anything!

Ribbons of rivers evermore unwinding,
Seeking, forever seeking, never finding;—
The backs of books
Are sometimes blue,
And violets by small brooks,
And once I gathered gentians—long ago!

Contemporary Verse EDITH WILLIS LINN

THE ORCHARD DANCE

The only thing about her
That didn't look dead
Were her little bead eyes
In her little round head.

Only her black eyes
Ever went far,
Followin' a grey wind,
Leapin' to a star.

Into the misty
Purple of a hill
They went runnin'
While her feet stayed still.

She'd had a dozen children
(An' seven were dead)
But the only one she cared about
Was half-wit Ned.

She'd go about her doin's
As solemn as an owl
An' if a body spoke to her
She'd only blink an' scowl.

They never saw her smilin'
An' they never heard her sing,
But they knew she liked the orchard
Early in the spring

For they'd seen her touch the blossoms
With her wrinkled hand
An' heard her sayin' strange words
They couldn't understand.

But what they never knew at all
Was how she went at night
An' climbed into the branches,
Shadowy an' white.

One mornin' crazy Ned
Came on the run
An' said he'd seen his old ma
Dancin' in the sun,

Dancin' in the orchard
Beneath the tallest tree
An' the dance she was doin'
Was curious to see,

For her neck was in a halter
An' her feet were mighty high
An' her eyes were wide open
Lookin' at the sky.

Iapm, The Poetry Weekly SARAH LITSEY

THE HOUSE

Knowing aloneness, knowing the secrets of waiting,
There stands the house
Unstirred by the winter prowling the hollow,
By the March wind's carouse.

Remembering one who left pridefully,
Stepping the path with youth
In a pale dress at his side and the sun on lilacs
Making a pattern for truth.

Hooded in meadow stillness, in hill quiet,
Unfriended and unfriending,
It has learned that wherever is the road's beginning
Will be the road's ending.

And the years are no more to a house than another nest
Built under its eaves,
Or new dust on its uncarpeted stairs,
Or the falling of leaves.

The World Tomorrow SARAH LITSEY

"BY SUCH SMALL THINGS"

By such small things we die:
Goliath died by only this—
A stone; and Judas by the glint
Of silver coins; Christ by a kiss. . . .

O Heart, Heart, you lie slain again!
Must Beauty crucify you still
With just the silver slant of rain,
Or stars swarming over a hill?

Virginia Quarterly Review ROBERT LIDDELL LOWE

THREEFOLD

My Father was a stern man,
But a goodly one to see
And life to him was serious—
He gave this thought to me.

While Mother's heart was whimsey
And joyous all day long,
She made me care-free, happy,
By her sweet ways and song.

But now within my own self
Their ways have come to be
United and I'm knowing
A threefold heart in me.

Attic Salt . . . . FLORENCE VAN FLEET LYMAN

VAN BUREN'S COACH

Van Buren's Coach is on the road;
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

If you should wake on windless nights
You'll hear Van Buren's Coach go by;
And if the moon is in the sky
You'll see unearthly horses,
In silver costumes dominoed,
Straining along the dustless road
As though they pulled a heavy load
Instead of grinning corses.

Van Buren drives the Coach himself:
His legs are like transparent mull,
And every hair upon his skull
Most carefully is parted.
Black orbs, that hold his sunken eyes,
Are filled with moonlight from the skies:
He was a man beloved and wise
And ever gentle-hearted.

Van Buren loved and loved in vain;
And when he died his spirit grieved
For all who thus had been deceived—
Whose faithful hearts were broken.
And every night his gaunt ghost takes
These mourners in his care, and wakes
Wild echoes on the hills and lakes
A mile above Hoboken.

And no one rides by dark with him
Save those who loved and loved in vain,
And who could never love again
So ardent was their passion.
He takes them back to gate and door
Through which their amours passed of yore,
And here they plead for love once more
In the old, hopeless fashion.

To-night the wind is weird and chill;
A ghostly ring is round the moon:
All morning and all afternoon
A tempest has been brewing.
The lake is wild with crying waves,
And from the churchyard's grassy graves
I hear above the wind, that raves,
A low and sweet hallooing.

And to the road a maiden comes
With wildness in her haunted eyes:
The wind is caught and, strangled, dies
In her ungathered tresses.
She hails Van Buren's Coach: "I came
To tell you, sweetheart, of my shame;
I am alone, alone to blame,"
The lovely maid confesses.

Too late! The ponderous Coach goes on:
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

Scribner's Magazine WILSON MACDONALD

OCTOBER 14, 1928

(*For K. MacL.*)

Now it is ten years you have lain in the meadow.
The boards at your face have gone through. The grass is

Rooted down and the sound of the rain is fainter.
The roots of the first grass are dead.

Here too it is ten years. They are writing
Books on the war now that are Literature.
They are showing the war-time German Heart in the Movies.
Art is shedding its pure light.

Everything is explained politely with wisdom.
The war was caused by an error of economics.
The British have taken back the blacker atrocities.
The Past is shown for what it is.

We are all acting again like civilized beings.
The new girls (they were six in the war) are bored with it.
The young men are free from passions and prejudice—
People mention it at tea.

Everyone talks in the finest way without bias.
Reason and tolerance heal the old sores.
We note the needless stupidity now of the slaughter:
We feel for those who had to die.

Now it is ten years you have lain in the meadow.
The earth is trod down and the sound of the rain is
Fainter than still tongues and tears that have fallen.
Now, you are dead.

The Nation ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

REPROACH TO DEAD POETS

You who have spoken words in the earth,
You who have broken the silence,
utterers,
Sayers in all lands, to all peoples,
Writers in candle soot on the skins
Of rams for those who came after you, voices
Echoed at night in the arched doors,
And at noon in the shadow of fig trees,—

Hear me!
Were there not
Words?
Were there not words to tell with?
Were there not leaf sounds in the mouths
Of women from over-sea and a call
Of birds on the lips of the children of strangers?
Were there not words in all languages?
(In many tongues the same thing differently,
The name cried out, Thalassa—the sea—
The sea! . . .
The sun and moon character representing
Brightness. The night sound of the wind for
Always, for Ever-and-ever. The verb
Created after the speech of crickets . . .)
Were there not words to tell with,
to tell
What lands these are, what are these
Lights through the night leaves and these voices
Crying among us as winds rise?
Or whence, of what race we are, that dwell with them?
Were there not words to tell with,
you that have told
The kings' names and the hills remembered for battles?

The Yale Review ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

EPISTLE TO THE RAPALLOAN

Ezra, whom not with eye nor with ear have I ever
But nevertheless as one by a rhyme-beat, one
By the break of his syllables, one by a slow breath known,
By doubts that in common between us two deliver
Better your face to me than the photograph,
Which besides they say lies—they say, that is, you were never
The beautiful boy with the sullen mouth, the giver
Of ambiguous apples—Ezra, you that could laugh

When the rest of them followed your hearse in five-years-ago's mud,
When the rest of them talked of the promise of youth cut off
By a fever, a flush in the cheek, an ironical cough

(That did in truth, they were right enough there, bring blood),
Ezra, I've read again your *Sixteen Cantos:*
There's a word for my praise—if there's a rhyme for cantos!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

SNOW ON THE PAINTED DESERT

Before this fragrant creamness
Retrogresses,
The desert knows what
Silver blesses.

Between cerulean skies
And earth below
There is nothing but stark
Reflected snow.

The cocky crows pant by,
On heaving wings;
But it is the whiteness
Which sings.

And if it were not
A cold, colliding name,
I do not think the cactus could
Break in flame.

Skyline NORMAN MACLEOD

THE SUN

The snow was vanquished
(A give and take)
And now there was only sand
To bake.

Malevolently
The sun is brazen
And sweeps a golden world
To blazen

O, anything better
For parched and dry
Than a Nietzschean flame
To sear the sky.

Scepter NORMAN MACLEOD

PROTEST IMPERATIVE

Just what would it profit us, were I the oak? You, being the wind,
Would buffet me, torture and shatter me, helpless to bend me to mood of your mind.

Or were I the pine tree, subduing to music your vagrant unrest,
You, wind-wise, would slip the wide noose of my arms, the intricate snare of my breast.

And let us not speak of the grass, prostrate to be trampled by you,
Scarce lifting its head as you pass to look after the feet it can never pursue.

Leave off being the wind! I, your lover, have no taste for these:
The prostrate abjection of grass, the futile, the impotent power of trees.

The Commonweal SISTER M. MADELEVA

MARY OF MAGDALA: AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Seven expert and competent devils have harassed me all the day!
They have knotted so deftly my hair I can scarce unbind it;
They have hidden my most subtle perfume; I cannot find it.
My lips they have reft of their kisses, my eyes of their tears;
My heart they have stricken with hardness; my soul they have shaken with fears.

And the end is not yet, possessing what power they do over
past, over possible years.

In the presence of anguished chagrin, in the face of familiar
dismay
I have little to say.
I have doggedly faced the sharp issue, exploited, defined it.
Their nice malice I guess and defy once for all! What if
now I should humanly mind it?

They are devils at best who beset, but who never, who never
Can touch my white peace. I despise them and daunt them
forever!
Let them measure efficiency's utmost by every device they
may know or possess or discover.
I have one foolish weapon of love. I have Christ for a lover.

The Commonweal SISTER M. MADELEVA

LEGS

I have seen America drinking red lemonade
at the soda fountain of a five-and-ten-cent store,
and the girls have hidden their dark skin
under powder white as vanilla sundaes,
and their sallow cheeks under rouge
as red as cherry pop.
Along the stools their legs dangle . . .
slender, city-bred legs in silk hose.

On the plains of Russia, in the fields
of Italy and the Balkans,
their mothers and grandmothers labored
and grew stolid with long plowing.
The earth they walked on was drummed
with the slow beat of heavy legs,
ponderous as the legs of oxen.
The straw they slept upon at night
sagged under legs wide as young tree trunks.

At soft drink counters their daughters and granddaughters
dangle slender, delicate legs in silk hose.

Prairie Schooner HELENE MAGARET

THIS IS NEW ENGLAND

This is New England, past my heart's believing!
In sleep, or in a picture, I have seen
These white and oblong houses, shuttered with green,
And the high elms with vaulted branches weaving
Over the still street. For strange they are, and past believing.
Not mine these hills of blue, birch-striped like shadowed
snow,
Not mine the porchless towns, for long ago
Blood that was mine
Left for wider rivers flowing,
For deeper soil, hot roads, and a song in the going.

The Great Valley was shouting: "I wait to be crossed
Only by those who are gladly lost
Each in each, and all in me.
Come who are free,
Come who are young, come eager to be men,
But never think your soul will wait, self-complete again."

Two stood where one man should be,
(The winter bitter, the land accursed)
And eye looked into eye of kin.
And did the best go, or the worst?
O drama of scorn and envy and grief!
(That was New England, past belief!)

I rode through Indiana, and the ragged hedges cried
In whimsy gipsy beauty,
"Your father lived here, and your father died."
My feet went scuffing through the singing sand
Of Michigan. I understand
The quick-caught breath and the tears in my throat,
The wave-ribbed shore and the wild bird's note.
I am child of these. Yet it is known
New England never loses—quite—its own.

Her daughter still, I am returned
To hard hills where the first fires burned,
To find mine ancient kin, at last,
Incredibly here still,

Walled in by the demoniac
Wail of the whippoorwill.

I do not ask the porches to be wide
Upon their hearts—
The soil is stubborn and the folk have pride;
And when the bowl is empty,
The soul in duress finds
Nobility in staying in behind the doors and blinds.
But must we stand, looking each at each,
With embarrassed poverty of speech?

Their eyes have a trick of looking back
Into themselves; they are compact
Of something I cannot surmise.
O strangely quiet hands and eyes,
And low deliberate voice! Reproof
To my unquiet even lies
In the chastely drooping line of roof.

How can I pry the thoughts apart,
Or look within the close-locked heart
Of two gray sisters as they sit
Behind their door when lights are lit;
Or know the thoughts they do not say
When they clear the cups away!

Yet in sleep I hear the sound
Of the last echo of their talk,
And feel beneath my feet the ground
As I go down their kitchen walk—
Or did, a hundred years ago!
The same low roof, the lights within, the tall elm's droop
and the dusk-bird grieving. . . .

I almost know, yet do not know;
I almost am, yet cannot be. . . .
This is New England, past believing . . .
This is New England! . . .

THESE MOUNTAINS ARE NOT KIND

"Anyone must see," I said, "anyone not blind,
These mountains are not kind.
They make a show of flowers and tender green
But rivers gnaw between
Their breasts too fiercely, and many a bone must blanch
In the scars of every avalanche."

I spoke bitterly: I had heard
The dying hiss of a snake-stung bird,
The scream of lost cattle in the falls,
And the calls
Of hungry coyote. I had seen
Pine trees, flattened to the earth,
Spread their living green
Humbly to make a foot-mat for the storm.
"What they cannot kill," I said, "these mountains will deform."

"There is black magic here in every weed,
And he who comes to love the place
Eats bitter seed.
Knotted and bent by toil,
He plants his hope in sterile soil.
Safety and rest are not for such a one;
By flood or frost or thirsty sun
He is undone.
The pinnacles that split the skies
Are daggers in the clouds' white sides,
The sharp-eyed lakes are jewels on a sorceress.
And I will speak the truth, and not sing praise."

But even while I spoke the dusk descended
On slow grey feet, and gently drew
Sharp contours into lovely ways
Of sweetest sorrow, dimmest blue,
And green and purple, softly blended.
My mountains! Was it I who had intended
To speak the truth of you!

Southwest Review MARGERY SWETT MANSFIELD

FAY WIFE

Think of her airily—
Think of a leaf
Shriveled in August
Brown in a gust.
Think of her momently—
Life was too brief
For love in a packet
Heavy with dust.

Think of her wispily,
Whisper or glimpse,
Rainbow or petal gloom,
Think as you will.
She could not linger. . . .
Like fairies or nymphs
She needed gold bloom
And sun on the hill.

Muse and Mirror — HELEN MARING

EPITAPH ON MORTALITY

And when I go, you need not weep for me.
I am the bright red leaf, I am the sea!

And when I leave this sphere, let no heart cry.
I am the earth, the wind, the stars, the sky!

I am the echo of the storm, the thunder.
The firing lash that rives a tree asunder!

The cry of lean coyotes in the night . . .
Of boreal chilling flares, I am the light!

Not I the cup, but I the ruby red,
Be it of wine or life of men who bled!

Take you from me! From you, I nothing take.
The ocean does not borrow from the lake!

Not mine the gray, the somber, drab and dun . . .
I am the black, the red, the gold, the Sun!

Weep you for little voices who complain . . .
Their passing, coming, staying are in vain!

I am the why of love, the fount of laughter . . .
Weep not for me, but for the followers after!

Kaleidoscope — Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

GRILL-BOUND

For years he sat behind twisted brass grills
And counted bills and bills, and yet more bills.
Green bills and yellow ones, from dawn to night,
Till slowly he forgot the bright sunlight.

He often said: "I'll take a trip some day—
I shall go fishing—oh, I'll have my play!"
Last night he died. He took his trip I know.
And yet the river bank is white with snow.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly. — Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

EPITHALAMIUM

Musing in the spring how her garden would cover
The seed of her longing with its hot, damp mould,
She, who was once a most importunate lover,
Madder than the May earth, was suddenly told

That summer was a jilt and her heart lay bare
To the frost-fired leaf and the wild, blue jay
And the tenth-month rain on her whispering hair;
And she was awake on the minute and the day

When autumn came wooing and walked by her side,
Bolder than a tall youth, closer than a mother . . .
Autumn was her lover when her beauty died
And never has left her for any other.

The Lyric — Francis Claiborne Mason

A CARD FROM STRATFORD

(To J. A. K.)

If we could take in Warwickshire
  The walks that Shakespeare took,
And in some charming spot renew
  The charm of an old book—

Would we not turn to the court scene
  And with a smile recall
The night your pupils gave the play
  In the old Town Hall?

Lucy who was our Jessica—
  Whose name is bracketed
In a blue pencil there with mine—
  Is long since dead.

But Joe who was Bassanio
  Is still the old-time friend;
How proud we were when he was picked
  For All-Pacific end!

Nerissa runs a beauty shop;
  She was Shylock's wife;
Antonio tells me the man
  Has disappeared from life.

Portia—the name is magic yet!
  O, worn and glorious page!
Such luck! My mother disapproved
  My going on the stage.

Here on my small-town lawn I sit
  Beside the weeping birch
Taking from your agnostic hand
  A view of Stratford Church.

JIM

Our Jim, like every towsled lad,
Was once a poet, free and mad.

He walked with streams and talked with trees
And knew the airy paths of bees.

Today he's neat and smooth and tall;
Today he is not mad at all.

As one lost out of heaven he looks
Backward for half-remembered brooks.

Backward his wary glance he sends
To shapes of myth that once were friends.

His face is smiling and he goes
Where need and duty lead his nose.

Youth, that made him poet once,
Has left a lost, uncertain dunce

Who smiles and follows day by day
A never-quite-familiar way.

Expectantly at every turn
His eyes light up, but never burn.

In night nor day, in sleep nor book,
Can he find message from his brook.

He buys the labor of his bees;
He walks serenely on his trees.

By "friends" he means the folk he greets
And hides his soul from, on the streets.

Are Youth and Life, he wonders, one?
Then Life with Youth is surely gone.

Or if cold Life, because it's stronger,
Murders Youth, why clasp it longer?

Jim simply wonders—smiles and goes
Where need and duty lead his nose,

Except for backward-glancing eyes
Which never quite grow thin and wise.

And while he writes his numbers down
Or dodges motors in the town

He sometimes hopes old age may bring
A bit of song for him to sing.

The Bookman JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY

PRELUDE

Where the spring runs a little
In the cool rushes,
All underheel the brittle
Flower the foot crushes,

Bluet and buttercup,
Starts like the sprinkle
Of rain on the earth. Up
Field the bell's tinkle,

A brass bell the old cow
Spends on the meadow,
Fingers the silence now.
Sun's grail and shadow,

Wet wind, and the reed
Of Pan like the heart's sighing,
Loosen the curious seed,
Set the birds crying;

Open the chrysalis,
Tremble the lashes
Over young eyes. And this
Handful of ashes,

Ruin of dead fire
And reaper's ending,
Steadies the slender spire,
Feeds the ascending

Grass and the punctual grain
After the harrow.
Love is in quarrel again:
Blessed the sparrow.

Life is unshamed and strong:
Blessed the gradient
Green of the soil, and the song
Under the radiant

Break of a morning sky.
Out of an equal
Stretch of its melody
Burgeon the seqûel

Summers of easy moon
And lazier being.
This is the stripling noon,
This the unseeing

Lineal hour of flame,
And the blood's tinder,
For love, that was a name,
And life, a cinder.

The Yale Review — David McCord

SONNET

Morning and evening does the golden grain
Fall in the glass with the slow foam of time,
That life unstricken in the good green prime
Shall count its hours, and resolve its pain,
And know, as the wise fisher draws his seine,
Screening delight and gathering the star,
This humble pattern that our shadows are,
The spending sun, the drill of April rain.

Hour to hour, because the planet turns,
And there is light and sequence and desire;
And in that little sifting man discerns
The strength that flung him from the central fire,
And hears, as if an age had let it free,
The murmur of the soft Ionian sea.

The Yale Review DAVID MCCORD

SONNET

Spender, who bought the cricket in the grass,
The tiger lily and the stealth of June,
The loosening wind, the yellow of the moon
Which is your gold and all your money was;
Who, in accession, deemed the sweet amass
Of summer, the white scarping of the dune,
Surer than time, than hours, than even the soon
Empyramided granules in the glass:
Look on the fields and on the bloomless stem,
The woods in rust, their blood upon the leaf,
Beauty and ruin like an apothegm
Staining the truth upon the sickled sheaf,
The flares of autumn, and because of them,
The heart that aches, and the head bowed in grief.

Contemporary Verse DAVID MCCORD

THE SNOB

She knew a lord. "I met him once, my dear,
In London"—and her eyes shone at the thought;
"And Baron So-and-So, a dashing peer."
A young lieutenant whose grandfather fought
At Flodden Field had led her out to dance.
She had a button that adorned a king,
A ribbon from a Chevalier of France,
Gossip to last you through an evening.

Her name high fashion's charities has graced,
Yet sick and beggared passed her unaware;
No poor relation ever could have faced

Her jeweled lorgnon, with its brittle stare.
Now she is dead she greets Christ with a nod,—
(He was a carpenter)—*but she knows God.*

Japm, The Poetry Weekly VIRGINIA MCCORMICK

SILVER LADY

Silver lady hesitant
Before the painted purple of the pool—
Lovely lady smiled and bent
Her slim, white arms to catch the cool
Of his caress.

Languid lady resting there
Wove laces through her amber hair,
But frightened at the sad, still
Laughter of the pines ran trembling down the hill.

A green-lipped villain watched her go.
She slipped upon the startled snow.

Lonely lady panting there
Spilled tears upon the thin, blue air.
Green-mustachioed pine, in dread,
Lifted the pallid beauty of her proud head.

She fled. The menace of the gray,
Dusky road blocked her weary way.

Silver lady hesitant
Before the dusted danger of the trail—
Lovely lady smiled and bent
Her fair white hands to taste the pale
Of pine's caress.

Pasque Petals MAY MCKEE

BALLAD OF LETHE WHARF

Blunt piles, barnacled, aslant,
One sleek weed thriving underneath.
The current's darkling suavity
Lapped wharves of Lethe.

Near that avoided waterside
The chase drew off, the mob fell back;
Giles with his booty ran alone
Past barges moored to stakes of black.

"I do not know yon river's name . . .
But if I cross ere light
I'll seek for me one lodging house
Where I sleep safe tonight.

"I cannot see the far shore;
But sure not very wide
In this low strip o' foul water
With docks along the side."

A barge it glided by him,
All water soaked and low,
"I'm punting her across the strait,
My young friend care to go?"

"I'll give you e'en a round coin
So you make good speed."
As he pushed her out the long oar
Shook off the clasping weed.

The current purred under keel,
The dark docks blurred to black,
Giles felt foul water round his heel
And wished that he were back.

The pilot drave a long stroke
And rowed him on much more,
Till thief Giles' uneasy glance
Did make out neither shore.

"Old man a-ferrying,
Know where yer goin'?"
"Now is the time, my friend,
Pass me my coin."

Giles reached it out t' him,
Turned eye away.
Tho he payed in pitch black
The fat palm was light grey.

"Make you a merry stir
And land this bark and beach it."
"Ah if you're thinking, my young friend
Of land:—We shall not reach it.

"Of where this boat now tendeth,
On what dark strand I ground it . . .
If beach there be beyond this stream
No living wight hath found it."

"Then imbecile and maunderer,
Give back the coin again,
And row me to the black wharf
In seven Devils' name."

"Softer speak my young friend now—
I would not row to land
If ye gave me all the baubles bright
That's clenched within yer hand.

"I would not land you if you gave
The stars out of yon sky,
(Which tho above they shine so bright
None on these ripples lie)."

His palm had been light grey
His face Giles would not stare on,
With suavity he rowed him on,
That ferryman was Charon.

"Tho you gave the heart of your breast
I'd bring you to no shore."
And he smote the shiny phosphors
With a driftwood oar.

CAPTIVITY

We are held captives—chained with ropes of gold;
Your coffers but compute our direful need.
Our silent, futile yearnings nurse your greed,
While Power's burnished sceptre makes you bold.
Our dreary days and hopes you firmly hold,
Nor question why our toil-worn hands should feed
Your avarice—nor why you should not lead
Us in the dark till we are spent and old.

Beware! The torch of learning is alight
And in its spreading radiance you shall see
God's image stamped on faces grimed with night,
Then Justice will stand forth and claim that we
Must be unshackled, lest this grewsome sight,
Awakes some Lincoln who will make us free.

The Congress Outlet — Lillie Reed McMaster

HISTORY

How secretly the tide went down
Leaving behind a curious town

Of shell and stone and carved bright sand
Built upon the listless land.

A child can play here all day long
Singing softly the tide's song;

Watching the sea aenemones
In pools with branching weeds like trees;

Building fine fantastic towers
In gardens stiff with shells like flowers.

And all the long gold day no thing
Will darken but a sea-gull's wing.

But through the night the sea will creep
With lullabies as soft as sleep.

The tide will come like time, her breath
Of blown sea spray like dewy death.

Her rimless waves will break like hours
Upon the rosy shells, the towers,

And all that small civilization
Will be a prayer, a brief oblation

Bright in her path. The tide will take
Whatever tides and men may make.

But in the taking, with old pity
The sea will build a stranger city

Of terraced ramparts, sudden towers,
Gardens of silver tidal flowers

And steeples intricate and aery
By the lucent moon turned faery.

These to the taken town may be
The turrets of eternity.

Boston Evening Transcript MARJORIE MEEKER

ON NEWAGEN CLIFFS

Be silent, white birds whose movement is like the swerve
Of the breaking crest of waves that break in white.
Be still as the still white sails that slant and curve.
White birds, I would know you only as rhythm, as flight.

The crying of gulls is lost but never the wings
That follow the flow of light where clear winds play,
White birds, white sails, O rippling wind that brings
Bright rivers to the lucent tides of day!

These move with one tide forever, forever mine
As the fleck of foam is one with the driven deeps.
I know them as motion, I know the flow and the shine
And the rhythms not lost, the rhythms an old tide keeps—

The great rhythm of rock and sand, the swift
  Flowing of waters less austere than these,
The tide within my veins whose fall and lift
  Remembers singing from forgotten seas;

And that dear tide of heaven on whose surge
  The spinning suns like golden mist are blown,
Moving in currents of colour and light that merge
  Still with the lesser flow of sea and stone

And little mortal life. Unwary gold
  Flood in my veins that leaps to meet the wise
Flowing of prouder tides, forbear, withhold
  Your breaking griefs, your doomed tempestuous rise.

Quick are the sources of the heart's hid knowing,
  Final the beaches where the one tide streams.
Little your lift, my life, but great that flowing.
  Forbear, O trivial tide, your breaking dreams.

(*Be silent, white birds whose movement is like the flowing*
Of waves where the wind-white sea froth curves and gleams.)

Boston Evening Transcript MARJORIE MEEKER

THERE WAS A DAY

There was a day that came in crystal fire
  Lifting in artless light such aery sweetness,
  Flowering in hours of such translucent brightness
The bold and ardent mind of grief burned clear.

O day that was a flashing on the hills,
  A blazing dew on fields where bright winds hover
  A fire, an opal froth upon the river
A luminous world no witless malice dulls—

With clear delights and dreams the hours were strewn.
  Far, far was night, her darkling head star-cowelled.
  All the long levels of the day were jewelled
With colours, with wings that made a soft bright sound.

This splendour had all honied fire for core.
Only proud lovers sighed, Most crystal danger
Betray with light the piteous heart no longer.
Only lost lovers sighed, Drowsed heart, beware.

Boston Evening Transcript MARJORIE MEEKER

THE ROAD TO CARCASSONNE

Not the Carcassonne of France, but the fabulous dream city of Lord Dunsany, to which Camorak of Arn never came, though he wandered long and long . . . "neither is there any legend, either in verse or among the songs of people of the fields of any having come to Carcassonne."

Carcassonne was built to flutes
That sang it upward to the sky,
Trussed and beamed with trumpet calls
So that it cannot die.
And dreams light all the windows there
For people passing by.

Some say no people walk the streets,
But that a lovely witch
Inhabits Carcassonne alone
Beneath the palace roof's steep pitch,
And some say poets own the town
With a music full and rich.

I have heard rumors from the air,
I have had news from the noisy sea
That Carcassonne is filled with folk
Laboring joyously,
That work is sunlight in their hearts
And toil is poesy.

The road to Carcassonne is far.
No stranger foot has walked the town.
But eyes have said they saw ablaze
The windows when the sun went down,
Across a thousand valleys blue
The great roofs shining red and brown.

No man has entered Carcassonne.
No man has left its joyous street.
But some have dreamed a magic dream
Of singing roads beneath their feet.
And some have heard its gates swing wide
To lilt of laughter sweet.

It does not lie across the hills
But down the centuries that roll
Their mighty length along the world,
A pathway for the human soul.
Down some far century at dawn
Men will enter Carcassonne!

The Lyric HAROLD WESLEY MELVIN

IF BEAUTY BE TRANSIENT

If beauty be transient, it is better so.
What heart could bear the beauty of the sunset glow
Stored up for countless years, each tint and hue;
Or not be broken by an endless sky of blue;
Or not be smothered by the roses' bloom?
A moment is a tiny crystal room
In which one loveliness can stand alone.
And I am satisfied. Dawn will atone
Tomorrow morning for all dawns gone by,
And showers will broom to youth the ancient sky.
I am content with each day's loveliness.
The burden of all beauty would depress:
I would not have it piled on me like snow.
If beauty be transient, it is better so.

The Lyric HAROLD WESLEY MELVIN

TO ONE KILLED BY SLANDER

Now is the long shaft home
In the wild bird flying,
Swirled in his bloody feathers
He lies dying.

As on the pathless way
He went singing,
They sped a keen shaft home
And stopped his singing.

The Lyric HAROLD WESLEY MELVIN

APRIL'S MIRROR

Two blades lay open on my window sill,
A pair of scissors, sober, inert things
To fashion garments with, or sever strings.
An errant wind that wandered from the hill
Pushed through the drowsy curtains; suddenly
The flashing glint of sunlight caught each blade
And left reflected there, as in a sea,
Ornate designs that April's fancy made.
Steel had become bright silver to retain
Upon that narrow ledge before my eyes
Enamel of the garden's whole domain—
Its rich-toned flowers, and blue transparent skies.

In this hard age, utility must be
The mirror for perfection's ecstasy.

The Harp KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

PERSPECTIVE

I saw a lovely thing today:
An eagle, like some solemn motion
etched on sea-glazed nacre,
posed his wings against the rose-blush
of great thunder-heads,
themselves, wind-moulded, floating on unruffled blue.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly LEWIS MERIWETHER

SUNSET

All heaven's dye-pots are emptied in the sky.
The cottonwoods are limned in fire,

A candlestick holds an Orizaban taper,
And one tall sahuaro towers
Above a long bar of golconda gold
Over the blue-black serrations of the hills;
A great pimento-colored moon rises
And lights the cattle grazing in the night.

Palo Verde ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

MECHANICS

Man made a bridge,
A spider spun a web,
God hung spinning worlds in space.
Man employed a cantilever span;
The spider, a suspension;
God, a flying buttress pinioned to eternity.

Contemporary Verse ARTHUR TRUMAN MERRILL

TWO SONNETS

I

Somewhere, far-off, do cold dark cities lift
To bruise their backs against a dragging sky?
Do pigeons still peck down the smoky drift,
The same fat wheels go mumbling, mumbling by?
Where sullen wires have wound the chill, green dusks
Like windy webs the cobs have left to blow,
Do little lamps still break their blind, white husks
And strut the lemon twilights row on row?
When paving stones give out their broken chime
As countless weary feet go tapping home,
Do street cars ever quicken for a time
And like great roaring dragons ride the gloam?

Somewhere, far-off, do these old thunders keep
Or have I only slept and dreamed too deep?

II

And is there only this? This white, witch land,
Trailing her idle fingers round the sea;
Wild as the wanton reeds that rake the sand—
Evil and sweet as only a witch may be.
Evil and fierce as a fang when the red noons rut
And the leaden wind lies mute in the musty lyre;
Sweet, oh sweet, when the bird wings crumple shut
And the day rolls out in a rag of sunset fire.
Harbor of easy hope where the trustful sit,
Groping the glass for ships that never come,
Land of the lizard pulse and the porpoise wit,
Where tinsel dreams grind thin in the seaweed scum.
And minds go soft beneath the jasmine blooms
As pirate bones that crumble in old tombs.

American Poetry Magazine MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

ON AN URCHIN BATHING AT THE BEACH

He is so starkly small,
  Compared to the size of the sea;
A dimpling, rosy ball
  Of high hilarity.

The rough wind rumpling his hair,
  The water hugging his thighs,
Stab me with sudden envy
  Straight in the eyes.

His fingers clutch at the air
  When a long wave bowls him over—
Life is with all its heart
  His most solicitous lover.

He rolls in the warm, wet sand,
  He kicks up his toes at the sky;
No wonder the gods of the morning
  Answer him, cry for cry.

For he has the wine in his veins
  Running rich as the fire in the sun;
In him is the music of motion,
  When life and motion are one.

Here, drowned in the stare of the sky,
  This bursting bundle of glee,
Today is the ocean's bright bobbin,
  But tomorrow—another sea!

America J. Corson Miller

I TRY REMEMBERING

Sometimes I try remembering
The bitter words that we two said
Alone beside the dying fire
A day so long since dead.

And though I still can sense the pain
Of all we spoke in that brief black
Encounter, but a scattered word,
A broken phrase comes back.

Yet I remember well the cup
That held your cold untasted tea,
Your crooked image on the bright
Brass pot in front of me.

And I remember your hard eye
Upon me as I coolly ate
My buttered toast, your hand that toyed
With crumbs upon a plate;

The dropped tea-napkin like a tent
That lay, fringe-downward, on the floor.
And oh, I wish I might forget
The slam of a closed door;

The airy way the curtains rushed
Before the wind blown into them . . .
And the absurdly small ripped place
That showed along their hem.

The Greenwich Village Quill Edith Mirick

AMANDA'S GARDEN

Amanda's garden (she must have been to blame)
Came up at springtime like wayward flame.

Amanda was reproachless and definitely chaste,
But wanton tiger lilies blazed at her waist.

At the kitchen window which should have been quiet
Hollyhocks threatened incendiary riot;

And near the ash-can, abode of vanished fire,
Golden-glow at autumn burned like fresh desire.

While by her gate, where swains were wont to linger,
Rose bushes beckoned with a blood-red finger.

Something must be wrong, all the neighbors said,
With a girl who likes so much yellow and red.

The Greenwich Village Quill — EDITH MIRICK

AT THE FAIR

The grand stand is alive with eager faces,
Gay pennants wave, and happy voices shout;
And now, before the final thrilling races,
Two plain and humble work-horses come out.
They haul the cumbersome and heavy drag
That levels down the turf for races here,
And, as they pass the stand, some country wag
Begins to clap and whistle and to cheer.
The crowd is quick to join in the affair
And rocks the stand with tumult and applause!
The band strikes up a military air!
The two work-horses, startled, turn and pause,
And then they straighten and throw back their heads,
And pull their burden grandly to the tune,
And, prancing as the joyous clamor spreads,
They find their Moment over all too soon.
But they have had their Moment, anyway!

They have been fêted actors in the show!
And afterward, recalling this proud day,
They'll swagger, just a little, as they go.

Scribner's Magazine CHARLOTTE MISH

IN A TEN CENT STORE

Paper carnations and roses made of wax,
Bright as those roses held in memory,
And a shawled woman puts her purse to tax
To carry home a bit of Italy;
Cheap lace is here, and ribbons, painted shells
That have forgotten how the ocean sings,
Lettered as souvenirs. Here Dante dwells
With "How to love" and "Secret lives of kings."

Glass rings and rouge, housepaint and muffin tins,
The Danube painted by a generous hand
Puts Delft to shame. Oilcloth and safety-pins,
Hairpins and pie,—a chaos neatly planned.
But once I saw the Buddha brooding there,
His altar bibs, and nets to hold the hair.

The Lyric ELIZABETH EVELYN MOORE

THREE SONNETS

Warning to One

Death is the strongest of all living things,
And when it happens do not look in the eyes
For a dead fire or a lack-luster there
But listen for the words that fall from lips
Or do not fall. Silence is not death,
It merely means that the one who is conserving breath
Is not concerned with tattle and small quips.
Watch the quick fingers and the way they move

During unguarded moments—words of love
And love's caresses may be as cold as ice

And cold the glitter of engagement rings.
Death is the sword that hangs on a single hair
And that thin tenuous hair is no more than love
And yours is the silly head it hangs above.

Sturm und Drang

We are too young and have not seen enough
Yet to interpret properly the wind's sough
And the story of branches beating on each other
When the storm-clouds bring them bitter weather.
We cannot wrest from Chaos her bright book
Long enough to open it and look
And read—for we could read what she has written
But yet not now, there still is too much din!

And back of the two rich gates that are your eyes
Guarding the fragrant orchard that is your mind
I can see that you have well defined
The proper answer to this situation,
So, letting tomorrow care for what may arise,
Today let us attend the slow transition.

Pandora and the Moon

Minds awake in bodies that were asleep
Caused the winged troubles to be born
That made Pandora onetime feel forlorn,
Because, in spite of the box, she could not keep
Her troubles there, the worrisome animalcules
Fluttered out never to be regained,
For every method of evil especially trained
And subject neither to God's nor the devil's rules.

What shall she do? Nothing, but sit and ponder,
Watch the dying leaves drop from the tree
Until they all are gone and she may see
The same moon then that used to make her wonder
At the unbelievable stories she sits and reads.
And if she succeeds in that then she succeeds.

The Nation MERRILL MOORE

ANESTHESIA

The drop becomes a vapor in the air
That turns a humor in an etherous head
Excited, then profound and more profound
Before the knife is taught to make the wound,

Or then the pungent-flavored, sweet and warm,
Coercive breath of friendly chloroform
Spins down a chute to final dissolution
In an intrusive sea of singing light . . .

Before, the body had to know pollution
With pain. Now gases lend the trepid flight
An impetus it never would have gained
Of old under the rope and opiates,

The stick and alcohol, the senseless pates
On which convulsive battering had rained.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — MERRILL MOORE

HYMN FOR WATER

Go get water, water is good to drink,
Water will drown better than wine will drown
Certain sorrows that will not go down.
Water has sunk more grievances than wine
And will continue. Turn the water on,
Stick your hand in the stream; water will run

And kiss it like a dog or it will shake
It like a friend or it will tremble there
Like a woman sobbing with her hair
Falling in her face, and do not think

That water has been everything, it has,
But now is only water that will make
You whole as it is whole, clear as it is,
Immune against fate and her traitories.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — MERRILL MOORE

TOKENS

Death done warned me right,
I'll soon be goin',
Candle-flame pinched out ter-night
An' no win' blowin'.

Pine-knot's fat and nice,
But de fire's too dim.
My ol' dorg jes' howl'd twice
'Cause death passed him.

Clock stopped; dats de truf;
Token follow token.
How dat buzzard on de roof
Know de word's spoken?

The Literary Lantern — John Richard Moreland

JANUARY NIGHT

I shall remember this night . . .
The dandelion-tipped candles slim and white,
Loud wind, like hungry blood-hounds at the pane,
While down the casement's glass, all mercury-bright,
Wriggle incessantly the snakes of rain.

I shall remember this hour . .
The boisterous storm, death in his silent power,
Dark sniffing hounds . . . my furious grief too deep
For tears . . . and Sheila paler than a cornel flower
All unafraid, smiling in her strange sleep.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — John Richard Moreland

A FRAGMENT FROM DONNE

We say that the world is made of sea and land,
As though they were equal;
But we know that there is more sea in the Western
Than in the Eastern hemisphere.

We say that the firmament is full of stars,
As though it were equally full;
But we know that there are more stars under the Northern
Than under the Southern pole.
We say the elements of man are misery and happiness,
As though he had an equal proportion of both,
And the days of man vicissitudinary,
As though he had as many good days as ill,
And that he lived under a perpetual equinoctial,
Night and day equal, good and ill fortune
In the same measure.
But it is far from that;
He drinks misery, and he tastes happiness;
He mows misery, and he gleans happiness;
He journeys in misery, he does but walk in happiness;
And, which is worst, his misery is positive and dogmatical,
His happiness is but disputable and problematical.
All men call misery misery,
But happiness changes the name by the taste of man.

The above, copied fair from Donne's *Devotions*,
Is the pure paroxysm of rhetoric.
Those who have never considered
How noble is the mystery of prose composition
Let them read it aloud,
Let them savor it in their rumen.
In such writing as that
Language resumes specie payments,
And, as Benedick said, or almost said,
A whole college of wisecrackers
Cannot flout me out of my opinion.

The Saturday Review of Literature CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

QUATRAIN

In night's brave darkness lovely actions flower,
Red with our courage, purple with our pride,
Only to shrivel in one shining hour,
As Peter's boasting with the cock-crow died.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse ELIZABETH MORROW

THE BEDSPREAD

Boston 1770

This is the bedspread wrought by me,
Mary Breed:
Love-birds in a blossoming tree,
The vine in fruit and the flower in seed.
I wove the linen, I dyed the wool,
I made it wide and beautiful.
With roses yellow and roses red
I wrought it for my bridal bed;
Strewing it thick with lovely shapes,
Lilies and tulips and tawny grapes,
Golden cinquefoil and crimson clover,
I plied my needle over and over.

When the last stitch was taken, the last knot tied,
They told me that my lover had died.
Lay by your sewing, my dear, they said,
Lay by your needle and lay by your thread;
No need will you have of your bridal spread.

This is my will and my bequest:
Take ye this bedspread wrought by me—
Roses and lilies and blossoming tree;
Fold it away in an oaken chest,
Lock it away in an empty room,
There let it lie till the crack of doom!
This is my word that I bid ye heed,
This is the last behest of me,
Mary Breed.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse KATHERINE D. MORSE

FOG

Nothing ahead, nothing behind:
We'd see not less were our eyes blind.

Trembling fingers reach to feel
Surrounding prison walls of steel.

Curtains of steel imprison thus,
Steel and yet diaphanous.

Gossamer wisps of overfloat
Fill our eyes and fill our throat,

Beating closer, wave on wave,
With moldering odor of the grave,

With strangle-hold of burial pit
For our especial benefit.

Overhead a fog-horn moans
In creepy-chilling undertones

As though a dozen knots away;
And there is nothing we can say,

And there is nothing we can do
Against an enemy veiled from view

Whom we can neither touch nor see,
Trapped in minute immensity.

Sound of churning at the keel
Comes to our ears remote, unreal;

Swinging lamps that fall and rise
Deepen the gloom with eerie eyes;

The unceasing siren drives a pain
Relentlessly into the brain;

Fog-muffled sound of crying bell
(A lost soul vanishing in hell,

An angel in delirium,
A life of life too burdensome)

Calls, and we are powerless;
Pleads, and we can only press

Helpless upon the unseen hand
Whose gummy fingers leave their brand

Upon our souls, until the fog
Seems life's forewitnessed epilogue,

Until you seem not you, nor I,
A figure we could justify

In human form: we are outside
The bodies where we used to hide

Our puerile taste and paltry sin
Defying the soul's discipline;

And through new eyes we see, aghast,
How we are naked, stripped at last

Of heavy-laden fiction shelves
Built to secrete our real selves;

Stripped of the wall of steel we made
To hide us from our eyes, afraid

To meet self past impermanent
Curtain of fog. But now is spent

Self-deception, and we see
Ourselves our only enemy.

And whatsoever else we find
Is seen by eyes within the mind.

And other knowledge that we reach
Prisoning walls of mist can teach.

Phantoms through revealing surge
Of fog take mental form, emerge

And cut the picture clean and true,
Till you see me, I see you,

And each beholds himself. For this
Make your own analysis. . . .

Billows of fog roll from the ship,
Unloose our throat and leave our lip

And melt beneath the rush of sun.
The moan of siren horn is done.

Clear to the eye, the waves unroll
Under our feet, and soon the whole

Sea is a molten gilded blaze
Shriveling lean last wisps of haze.

You look at me, I look at you,
And both know what a fog can do.

No word, but comprehendingly
I look at you, you look at me,

And then turn to our deckhand chores.
The sea laughs, the sea roars. . . .

Bozart BENJAMIN MUSSER

I CANNOT LIVE AWAY FROM WATER

I cannot live away from water—a laughing
Brook like a child, a mountain lake as calm
As a mirror, a river deep and broad as charity,
A river you can stop at its birth with your palm.

Oh, but the sea! the sea with its myriad secrets,
The sea in its ceaseless quest for a nameless goal.
I thrill to a hill, commune with the moon and heartbreak
In beauty of night, but the sea, the sea is my soul!

It hurries on, with a song, in its search for something,
Then creeps back slowly without having reached, and moans:
It is I, that sea, with a song that turns to a shudder,
As I search and call, and crawl back over the stones.

The sea and I are always asking a question
And, though we beat upon life as on a drum
And never receive the answer, still together
We ask, and watch against the day it shall come.

You can do what you will, but I am prisoned;
You can go where you would, for you are free;
You can sport in a sensuous, soulless garden,
But I am chained to my soul, and my soul is the sea.

But I am tethered with ropes of twisted water,
And I may go only as far as my rope will reach
In ceaseless quest for a nameless goal, calling
A question that echoes unanswered along the beach.

So I can never live away from water.
Water and I have understood this well,
Sharing a goal and asking one question, knowing
If ever the answer comes, we shall not tell.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly BENJAMIN MUSSER

THE SEA IS ALL WOMEN

The sea is composite woman, many in one:
Coquette, cocotte, a termagant, a nun.

Madly she flings her love and wraps you round,
Then rushes off with bitter-hissing sound.

Browbeaten lass, she crawls to touch your feet
Caressingly, then falls away, discreet.

The sea is a woman's tears, a woman's kiss;
The sea is all women—beyond analysis.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly BENJAMIN MUSSER

BLUE

(*Analyzed Rhyme*)

His eyes were as soft as an Irish morning
And blue as the lake called Erne,
Bluer than harebells at sunwise turning,
Blue as the flower of corn.

Blue? Sure, the cloak of the Holy Virgin,
Fringed with its blessed stars—
Roscomman evening starlit margin
Is nary more blue than hers.

But it's I that should know (with respects to Our Lady)
Eyes of the lad I love. . . .
The lake is drab and the sky is muddy
Since blue was laid in a grave.

And it's I that should know, my own eyes weeping,
What was the colour of his:
My cold copper penny feels it slipping
Into blue Irish seas.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly BENJAMIN MUSSER

FOR ELINOR WYLIE

So we stand silent, having lost so soon
The best of us, the high and silver flute;
The clearest melody, the happiest tune,
The loveliest voice of all our times is mute.
That birdlike singing which no thrush could suit,
That icy song, as touching as a spell,
Colder than earth, yet sweeter than the fruit
Of those warm gardens which she loved so well,
Ends without coda. We shall hear no more
The crystal beat, the heart-enchanting words,
The high sweet music which was used to pour
From her full throat as freely as a bird's.
No more the song. In vain we try our notes,
Who have no flutes of silver in our throats.

The Saturday Review of Literature ROBERT NATHAN

SIGNPOST

"*Paradise Ridge—20 mi.*"—What! Paradise lurking so near?
Give me the wheel! Can you not feel
The fillip of a rare, celestial atmosphere?

Quick now, make up your mind.
Are you coming along, or staying?
The elect will be saved, but the damned—well, the damned
will remain behind.
Elect or damned? Elect?
You were always fond of praying.

Well, pray now, if you wish—but hold that silly hat.
With Paradise in his grasp who would not hurry? Even you
will grant me that.
See the telegraph poles, misty white,
Sprouting close as the pickets in Blunderbore's fence tonight.
"*Curve left.*" Oh, keep your seat. We'll stay on the road,
don't worry. . . .

Was that a curve? A surveyor's error,
To be adjusted perhaps
In Paradise—Paradise Ridge. . . .
Yes, there we passed Purgatory—
Back there, over the bridge.
Flibbertigibbet and Tom Titivillus—Hell's favorite imps—
Tending the grated fires for the private terror
Of certain persons like you.—
What? "Only a barbecue"?—
For that I'll give you a glimpse—just a passing glimpse—
Of the things this car can do.

Push up the gas and the spark!
Bore a flaming hole through the dark! . . .
"*Paradise Ridge—20 mi.*," said the sign.
Cut the twenty in half already, and that in half too.
By God, I'll show you what this car can do!

See that tree upon the hill,
Rushing at us with one long crooked arm?
Well, that's the great tree Yggdrasill.
If we should plunge and bring those roots to harm
The world would crash in a starry cataclysm
And none would look for you in the abysm. . . .
There's a lap-robe there behind you—
You're shivering as if you had a chill.

"Winding hill."
So Paradise lies upward,
Upward on a ridge, with Heaven just beyond.
Your preachers then were right, in spite of my suspicions.
Well, we soon shall find if their details correspond.

Listen! Gabriel's trumpet
Round the shoulder of that knoll—
Rising, falling, harsher than I dreamed it,
Twisting, turning, as his horses caracole.—
Look out, you strumpet!
I almost didn't miss you.
Has Heaven no speed laws for hoydenish young angels,
Returning Purgatory-ward to snare another soul? . . .

"Paradise Ridge—20 mi.," said the sign.
Why, we've gone 20 mins. and more;
And remember what I said to you before
About what this car can do.
We've overshot the mark,
Hurtling through the dark,
And we're off for a heavenly rendezvous!

Ahead, see, the trough
Of the road breaks off,
Cupping the crescent and star
Which the Great Turk cut in the purple sky
For the Christian host to recall him by.
Turn on the headlights full—
Let them pave the road we'll take,
A thoroughfare without traffic or jar,
A golden, sinuous snake.
Right up its back we'll go
And ride the horizon a bit,
And we'll measure your fears, not in miles, but light-years,
As you hear our cylinders hit.
Then at last Heaven's highway will become our goal,
At whose end a judge is waiting to weigh your shrunken soul—
For he who went before us will arrange that interview.

By God, I said I'd show you what this car could do! . . .

Contemporary Verse ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT

MEMORABILIA

There are hoarded in my mind
Little detached memories
That to me have the beauty and value
Of jewels—
A Sonora dove under the limpid drip
Of pepper tree leaves
With tender fringe of blue green rain
That never falls.
A spider web at dawn,
Woven to angles evanescent as wishes
And jeweled with green sweet dew.
The ashy blue green of millet,
The wistful blue green of millet,
The nest that some oriole has left
For the winter's store;
The wan basket waved by the winds,
Like the door of a deserted cabin.
A deserted cabin
With swelling sorrel broom tides
That sweep toward the untrodden step
And threshold.
The austere grace of Anunciation lilies.
The cold tender purity of a violet
That though low on the earth
Lifts and lifts one,
Purging the soul like velvet fire
The dainty subtlety that Romney
Gave to the mouths of women.
The ineffable epochs
Which Leonardo hid there.
Leonardo's rocks,
Leonardo's waters.
Chopin's restless spirit
Stirring in his music,
The detached wing of a butterfly
With silver gems upon it.
The music in the movement of a gull,
Riding, riding, riding!

Harlem

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

METEOROLOGIST IN HIS YOUTH

To live inside the cemetery gate
And have the graves and tombstones for a garden—
The father's duty was the boy's fate,
Dark as a guilt for which he must find pardon.

On sunken grassy couch and granite pillow
Fluted into wings of angel-feather,
A lonely child he crouched beneath a willow
And watched his two companions, death and weather.

The earth was death, the changing air was life
Which told him whispering secrets day and night.
Death was his father, weather was his wife
And full of unpredictable delight.

And he would cleave to weather endlessly,
To cloud and light and thunder and the wind;
And, constant in her sweet inconstancy,
She'd soothe away his sense of having sinned.

The Nation — Louise Townsend Nicholl

CHANT SANS PAROLES

Such poignant feeling he could not express,
Except in Music's universal tongue,—
Chant sans Paroles, a wordless grief that wrung
Tchaikovsky's heart for wrongs beyond redress:
Stark poverty, imprisonment, duress—
Man's inhumanity to man, far-flung
And ancient, even when the world was young,—
Dark tragedies of might and selfishness:

The peasants gather from the fields of toil;
But now the Russian sun no longer shines:
Two thousand miles of frozen, blood-stained soil,
To wretched exile in Siberian mines.
The speechless stars look down through blinding tears,
And count the hours crawling into years.

Bozart — Cotton Noe

CREED

He never knew what Darwin said;
What Moses wrote he never read;
But every night he bared his head
In sweet communion with the stars.
And every morning when the bars
Of darkness tumbled down he fled
To mountain tops whence he could see
The superhuman jubilee
Of Dawn, till earth and every tree
Were filled with fire and song that seemed
An anthem of the world redeemed.
So Enoch walked with God and knew
That Nature's miracles are true;—
That sin is blindness of the soul
Which Love and Beauty can make whole.

Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine — Cotton Noe

TO THE MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

(*1893–1918*)

Into the sunset of their youth they strode,
Resolved to horror splendidly, and brave;
Oh, brave they were upon war's final road
To bring irresolution to the grave,
Firmly, in the staccato scene of war
Where the huge guns abode whose speech has blown
To twilight beaches of the evening star
Since Flanders and the fields of France were sown
With youth, and the sad world forgot to weep.
Oh, these were lads with singing in their blood,
And lips too fond of kissing love to sleep,
And loathing their last mistress of moist mud.

These, in the world's far cities, walked so proud,
Tingling when twilight glimmered, and their eyes
Saw glad-faced girls unto whose eyes they vowed
The fleet, immortal moments of the wise.
Oh, these were lovers and beloved of many,

The nights glowed with their ardor, days dawned bright;
Now where they sleep, they are unknown to any;
The trailing seeds thrust through them toward the light.
And these were song-makers and full of dreaming,
Who brooded in late hours of endeavor,
Until they saw war's lurid flowers streaming
In the shocked sky, and shut their eyes forever.

Now, in the streets they trod, the shadows lie
In deep, spilled heaps of gloom that cats disturb
Probing the midnight and the fleece of sky
That glitters in the pool beside the curb.
And not their sons walk here, but tired, old men;
And women old for sorrow of those years
That tried their souls, and will not try again,
Having but once inured their souls to tears,
Horror and loneliness, and perished dreams.
Oh, here, before bright bugles called to death,
Lads paused for kissing the entangled gleams
Of moonlight in girls' hair; their souls drew breath.

But not for long; for then the summons came,
The glamourous treachery of bugles blowing,
And banners beating in their hearts like flame
That were not on the roads when they were going
In solemn march abreast to stain the ground,
And spill their years for petals' sustenance;
This was the final glory that they found,
In dark or twilight on the soil of France.
And lads fell there that will not ever know
Those seeds they brooded on had come to bud
On barren ground or ground beneath the snow
In the astounding blossom of their blood.

Their hearts, the harps of sorrow, are unwrought,
Are stilled forever, and will sound no more;
And all their visioning has come to nought;
Their ships of dreaming foundered by the shore.
Their songs and stories and their sculpturing,
Painting, and all the arts of their distress,
Blow with the wind from seas of evening,
Beyond the sea-towns of forgetfulness.

And we forget the grandeur of their ways
  Before spring labored in the earth to speed
The tragic flowers of these empty days
  That bloom upon the highway of new greed.

O slender shadows of the cross that hide
  The little grass upon lads' graves, but not
The folly of our elders in their pride
  Whose souls are crucified on gleams of thought:
What of the living lads—oh, what of these,
  Who face the sunrise of exulting times,
Aware of the bright buds of ecstasies,
  Splendor of art, and love that chants in rhymes?
There is no voice that answers, but the moan
  Of winds mourning in twilight, and the sound
Of those manoeuvered guns again that shone
  When lads before them paced to pave the ground.

The Bookman CHARLES NORMAN

FREEDOM

I escaped you as the bee
Wrangles from the balmy rose,
While in thick-set petals he
Tangles filmy wings and toes.

I escaped you as the mouse
Drunken reels into the furrow
While he sees his stubble house
Turn beneath the springtime harrow.

You were comfort; you were sweet.
You are lost—and no returning!
Now I stand on my two feet.
Freedom is a frosty morning.

Bozart JESSICA NELSON NORTH

WEATHER MAN

The tower haunting heaven compass-wise
Turns softly, and the man within it turns
Softly, and turns his slow prophetic eyes,
And an old lamp burns.

The barometric needle turns and toils.
The curfew-cumulus, the garden breath,
The rising moon-mist and the down-flurry of death
Record biographies in tenuous coils.

Weather Man, Weather Man,
Turn in your turret until the coils unwind!
There is a storm, and the storm strikes from behind.
Turn rose of glass, spin on your stem.

Autumn invisible comes, and a deep cold,
And a long summer perhaps, and a sun not yet foretold.

The Nation — Jessica Nelson North

THESE TWO

They are as young and chaste and cold
As two white birches near together;
They will not bend to autumn's gold
Nor to spring's passionate weather.

If a warm wind should suddenly come
To make them bow and faintly sing
It is slight tribute to the spring—
Soon they are motionless and dumb.

And having touched they rise again,
Amazed at the wind and the wind's desire,
Pale as birches after rain,
Cold as frost, and chaste as fire.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — Sterling North

MARE AND COLT

Ah, the brown-eyed colt, what does he think
There in the pale straw where he is lying?
He hears the mare—her soft insistent neighing,
He rises, finds her nipples, learns to drink.
In two weeks now, with mane and fetlock flying
He'll caper in the meadow and the lane,
Tug at the mare until she starts in pain,
Alarm her watchfulness with playful shying.

Now softly, with her nostrils half distended,
She snuffs along his downy back or side.
She feels a certain tenderness and pride
Which even now with sterner stuff is blended;
And where he nuzzles at her flank for food
Nips his soft hide in savage motherhood.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse STERLING NORTH

FALSE SEASON

Autumn was mild that year, and so deceiving
That half of the orchards blossomed again in November;
And men of eighty years could not remember
So merciful a season. Birds believing
That spring had come began to nest and sing,
(High in the leaves the mourning-doves were grieving.)
The trout would strike a May-fly as in spring,
And all the waterfowl were late in leaving.

Nor is it strange we fell in love that year,
Past all belief, beyond all hope or reason.
The wind was filled with the song of another season—
Too late our ears attuned, when, sick with fear,
We heard the battle waged, the issue lost,
Upon the first invasion of the frost.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse. STERLING NORTH

NIGHT OF MIRACLE

With Blake's bright figures in my head,
I crossed a meadow and a stream.
On either side as in a dream
Pale spirits rose discomfited.

And everywhere that grass might hide—
Oh, unbeliever that I am—
Peacefully and side by side
Lay the lion and the lamb.

And I had wandered far afield
When suddenly out of the summer night
I saw most terribly revealed
The tiger burning bright.

Harper's Magazine STERLING NORTH

LIMITATIONS

Her garden measures three by six
And yet it boasts a lilac tree,
While scabbarded by painted sticks
Are thrust three swords of fleur-de-lis.

Her Murphy-bed is six by three,
And yet her dreams are very deep
And vast as only dreams can be.
It's more that just a place to sleep.

Her garden reaches high and high
Between two walls of yellow bricks,
The canopy of beryl sky
Is three by something more than six

And under it her world today,
Though limited, is good to see;
For dreamers tread a spacious way
Unmeasured by a six or three.

The Gypsy ROBIN O'HARIN

TREE BARK

Even a tree
Keeps a hard surface to protect itself;
Even a tree
Is wise
In that it knows
It must conceal what lies closest to its heart;
The face with which it looks at elements and men
Is hard.
Except in those seasons when its smiles become leaves.

Even a tree
Knows that one cannot always smile;
In the winter
The cold North Wind would turn its smiles
Into brittle withered things;
There are times to smile,
But only times.
Even a tree
Knows that.

The Nation — Madge Ohe

O'TOOLE

O'Toole leaned out of the window
And laughter touched his lips,
Seeing the roadstead white with scud
And the sail of straining ships.

O'Toole looked up from the window
And there was a singing crowd
Of sea larks bubbling their throats in song
With breasts against a cloud.

O'Toole looked down from the window
And the air was an unplumbed sea,
With birds like fishes, or fishes like birds
Floating majestically.

O'Toole leaned in from the window
And humming a wee, queer song,
He closed it tight with never a word,
Bolted it fast and strong;

Then sobbing low like a baffled child
He threw him down on the bed,
And a ship and a bird and a fish and a cloud
Swam crazily through his head!

Voices — Wade Oliver

RAIN PIECE

Guzzling rain at the eaves; rain mumbling
Drunkenly in the gutter-pipes, and fumbling
With tipsy fingers at window latch and pane;
Over the world a shining slime of rain . . .
And I do not wonder that men go mad to feel
These busy needles of cruelly fluid steel
Knitting their shrouds; that strong men quail—cry out
Under the ruthless rain's insistent knout.
Oh, better the brittle edge of the frost, the brutal
Bludgeon of wind at doors that are all too futile
To hold the subtle, malignant rain aloof.
For where is craftsman to fashion door and roof
So stout men need not sit and feel the rain's
Icy trickle seeping along their veins?

Bozart — Ted Olson

TIDES OF THE SUN

Sun has his tides, too, mightier than moon's
Reluctant vassalage of sullen waters
That hold in brief dominion beach and dunes.
His tides are men—tall sons and brawny daughters.
In splendid gusts they move across the planet,
Fragile as foam, fluid as water, striking
Darkness to song and fire, breaking on granite:
Saxon and Goth and Roman, Vandal and Viking!

Systole and disastole—ebb and flow—
This is the earth's true pulse, that will not rest
While sun endures. His tides forever go,
Unwitting and unwilling, west—and west,
Breaking on stubborn shores in sterile thunder—
Yet grain by grain wearing the rock asunder.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — Ted Olson

FOR THESEUS—AND ANY MAN

Your hands are dust. Earth's curious fabric broken
Gathers most strangely in these moving shapes—
Bodies of men. Yet by no valid token
Has any aim been pledged. And what escapes
When flesh breaks back has never shone or spoken
Through dust in the darkness
Turning.

This knowledge is a stone, oppressing, cold.
It can be put away. A man may grasp
And draw with arrogance a blade of gold.
And though that gleaming hand in the flaunted clasp
Flake into nothing, it is much to hold
A sword in the sunlight,
Burning.

The Saturday Review of Literature — George O'Neil

AFTER . . .

But first I'll build you a little house,
Blue, with an orange roof;
The window-curtains' warp shall be
Thistle, with cobweb woof.

It shall sit on a hill, and stare
The sun down every night.
On the front door a caged firefly
Shall weave perpetual light.

Up and around the table legs
  Climbing ivy shall grow,
Holding the edge with small curled fingers,
  Watching us come and go.

And breakfast, to feed your curious soul,
Wild berries in a copper bowl!

Even the kitchen walls shall be
  Patterned unlike a wall,
With twisted twigs like a willow tree,
  And willow-leaves, sober and small.

And breakfast, to feed your hungry soul,
Devon cream in a copper bowl!

No window-glass to hurt the walls;
  Only an open space
Where tall nasturtiums nod and lean,
  And roses show their face.

And breakfast, to feed your whimsical soul,
Hybla honey in a copper bowl!

The Lyric LOUISE OWEN

DEBRIS

Broken glass made long ago in Tyre,
  Bronzes shipwrecked on their way to Rome,
Made in Greece at Cæsar's high desire,
  Lie beneath the sea waves and the foam.

Rosaries and fine Damascus swords,
  Wedding-rings that Venice gave the sea,
Silver stolen from the Inca hoards,
  Manacles of slaves of Barbaree;

Bottles whence carousing pirates drank,
  Harpoons, compass needles gone awry,
Round shot weighing corpses as they sank,
  On the ocean floor, forgotten lie.

In their depths the shining waters hide
Endless works and vanities of man.
Still beneath the changing moon, the tide
Flows on, as when the changing world began.

Scribner's Magazine BEATRICE WYNDHAM PALMER

CONCERNING A BUTTERFLY

This sentient, silken flag of June;
Friend of the larkspur and the phlox,
May be, in spite of certain fame,
A small, resplendent paradox.

The airy paths he flutters down,
Perhaps, are circumspect and straight;
No winged dalliance after dark
At any incandescent gate.

And when he loiters rakishly
Upon the threshold of a flower,
Who knows, but that with diligence
He would improve each shining hour.

Yet, if his splendor should depart,
Leaving him lusterless and brown—
O, would a score of seasons serve
To shatter his frivolous renown?

Virginia Quarterly Review ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

NOVEMBER

She was like chimes in a garden
In late afternoon. . . .
Pulchra, Pulcherrima.
Strike softly, twilight,
With your silver spoon,
The evening star.

The hard crimson berries
Die on the bush. . . .
How the fierce winds blow!

Her little feet crushed them
Fallen on the walk
A month ago

He was like a shining sword
Laid on snow.
Oh, fine slim blade!
How beautiful his hardness
Seemed a month ago,
Unafraid.

He was like a rapier
Sharp and keen.
God, dear God,
How cold a sword feels
When your heart is warm—
Cold. And hard.

Warm, warm red berries
In late afternoon
'Mid golden sheaves.
Warm, warm red blood
On a silver hilt
Among the leaves.

She was like chimes in a garden
In late afternoon. . . .
Pulchra, Pulcherrima.
How dolefully the bells ring
For all poor souls—
Moritura, moritura.

The Commonweal J. Geraldine Payne

FIRST DEATH

He laid his head upon the breast,
He spoke in soothing tone,
He startled by his fierce caress,
And swiftly snapped a bone,

Methodically his hand moved on
While with his lips he kissed,
He bruised the unresisting arm
And snapped the brittle wrist,

With breast and hands quite powerless,
He sealed the mouth from cries,
Immersed his hands in frightened blood
And marked the shivering thighs,

He broke through flesh with skilful ease
As though the heads of flowers,
Stripped off the blue wings of the heart,
And petals fell in showers.

Then with supreme ferocity
Satyric in his mirth,
Lifted the body by its stem,
And from its roots shook earth.

The Nation HELEN PEARCE

THE WILD CARROT FIELD

Sun browned field,
Wild carrots dipping;
My task to pull them
While the minutes go slipping.

In beauty bending,
Nodding in grace,
Shimmering, pestilent
Queen Anne's Lace!

Two thousand, three thousand,
Grime and stain:
Last year, this year,
Next year again.

Some folks pity,
Seeing me bend.
"She has taken a task
That never will end."

Yet there comes, strangely,
(Plodding like this,
Almost hopeless)
Some hint of bliss.

Red sun slanting,
Shadows so fair!
I pause to worship
With head bare.

Wiping the sweat
With torn sleeve.
(There is a heaven,
I do believe.)

Colors deepen
With shadowing.
Beauty holds me,
Imprisoning.

Little wind blowing
Sets the lace shaking.
Loveliness here
For a heart's breaking.

Let me continue,
Six, seven—
If I stop too sudden
It might snap heaven.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly SUSAN BINGHAM PENDLETON

A SPRINGTIME MEDITATION

I heard one in the dapper spring
Thus complain, thus muse and sing:
"I hope to know but do not yet
Wisdom's simple alphabet.
What we do and what we are
Differ as starlight from its star;
The sum of all our acts misleads—
We are far better than our deeds

Or worse, for we may nothing do
Yet be, within, a witch's brew.
I hope to know and will some day
Why following beauty leads astray,
Though beauty is the only god
Preventing my relapse to clod,
The only cordial sure to start
Courageous blood back through my heart,
The only thing I've certain of
Now that I'm doubtful too of love,
The resurrection day and love."
A foolish thing, a foolish thing
To grieve upon, to muse and sing
When rowdy robins in new vests
Strutted love and talked of nests,
And all about him shone the drills
Of resurrected daffodils.

Bozart — William Alexander Percy

A STREETWALKER

Like some forbidden weed that cowers
Apart from sheltered garden flowers,
She shrinks outside the placid zone
Discreet and gentle women own.
Her eyes, where candid stars should shine,
Are bitter pools filled with malign,
Dark moods that slyly dart and gleam.
Her breasts, white nodes of Attic dream—
Twin founts which little lips might clutch—
Are tinselled for the toying touch
Of every rude and lecherous hand.
Her heart is a strange, sunless land,
Where bright-eyed vice and blind despair
Breed in the self-same fetid air.
She is a living sewer that men
Choke with a thousand sins, and then
Destroy with ridicule and scorn—
This creature marvellously born

To be a channel for the bright
Release of beauty and delight.

Palo Verde LORI PETRI

IL DUOMO

(*Cathedral of Milan, Italy, dedicated to Mariae Nascenti; 4,000 statues rise from its Parian marble pinnacles, and San Carlo Barromeo rests in a silver shrine underneath the high altar.*)

Fair queen of temples, gowned in marble lace
Etching your eerie denizens on high—
Ethereal phantoms reaching for the sky—
With upraised hands and eyes, praying for grace!
When mellow moonlight floods this holy place,
Four thousand white veiled saints go floating by;
From roof to turret tip they gently fly
To see the smile upon our Lady's face.

Il Duomo, guardian of Milano's art,
Italia's gems and jewels scintillate
To shrine San Carlo in your silver heart!
The dole of painter, sculptor, potentate—
Six hundred years of genius—were given
To bring to earth this replica of heaven.

American Poetry Magazine MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS

A HERO

Heroic in all things he is save time:
Which being false, I hold
Myself no traitor to beloved rhyme
To place him in the age of gold:
Clasping him fast, I will run back, and bring
Him to the arms of warriors of old:
And the dead poets shall smile, being too wise to sing.

The age conceals him from your eyes:
Is he not strong? has he no wounds?
Must the brass clang and the plume rise
And stallions roar with splendid sounds,
Music of blood, music of death
Smite on the heart, command the breath:
Must banners beat on the bluff wind
Ere he be laurelled in your mind?
Ay, and the blind still lead the blind.

Time was they would have sung him well;
The coursers and the chariots sheen,
What were they to the cars of hell,
The flying legions he has seen,
Fiendlike that fought in middle air?
The burrowing ghosts that worked in earth,
The darting death that clove the sea?
Time was they would have held him worth
Song, and his immortality.

I saw a vision in the sky at night,
That most did seem
Like Arthur and his peers in might
Fighting between the mere and the salt stream,
Pale, haggard, racked and spent,
Reeling and thrusting in a tortured dream:
Anon the thinning cloud down heaven was sent,
And like the Grael the naked moon did gleam.

Was it a thing to come, or the sad past?
We see, but still we may not rede;
Shall I bid him beware a stronger blast
Of the red tempest, or upon the mead
Pitch his pavilion in the morning sun,
Doff his harness, tell his deeds,
Hark to the birds that jargon every one
Or list the whispering of the lissom reeds?
Dear would I love to sing him peace begun;
But in the sky I see, nor can forget
The scarlet streaming like a warrior's weeds,
The smoke of tumults that shall whelm him yet.

SILENCE

Here where the cold pure air is filled with darkness,
graced but by Hesper and a comet streaming,
censed by the slight smoke from a herdsman's hearthstone
I stand with silence,

void of desire, but full of contemplation
both of these herds and of the gods above them;
mindful of these, and offering submission
to those immortal.

Older than they, the frosty air about me
speaks to the flocks like careful age, like winter,
saying, Seek shelter: to the gods, I know ye:
and to me nothing

save but that silence is the truth; the silent
stars affirm nothing, and the lovely comet
silent impending, like a nymph translated,
abides in heaven.

Shall not I also stand and worship silence
till the cold enter, and the heart, the housewife,
spin no more, but sit down silent in the presence
of the eternal?

The Atlantic Monthly RUTH PITTER

A DREAMLAND PROBLEM

Brother Jonathan and I went wandering in Dreamland,
We went to South America the other night in dreams.
We walked along the seashore and hunted armadillos
Until we reached the margin of a big, broad stream.

"This river is the wide and turbid Amazon," said Jonathan.
"It's full of capybaras but we'll have to wade across."
So splash splosh, splash splosh we waded to our ankles
Across the turbid Amazon and rested on the moss.

Then onward we wandered beside that lonely seashore
Watching out for jaguars and seals and manatees
Until we reached the valley of a big, wide river,
"And that's the Orinoco," said Jonathan to me.

"So that's the Orinoco, can we ever get across it?"
"Oh, yes indeed," said Jonathan, "we'll cross it on the ice."
So splash splosh, splash splosh we crossed the Orinoco,
Wading in the water that was flowing on the ice.

Then down we sat upon the bank to dry our shoes and stockings,
We sat and watched the crocodiles until our shoes were dry.
But now that we were safe across a doubt began to strike me
And I began to wonder and to Jonathan said I:

"Was anybody ever known to wade across the Amazon,
Do people ever cross the Orinoco on the ice?"
"I don't know," said Jonathan, "it may be that they do not,
But yet we went and did it and I thought it rather nice."

So the question is unsettled and I lie and think about it,
Looking at the treetops when I lie awake at night.
Of course we went and did it but do people ever do it?
For if they never do it why, of course it can't be right.

Did anybody ever, ever wade across the Amazon,
Do people ever cross the Orinoco on the ice?
Maybe they do, I'm sure I couldn't tell you,
But I am very sure that no one ever did it twice.

Muse and Mirror PHILIP H. POPE

DANDELIONS

The robe of Spring was incomplete at dawn;
The needles of the Sun have done their best.
Gold buttons now are sewn upon the lawn—
Final touch to a green vest.

The Harp KENNETH W. PORTER

CELESTIAL BIRD

O sweet and luminous Bird,
Having once heard Your call, lovely and shy,
I shall be hungry for the finished word.
Across the windy sky

Of all voiced longing and all music heard,
I spread my net for Your bewildering wings,
But wings are wiser than the swiftest hands.
Where a bird sings

I held my heart, in fear that it would break.
I called You through the grief of whip-poor-wills,
I watched You on the avenues that make
A radiant city on the western hills.

Yet since I knew You not, I sought in vain.
I called You Beauty for its fleet white sound.
But now in my illuminated heart
I can release the hound

Of love upon whose bruising leash I strain.
Oh, he will grasp You where You skim the sod,
Nor wound Your breast, for love is soft as death,
Swifter than beauty is, and strong as God.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — JESSICA POWERS

THE PSALM OF SERVICE

God, earth is burdened with so many creeds
There seems no room for Christ. Our leaders now
As in the past, make images of clay,
To which men bow in worship; and our god
Is but a larger likeness of ourselves,
And has no power to help us. We forget
That Thou art one supreme Intelligence,
The only Life and power; for every man
Has made himself a separate intellect
Wherewith he loves and hates. Yet many minds,
Like many gods, bring chaos and the dark.

We dwell in Egypt, slaves to Pharaoh:
Who wilt Thou send to save us?
Give us men
And women strong of purpose, but whose hearts
Burn ever with the flame of charity—
Great souls who scorn the name of selfishness.
We bear so many burdens of our own
We fail to see our brothers'. In our greed
We trample down the weak, and of their bones
Make ladders high, that we ourselves may climb.
Help us to realize that no success
So gained is permanent. The ladder soon
Turns into dust, and down again we fall.

Lord, thousands yearly struggle in the dark
And go down in defeat, when but a hand,
Reached out to them in sympathy and love,
Had drawn aside the curtain of despair
And given greater courage for the fray.
We think because they stumble in the climb
That nought of beauty or of music dwells
In these. Howbeit, could we lift the veil
Which hides the soul, and all its secrets know,
We then would understand both heaven and hell,
And solve the baffling riddle of the world.

There lives more music in the universe
Than man has knowledge of. To catch the notes
From choirs invisible, the ear must be
Attuned to finer sounds and syllables
Than bird or brook can utter. Ears intent
To measure only mortal melodies
Will never hear divine.
Throughout the years
Enable us, with laughter, word and deed,
To lift the weary burden of the world;
Yet make us careful in the giving, lest
Our bounty be the kind that beggars more.
A kindly word means more than glinting gold
To him whose heart is crying out for love.

May we, in every changing circumstance
Of joy or sorrow, ever radiate
Good-will to all the earth! Our greatest joy
Is ever that we give away; and he
Who sweetens some one's bitter cup of gall
With happiness, receives a recompense
The kings of earth might envy. May we learn
That not in seeking but in giving forth
The best whereof our life is capable,
We help our brother and enrich ourselves.
We grow by giving: who loves most, gives most.
The more we give the greater our receipt
Of everything that makes life beautiful.

Lord, may we know, in mingling with our kind,
That he who hordes for selfish purposes
Love, talents, wealth, or little kindnesses
Which mean so much to poor humanity,
Deprives himself of that which constitutes
A priceless heritage to all the world—
The joy which ever comes from doing good.

Give us the soul of wondrous sympathy,
That never criticizes nor condemns,
But looks beyond the action to the cause.
For, after all, what right have we to judge?
Perhaps had great temptation warred with us
We had not bravely fought and overcome,
But still were lying bloody on the plain.

As long we contemplate the things above
The things beneath grow plainer. We shall know,
When we have put aside carnality
And come into our own, that other men
Are but our noble or ignoble selves,
Made perfect or imperfect, good or bad,
According to the thought we hold of them.
We find in others only that which dwells
Within ourselves. There lives truth, beauty, love
And good in everything, could we but see
With perfect vision, lift our spirits far
Beyond the pale of blind mortality,

And see the dwellers of God's universe
As thoughts of God, eternal and divine.
Then may we look beyond appearances
And strive to read and analyze the heart,
Lest, in condemning, we ourselves condemn.

Strengthen in us the bonds of brotherhood,
That we may put aside decaying creeds
And welcome back the Christ. Were men but filled
With that immortal love whereof He taught
Who trod the sacred shores of Galilee,
There were more Enochs and Elijahs here
Than all the doubting centuries have known.

As earth's purblind have ceased from selfishness
And love as brothers all their fellow-men,
Men shall see visions, talk again with Thee,
And one, Thy chosen, shall at last arise
To guide Thy groping people through the dark.
'Tis only love shall roll away the stone
Which has concealed for centuries the Christ,
And let His Truth regenerate the world.

Interludes WILLIAM JAMES PRICE

IN THE BALLET SCHOOL

I

Rehearsal

Ghost-butterflies, by Art's contriving moulded
In ways of strength more delicately strange
Than gesture of the wind or lightly folded
Small wings that pause for daring: you arrange
Each hand, each limb, in patterns of such magic
As, born of Nature, yet transcend her grace;
Then float on the slow music . . . . lovely, tragic . . .
Like nightfall on a hushed and lonely place.

The notes burn down to silence, and you scatter
Under the searching light—pale wraiths no more,

But warm, swift-breathing girls whose voices shatter
The glass of phantasy. Across the floor
You stream, rehearsal ended,—and one sprite
Lingers to query, . . . "Did I do it right?"

II

To a Young Dancer

You are so sure, so very sure, dear child,
Of those swift feet, those pliant loins, the whole
Of your young panther-body, undefiled
By any touch of life, you would control
The changing years and so forever dance . . .
Forever leap, forever poise and sway
On sensuous tides of music that entrance
Your spirit, even as you do today.

But when comes Love to steal away your peace
And weight those agile limbs, shall you with tears
Bewail the slackened pace, pray for release,
Remembering lost fairy-footed years?
Or shall you muse at times, serene and slow, . . .
"I used to dance a little—long ago."

JOAN DARETH PROSPER

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West

CHANGE OF MOVEMENT

Orange and yellow marigolds
In a Rookwood bowl,
Sustained singing notes . . .
A gray stone wall
That hums the soft green tones
Of rock plants dripping sprays,
The blue jay's chord
With emphasis repeated . . .
So ends the Summer's sweet Andante.

Tonight
A silver run of frost across the grass

And grace notes,
The first gay leaves of red and gold,
That sweep at length
With brisk chromatics
Into Autumn's bright Allegro.

The Gypsy HELEN DANFORTH PRUDDEN

SONNETS OF A CAUTIOUS LOVER

I

O phantom lover who pursues me still,
Be quiet; let me rest a little while.
The bitter desolation of my smile
Is a tombstone set upon the act of will
And heart, that like a gesture offering
Oblation to the gods, I raised to you.
I am untrue, and yet I would be true!
I would be silent, but my gay lips sing!

If this my heart should nowhere, in no way,
Be wholly offered up to unknown gods,
If a small part must always go astray—
Willfully a stranger to my shrines—
Then let it break in multiple designs
Of Persian-flowered pattern—what's the odds?

II

Oh, take it wholly whole, or wholly break
This infinite illusion in my side!
My heart!—Compound of laughter, love and pride,
It cannot wholly sing or wholly ache.—
It still decks out its dearest bier of mourning
With petals of ironic, gentle laughter;
Or where joy is, remembers that thereafter
Comes weeping, or a delicate faint scorning.

Perhaps there is a guardian in the skies
Beyond the stars, who will come down to earth
To whisper me that I am very wise

—And cautious!—not to yield to total birth
Of the strange moment, made with flame-like being:
Who sees too well, has no sight left for seeing.

Voices IDELLA PURNELL

SPOUSE

Logs and mud are a house for me,
And the dog-rose keeps my gate.
Whoever she comes as spouse for me—
But maybe I better wait.

Maybe I better look for me
A maid that would mind the cold,
And walk from the wind like a silver tree
With the top leaves turned to gold.

Maybe there's one that hasn't a man,
Would look to a man like me,—
And she would think there wasn't a man
Steady as I would be.

But would she lean like a birch to me?
Maybe I better wait:
The dogwood smells of a church to me,
And the dog-rose keeps my gate.

The Lyric EDWIN QUARLES

HADASSAH DINES

Hadassah dines a king to have him won,
And Dorcas sews her patch to poverty;
Salome damns a tetrarch with her fee,
And Bethany has sent her daughters down.
Be sure these women have not died; instead,
They, by the Lottery, under thatch or dome
Are plying in Manhattan, Fez and Rome.
Yet she, the Mytilenean,—is she dead?
Sing on, O women! Burst the yielding thong!
Loop to a lifting breast her tangled beads.

Search you the buried drift-spars, and the reeds,
And the low moon behind the cypress prong.
Assault the skies with the empowered note
Of one with Sappho's silver in her throat!

The Lyric EDWIN QUARLES

BITTERS

Hyssop from a grave's edge,
  Yarrow from spent lane,
Everlasting from a wood
  Wrecked in a dark rain.

Light the seven fagots now,
  Make them seven times hot;
Brew the sad herbs leaf and stalk
  For the scarlet pot.

Peering griefs, spites, dust of dreams
  Cast in one by one;
Drag the wild moon down, to watch
  Till the stuff is done!

They that drink of this will know
  Sharp and choking breath;
Every day of every year
  Smell the mold of Death.

Harper's Magazine LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

SEPTEMBER

September is a sad month;
The pears drop down,
With a shuttered, brief sound,
Heard in the town.

If you go to the end
Of the world—that sound
To the left, to the right,
On the flat, bitten ground.

Long row after row,
The trees grow bare
Of their yellowing leaves,
In the yellowing air.

There is spice about,
But a trifle strong,
Like a stuff boiling over
A little too long.

Back of the trees
The house looks tall.
Through the day, through the night,
It hears the pears fall.

Bozart — Lizette Woodworth Reese

STELLAR

I had looked at stars before; all the days of my life
I had looked at stars; but never had I seen them
So strangely near, so radiantly clear, with space
Cloven like nothing imaginable between them;

And I had been saying, "Plan? There can be no plan
But the blind groping of unintelligent fingers.
Let us cling together a while. We will soon be had
By the hand of chance. By death. If nothing lingers

"Of love like this, except in the dim romances
Soon forgotten, tangled from tongue to tongue,
There is no plan but the deaf whirling of atoms.
Make it a god if you will. I am yet too stung

"With thoughts of a god I fashioned out of a dream,
And woke from the dream." You stirred, and I saw beyond
Millions of stars, brighter than I had seen them,
Swimming like golden fish in a tarnished pond.

"Whether you love or not" (if fish or stars
Could speak, this was their message) "whether you live
Is less to us than a few bright drops of water
Shaken by laughing fools from a silver sieve;

"Whether you, or thousand-tentacled creatures,
Or mites no bigger than worlds seen from afar
Crawl on the mite of an earth, is a passing matter
Of supreme and utmost indifference to a star.

"But there is a plan. If the plan is not for you
Or the jewelled flies, or the jewelled stream that they hover,
Might it not be for something larger or smaller
Or stranger than you can dream, you and your lover?

"This is our consolation"—Frostily clear
Froze the stars in their orbits—"This is the Word.
Now you know that you cannot know; the meaning
Is not a human meaning." When I had heard,

Turning to you I faltered, "Whether we love"—
(This was their message)—"Whether we even live
Is less to the stars than a few bright drops of water
Shaken by laughing fools from a silver sieve."

The Book of the Rhymers' Club DOROTHY E. REID

GREEN VINE

Do not torture the moment longer for a meaning;
Relax instead, and let your thinking fall
On the green vine that is green blur without meaning
On a grey wall.

There is no moral; it can offer no philosophy
Save as a green thing growing, a cool color
Somehow set down on stone; who would find a philosophy
Must be far duller

Than any vine, that unravels into a green conviction
Of life duly essential and serenely grown,
Though the wall it clings to may desert it, may tumble conviction
To a heap of stone.

Voices DOROTHY E. REID

FULFILLMENT

She who so loved lithe limbs and stately grace,
Who knelt to loveliness in every guise,
Thought that the soul should mirror in the face
Things beautiful and wise.

But she was awkward, angular of frame,
With scarce a trait or gesture to appraise,
Save that her heart, her mind, were as a flame
Burning life's dross always.

Death touched her clay, and loosed the hidden fire . . .
Her awkward form grew stately, dignified,
Until it seemed she won her heart's desire
That day she died.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly — Elizabeth Davis Richards

INTERPRETERS

She thought that she could lock her soul
Within her body, like a prison wall,
Where none might read her secret thoughts
With blankness over all.
Alas, her soul seemed wont to dwell
Upon the threshold, not apart;
While tears and sighs and glances
Interpreted her heart.

Palo Verde — Elizabeth Davis Richards

THE UNARMED

Music is in you like a rain
of which one thinks
in a drought's pale agony, while a dream weaves
its taunting silver in the boughs above
and you think you hear, amid the strumming leaves,
dawn shaking herself like a wet white dove;

music is in you like a wine
of which one drinks
as some drink poison till its ardent stain
has spread upon the blood
that not again shall send,
in several harmony through each allotted vein,
its comfort to the heart,
but in a riving flood—
that ever rages and must ever spend
in burning overflow the drops that start
to life the keening fires of the brain;

music is in you like a wind
that in beginning is no more than a breeze
troubling wild things behind bars
that see the far tops of trees—
music, uncovering your scars,
while you hover like a bird charmed
and gazing always one way.

The Dial LOLA RIDGE

MINIATURE

Identify you
With all gay lovely evanescent things;
With mist in the white throat of morning
In that blue pallor before a fly stirs,
And with thin bright wings, like shorn light,
That disappear and there is no way of finding.

As once there lay, implicit in the proud tusk,
This yellowed ivory that holds your face,
You seem to be a part of those fey days—
When little raindrops snatch at light
and spill it as they go
And there is such a shining in the air
one looks up for a rainbow.

I am reminded of you when with beautiful people:
I think, she would have loved him . . . more rarely, her.

One, with a blue far steady light in his eyes,
A light that in my thought is transmuted
Into a single voice, singing with none to hear it,
Or a silver pine with nothing but desert around it,
But always into something alone,
You, knowing in whatever bleak disguise,
beauty, would have loved well;
And the dour line, like a moat about his mouth,
would have relaxed for you,
Who would not have fulfilled its bitter expectation.

One other—in whose sky-sighted eyes
Life sparkled, slaying without rancour,
Eyes, before the seagulls pecked them blind,
In which light hung, suspended, a pure ray
That had not yet alit on any crag
Nor passed through the earth's smoke—
You, most fragile, loving fearless things,
Would have loved best.

The Harp — Lola Ridge

OIL FIELD

Black beaks guzzling, row on row,
Sucking the belch of the undertow.
Black tongues, sharp as a devil's prong,
Click as they gorge and spew the strong
Thick, black blood, ages asleep,
In the sand-skinned belly buried deep.

In a sodden grave, near the sand-skinned hill,
A starved man lies all lank and still.
Had he but known, lean years ago
When the stunted corn shrank, row on row,
And he sweat and hoed the sullen sod
And cursed the land and cursed his God,
Why the strange black muck, now matting his hair
Had seeped from the soil in the same place where
The black beaks guzzle, row on row,
Sucking the belch of the undertow.

Bozart — Clyde Robertson

IN OLD CENTER MARKET

(Washington D. C.)

What memories keep tryst within your walls;
Unfailing as the blossoms opening
Their pageantry of bloom upon your stalls,
Weaving the ancient liturgy of spring
In primrose, lilac, daffodil. We come
Adventuring where legendary past
Will stir imagination's pendulum
To swing its ghostly tick-tock overfast.

In periwig and ruffles, shadows steal:
Again gay city gallants tread your aisle,
Their eyes alert for muscovy or teal,
While measuring a Mistress Dolly's smile.
Resurgent yesterday, with daring charm,
Unmasks today, as they stroll arm in arm.

Choir Practice — Anne M. Robinson

WHITE FROST

Hoar frost crept down the hills as quietly
As shadow-lengthened sleep. Star shod he came
Marauding dusk; his torch a cold-white flame
To blaze his way in fine spun filigree
Of ghostly radiance. Invincibly
He trailed the valley, eager to reclaim
His heritage; to trace his ancient name
On Autumn's gold and crimson witchery.

Bewildered dusk, transfigured, held her breath
As heart-beats crystallized. A riding moon
Swung low, its rebel brightness taunting death
In mirrored waters of the dark lagoon.
No faintest clink of Winter's spur was heard
When frost slipped down as lightly as a bird.

N. Y. Times — Anne M. Robinson

PORTRAIT

She seemed a goddess carved of quickened stone,
A being lovelier than mere mortals are,
Rather akin to sea and sky and star
And mountain places than to flesh and bone.
She moved among us, yet she moved alone,
Untouchable, a creature more than human,
Olympus-born rather than born of woman,
Like her that sprung from the head of Zeus, fullgrown.
She smiled, but as Athene might have smiled,
Kindly, on one that worshipped her. She kissed.
And suddenly I saw as through a mist
What lay beneath the goddess and the stone—
The hungry loneliness of a frightened child
Treading head high and dauntlessly, alone.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse DONALD FAY ROBINSON

HECTOR KANE

If Hector Kane at eighty-five
Was not the youngest man alive,
Appearance had anointed him
  With undiminished youth.
To look at him was to believe
That as we ask we may receive,
Annoyed by no such evil whim
  As death, or time, or truth.

Which is to doubt, if any of you,
Seeing him, had believed him true.
He was too young to be so old,
  Too old to be so fair.
Beneath a snowy crown of curls,
His cheeks that might have been a girl's
Were certainly, if truth were told,
  Too rose-like to be there.

But Hector was a child of earth,
And would have held of little worth
Reflection or misgiving cast

On his reality.
It was a melancholy crime,
No less, to torture life with time;
And whoso did was first and last
Creation's enemy.

He told us, one convivial night,
When younger men were not so bright
Or brisk as he, how he had spared
His heart a world of pain,
Merely by seeing always clear
What most it was he wanted here,
And having it when most he cared,
And having it again.

"You children of threescore or so,"
He said, "had best begin to know
If your infirmities that ache,
Your lethargies and fears,
And doubts, are mostly more or less
Like things a drunkard in distress
May count with horror, while you shake
For counting days and years.

"Nothing was ever true for me
Until I found it so," said he;
"So time for me has always been
Four letters of a word.
Time? Is it anything to eat?
Or maybe it has legs and feet,
To go so as to be unseen;
Or maybe it's a bird.

"Years? I have never seen such things.
Why let your fancy give them wings
To lift you from experience
And carry you astray?
If only you will not be old,
Your mine will give you more than gold,
And for a cheerful diligence
Will keep the worm away.

"We die of what we eat and drink;
But more we die of what we think;
For which you see me still as young
  At heart as heretofore.
So here's to what's awaiting us—
Cras ingens iterabimus—"
A clutch of wonder gripped his tongue,
  And Hector said no more.

Serene and inarticulate
He lay, for us to contemplate.
The mortal trick, we all agreed,
  Was never better turned:
Bequeathing us to time and care,
He told us yet that we were there
To make as much as we could read
  Of all that he had learned.

Scribner's Magazine EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

JEWEL WORDS

When man discarded carven bones
  And found that rocks held hidden flames,
He was bewitched by precious stones
  And called them precious names;
No dull and well-worn words would do
  To name his sparkling diadems,
But brilliant cadences and new,
  With syllables like gems.

Grand words that glow and gleam and blaze,
  Fire-opals through a milky mist,
Like chrysolite and chrysoprase,
  Jacinth and amethyst;
Sardonyx and chalcedony,
  The tongue twines lovingly around;
Beryl and lapis lazuli—
  Ah, noble words to sound!

Gems have I none and long for none,
  But oh, their names that crack like whips

Through all of Chapter Twenty-one
Of John's Apocalypse!
And one more name, of deep green waves
And silent, Orient magic made,
Cool in mysterious treasure-caves—
The majesty of Jade!

Skyline EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

SCRUB OAK

I am like a scrub-oak tree:
Granite is good earth for me.
I am small—but very tough:
Rock, for me, is food enough.
Elms may lift their pebbled towers
Higher, and the October flowers
Of the maples flush and blaze
Brighter than my sober phase:
But I hold my steadfast bronze
Leaves when they are skeletons!

Also in the Summer, I,
All that earth can do, defy:
Barren ledge and burning earth
Are foundation of my mirth.
There my silver-shaggy boughs
Feed the wildwood deer, not cows;
And that pert and furry flame—
The red squirrel—in mad game
Runs across my leafy hills
For his emerald domiciles.
Oven-bird and loud towhee
Have a strong green shield in me,
Bravely held against the sun.
Under my low bosses run
Fragrant gloss and dainty twine
Of wintergreen and partridge-vine.
And (while I turn the sun's shock)
Spring's lusty burnished partridge-cock
Beats his wings until they drum
Love's superb exordium.

Rock below and sun above—
Such is the harsh life I love;
Sun above and rock below—
Still I bud, and leaf, and grow:
Like little Jack from the old tale—
I fight my giants, and prevail.

In serenity I fashion—
With quiet power and quiet passion—
Stalwart loving-intricate
Cups to hold the glossy freight
Of the future's forests shut
In the brown joke of a nut.

Ice-storms come and ice-storms go;
Fire's golden rivers flow,
Flooding with their tidal waves
My green homely architraves:
Quietly I rise again
Over violence or chicane—
Defying, from the deeper granite,
The skin-diseases of the planet.

Listen to a scrub-oak tree
Speaking his philosophy:
"Rock and sun and sand are good
Always, to the brave man's mood:
Build on waste and desolation
Your green towers of affirmation;
If no God or man be fed,
Offer deer their emerald bread;
Though you shield no man or maid,
Give the little rabbits shade!"

Voices E. Merrill Root

TO LEO TOLSTOI

Your life was like the Colosseum where
One day the legions marched superb in bronze,
Bearing the eagles to the trumpets' blare,

Their helmets flashing like fierce dancing suns,
Crying their "Hail to Cæsar!" . . . and next day
Where they had marched, the stronger martyr stood
Till the lions leaped with manes like golden spray
And the great teeth met hot in Christian blood.

The shaggy goat-God, Pan—the thorn-crowned Christ—
Had each his hour: you knew the life each gave:
Before your spirit was our Eucharist,
You knew all this world gives of bright and brave.
Christ stood upon the mountain when he saw
The Kingdoms of the World; but you possessed
Those Kingdoms once—your genius won you awe,
And wealth, and power, and all the world calls best.

Upon the mountain-summit of your years,
Crowned with acclaim you stood—and turned away
From easy lies that comfort evil ears—
Turned to the men whom easy lies betray.
You spoke the truth we hate: you were an oak
Strong and unbowed upon the stormy hills—
A tree that thru the sod and centuries broke—
A steadfast tree that only lightning kills.

In the dumb midnight hour of the soul
You were a trumpet sounding truth and scorn;
Your words were golden roaring suns that roll
Routing the shadows, ripening the corn.
You loomed a holy and Himalayan peak,
Your height companioned by the terrible stars:
You asked strong hearts of all who dared to seek
A sanctuary mid your torrent-scars.

Simple and elemental, like a tree,
A sun, a mountain, you bade men return
From the brain's riddles to life's verity—
The wisdom that mere wit can never learn.
From lyric children crying for the moon,
You turned to high, Promethean agonies:
The sun hangs on the crucifix of noon
Forever, and his light is Calvary's.

The inner light amid the outer dark,
  The inner life amid the outer death,
These were your strength—the sun's unshaken mark
  That shines superb across the cyclone's breath.
You stood a man firm-footed on the soil—
  You stood a saint bright-haloed with the soul—
You turned to hearts of humble men who toil
  To find the love whereby the great suns roll.

You realized that all our daily bread
  Is Eucharist—the body and the blood
Of them that toil, broken for us: you said
  That Labor is a Christ whose flesh is food.
You too took up the ancient cross of toil
  And walked the humble ways of humble men;
For the first time since Francis trod earth's soil,
  Men saw the Evangel born in flesh again.

. . . . . .

O burning golden sun, your torrent light
  Stands yet above us if we will but see!
Bring to our Continents of Dreadful Night
  The morning of God's white simplicity.
Melt all our barren and terrible Age of Ice
  (Not outward now, but inward of the soul),
Till where its glaciers spread bleak armistice
  The roses kindle toward their crimson goal!

Bozart E. Merrill Root

MACHINE AGE

Today the iron creatures of Man's attempt at Eden
Have fallen (even as Adam fell who out of clay was kneaden):
The Adams that men shape from steel have left the Garden now—
The sullen Cain that is the Sword, the Abel of the Plow;
The children of our simple Eve mesh in their maker's blood;
The earth is full of Nephalim before the Second Flood.

(*But Man might yet be master—his Kingdom yet might come—*
And even our Adam yet regain earth's green Elysium.
We still might hear the Morning Stars that sang when earth began.
If we would save Man from Machines—and save Machines for Man.)

Today the Mesozoic Age brings back its iron hour:
Again earth sees the Mammoth, again the Dinosaur.
Once more the Pterodactyls and the trampling Aurochs come;
The Mastodon regains at last his lost millennium.
Humanity lies prostrate now before the arrogance
Of epileptic Dinosaurs that have St. Vitus' dance.
(*But the spirit could be master—though it hides in trees today,*
And the nightmare beasts of Matter might walk the Spirit's way.
If Humanity would rise for life and earth its heritage,
We yet might tame the iron beasts and win the Human Age.)

Today the windmills of the world (which Don Quixote charged)
Are charging Don Quixote—and their arms are much enlarged.
The windmills that were sluggish on the ancient hills of Spain
Like the Commander's Statue have found their feet again:
They traverse seas and continents, they knock the Mad Knight down,
In Moscow, Rome, Chicago, Berlin and London Town.
(*But if Don Quixote would but turn and charge the mills again,*
They might serve not grubbing millers but the hearts of simple men.
In the mighty love of comrades the Giants and Man might dwell,
Till the earth should make one music like the heart of Israfel.)

Today the iron Atlas who should bear upon his back
The steadfast burden of the globe across the zodiac,

Becomes on Sinbad's shoulders an Old Man of the Sea—
Till round the island of the earth Man wanders sullenly;
Or Atlas (the good giant) has turned to Blundabore
Who grinds our bones to make his bread—and holds the sky
no more.
(*But Sinbad yet might set the earth upon the Old Man's back;*
And Blundabore who bludgeons us might met with Little Jack:
Machines need not make Man their throne—nor Man's despair their grave:
Machines may yet save others—so themselves they yet may save.)

Therefore let us turn our Adam from the pride and power
that damn,
Until at last the dynamo shall lie down with the lamb.
Let us tame the Mesozoic hell where we have gone like Dante,
Till we make of Matter's Dinosaur the spirit's Rosinante.
Let us at last refute the road that calls itself the goal,
And bring the cogwheel Night of Things the Sun which is
the Soul.
Then Man shall not be the pavement where the wheels of
Matter run.
And Machines put in their place shall find their place within
the sun;
Then Man, who is Prometheus by a clockwork vulture riven,
Shall descend from Matter's Caucasus and steal the Fire
from Heaven.

Voices E. Merrill Root

STORM CENTAUR

The clouds are shaken like the silver mane
Of a great Centaur, and the very ground
Trembles beneath the flashing hoofs of rain.

Over our cloud-tall cities he will bound
For playful hurdles, and the forests seem
Like meadow-grass beneath his fierce hoofs' sound.

His lusty chaos, his wild roar and gleam,
Wake the dull earth to splendor and urge once more:
So, to a tired man, comes a mighty dream.

Now to an earth grown tame he will restore
Apocalypse in silver metaphor.

Hail to you, Centaur from the wilderness!
For you are fierce, and terrible, and vast;
Your silver hoofs fall with a tidal stress.

You come from chaos whence the protoplast
Burst in red lava of the flesh: my heart
Is the bronze drum of your encomiast.

I will go forth with you—august, apart,
Aloof from men: I'll toss my arms and shout:
My spirit leaves its four walls, for the smart

And drench of the world's tempests: I go out
From all the spirit's rooms and roofs: I gain
Earth's open roads, and all Life's roar and rout.

While dull men cower from the hoofs of rain,
I grasp for bridle the Storm's wind-flung mane!

Like Sans Culottes who chant a *Ça-Ira*—
Or silver Mænads—now the great winds leap:
Bacchantes mounted on Niagara.

The strong oaks huddle like scared emerald sheep
Before the trampling Centaur cosmos-bidden.
His hoof-prints scar the cleft road roaring-deep.

The tossing splendor of his mane has hidden
The very sun—airy Yosemite
Around the sky's great bonfire. Who has ridden

Such might and music, surge and ecstasy?
Who dares mount bareback on Eternity?

Earth is Beethoven now: now agony
Wrestles with joy—rhythms of discord make
From mighty conflict mightier unity.

The sluggish earth that now the great hoofs shake
Is the facsimile of my heart: I too
Would feel within me all the tempests wake.

O Storm sweep inward!—break into the blue
Skies of our lives! Shatter the petty calm
That dulls our days: the soul has need of you!

Into our Time's caprice of bale or balm,
Break once again with Whitman's roaring psalm!

Today I'll mount the Centaur of the storm,
And twist my fingers in his cloudy mane,
And ride superb across Earth's multiform

Forests and cities—like the drag and stain
Of muddy grass. Mounted on music . . . hurled
As from a stormy catapault of rain,

Like a wild arrow roaring over the world,
To the target of Eternity I'll go . . .
A banner of storm that never shall be furled . . .

Allegro for the earth's adagio . . .
Splendor and strength to shake the world's dull woe!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly E. Merrill Root

PROLOGUE TO A READING OF POEMS

My Lords and Ladies, lo, the hour is here
Wherein it plainly will appear
Unto this chosen company, this sturdy rout
Of poets, scriveners, and diners-out
Whether or no you showed a lack of wit
In coming here to hearken and to sit
While I immodestly go through again
The ancient ritual of pain,
Brave with the painted masques of mirth
That joins a man unto the earth
And to himself, and to the high gods
Who torture him with silver-singing rods.

This we call art, my friends: to eat
This pain as others eat
Bread, to be denied all else and yet to live
And grow greater than self, and give
The honey of peace, the wine of power;
To give, not share, no, scarce an hour;
Instead to feel the unforgiving scorn
Of the great dead, and the unborn
Heroes, who one day will rise and shout
The words we mutter, and the faiths we flout.

This we call art, my friends. I wish, I'm sure,
It were a thing less exigent, less pure.
We all agree it is too bad
The lady must be wooed, or else not had.
But that, my friends, is art; it's not too late—
The evening's young—to make another date.
Get you to a nunnery, my girl, and you, my son,
The loud bassoon has only now begun
To sound within the festive hall
Where you need scarcely *feel* at all.

What, you would linger? You deserve indeed
A priest less surly, and a greater meed
Of loaves and fishes. Mine the sin
If you go hungry. Let the play begin!

The Nation JAMES RORTY

HAMLET IN MODERN DRESS

Nymph, in thine orisons, do not forget
A certain poet who had laughed
Himself half way to wisdom, having set
Guards at the gate of his eternal city
Fiercely to slay the beggars of self-pity . . .
Half way, I said; hence, maiden, waft
A prayer into that infinite
Air that laves the world, wherein we sow
Fear, grief, desire, deeds, the bright
Keen lust of satyrs and the dream of saints.
This air we breathe, and whoso faints

Has need of laughter; so
Go to, my girl . . . get thee to a nunnery, the poet's mad;
Who's he to blow the bubble of your world?
The time is out of joint; his lips are curled.

The Nation JAMES RORTY

MARION NEVIN MACDOWELL

She was a woman with sense too keen
On her own loss and grief to lean.
Out of his wreckage she formed a vow
To check the treacherous undertow,
To stop the waste, though when and how
A plan would mature she did not know.

Grubbed from her faith and the stinging need
Acres and farm and cabins grew.
She pushed ahead with harried speed,
Though the winds of worry bitterly blew.
Around distraught, noise-weary folk
She wrapped the forest's protecting cloak.
For their own sake, as well as for him,
She claimed all artists her next of kin.

The Harp AGNES RYAN

OBIIT

Dead today, the last
Dreamer of a dream.
Now the dream is past.

Here her garment is
Fallen in the ruin
Of her happiness.

Here she died alone.
Here the cutting knife
Freed her aching life.

Lying cold and white,
She's with beauty now
In the silent night.

Winter is her home,
Her wreathed roses snow.
Spring will never come.

Lover come or go,
Sad or sorry said,
She will never know.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse JAMES J. RYAN

HER HEART IS WATER

Her heart is water, its own self its stay.
It will be fog or cloud or haze, or frail
Mists that wander after daylight pale.
It will be all things: the sea's salty spray
White in the wind, cast fuming on a shore
Stone-desolate; a river's liquid song;
A fountain wearing jewels for a throng
Of dancing waves; a pool forevermore
Quiet under leaves gold-rimmed, death-black;
A sea-mirror; or, made of sweet love dreaming,
A crystal well; a molten river gleaming
Under hot sun, flame following its track;
Falls, rapids; wild water of storm and trouble;
Or, being quit of love, a gay bubble.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse JAMES J. RYAN

CHANGE

Oh, the sad smile the summer gives
Among the hurrying cries!
Her wealth hides frail hurt things.

The passing kings
Cannot put forth a more appealing hand
Than autumn where he makes a sad last stand.

But oh, the half-hushed moans
That are spring's wandering tones
By stolid towns and ways!

We have not such wild days—
So much to lose, such beauty, root and branch,
To change, to shake and blanch
And fall to death;
We have not such soft breath.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse JAMES J. RYAN

PATRICIAN

This tired Atlas scarcely comprehends
That he upholds a world. He does not feel
The pressure on his shoulders, and his heel
Is steady in the dust. Although he bends
This is a noble gesture; he attends
Still to his father's business. He may kneel
His lifetime through, but life will yet reveal
Splendor that falls and splendor that ascends.

He will not know the instant when his world
Will totter on his shoulders' pediment.
He will not hear the thunder, will not see
His unacknowledged burden swiftly hurled,
Crumbling to phantom in its first descent,
Upon the pavement of reality.

The Commonweal HARRIET SAMPSON

MOUNTAIN HAMLET

Wide-eyed all night in the weatherworn inn,
As the chill winds rattled on the rain-trough's tin,
Deep in a feather-bed I tossed in the gloom
That dripped from the walls of the attic room.

There was never a sound in the moldering house
But the wail of the wind and the squeak of a mouse
Eerily scampering under the gable . . .
Over the rafters . . . down on the table.

Never a sound but the slow tick-tock
From the laggard tongue of the grandfather's clock,
The bronchial whir and the dubious chime
Of the old bronze bells as they croaked the time.

Remote I was from the face of a friend,
In a hamlet tucked where the mountains bend
A gnarly arm round a lonely sweep
So desolate that I could not sleep.

Restless, I crept to the window-sill:
The ice-browed cabins under the hill,
Forlorn, abandoned, huddled in a row
Like frozen ptarmigan squat in the snow.

The tavern lamplight, leaning on the blizzard,
Hooded in white, was a hunched-up wizard,
With lean yellow fingers that conjured hosts
Of shambling shadows and slim gray ghosts.

I groped my way to the old bedstead
And stared at the portrait over my head:
The long gone father of my host who was sleeping,
Snoring at ease while the hours were creeping.

Through Gunflint Pass, with his old ox-cart,
He had reached this nook; with a resolute heart
He had swung his ax through the forest halls,
Had hewn the logs of these homestead walls.

Here in the hills, for seventy years,
This gaunt bell-wether of the pioneers
Had browsed content, and with placid eye
Had mulled his cud as the world rushed by.

And here, with his paunch and his apple-like face,
My host, his son—the last of his race—
Had slept untroubled by the slow tick-tock
And the dull bronze bells of his father's clock.

He had lived content, like his pioneer sire,
With his hickory-chair and his wide hearth-fire,
His cobwebbed kegs in the cellar's damp,
His feather-beds and his tavern-lamp.

I burrowed in my bed when a wintry gust
Clattered on the panes with a brittle white dust,
As the bleak wind fumbled the flapping shutter
And moaned like a cat in the loose rain-gutter.

Soundless the mountain, soundless the wood,
Except for a lynx in the neighborhood,
Who shivered the night with an icy wail
When the blizzard raked him from muzzle to tail.

Faintly I caught the struggle and strain,
The melancholy cry of a railway train
Climbing the Gunflint high and higher—
The belly-born tones of the West Coast Flier.

Nearer the grinding clang and rattle
Of the transcontinental streaming to Seattle,
Whistling as she flew, "Make way! make way!—
For another tribe and another day!"—

Laden with vendors of motor-cars,
Radio experts and cinema stars,
With railway presidents, governors,
Airplane mechanics, and realtors.

Like a red-tailed rocket in the midnight's black,
It crashed through the hamlet; and left in its track
The blinking eye of a signal-light
As its cloud of glory vanished in night.

The faint gold tones of the mellow bell,
Like the music of the sea held in a shell,
Trembled in the hills, so cupped and hollowed
They echoed the echoes. Silence followed.

Oh, never a sound but the groan of the floor—
Two ghostly feet at the innkeeper's door . . .
Pacing the room of my host who sighed
And rolled on the bed where his father had died.

Never a sound but a squeak on the rafter,
The windmill's creak and the wind's wild laughter,
The interminable tick, the inevitable tock
From the thick halt tongue of the grandfather's clock.

BROKEN DRAKE

Through harrowing hours now, O broken drake,
I've watched you, from my shelter in these reeds,
Struggling to lift your splendor from this lake
That holds you, crippled, in a net of weeds.

How desperately you circle round and round
Your patch of open water in the rice,
Seeking to break from chill white nights that hound
You down with inexorable inching ice.

What rending hunger in your calls, what fright,
When wedge on wedge, the homing ducks swing low,
Gabbling their counsel to aid you in your plight,
To win you from the clutch of the grinding floe.

What flutter of shattered bone, what anguished cry
And frenzied frustrate lunge, O lonely thing,
When, wedge on wedge, they wheel and let you lie—
To sink back, panting, on your splintered wing.

Futile your hope; November night will crowd
Your flesh to sleep on a green and glassy bed,
Cover you gently with a snowy shroud,
And chant for you in the rushes at your head.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse LEW SARETT

FEATHER

High in the noon's bright bowl of blue
I saw an idling eagle tilt
His suave white wings. As smooth he flew
As water flows on silt.

He wheeled; a feather from his wing
Fluttered from out the clean clear dome
And sank on the grassy carpeting,
Soft as a moth on foam.

In the eerie hour before the dawn,
I heard, out of the starry height,
The gentle ghost of one long gone
  Whisper across the night.

The tender fragment of a call
Fell soft as the down of any bird.
And none but I saw the feather fall;
  And no man caught the word.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse . . . . LEW SARETT

HELEN OF LAUGHING LEDGE

Young Helen's beauty has its source
Within the tumbling water course
Whose leagues of ripple, race and pool
Have put this woman-child to school
With rainbow streamers in the mist
Where rapids grind their feathery grist;
Woods mirrored upside down and wet,
The current's velvet clarionet,
The sob and chuckle of the eddy,
Cool river gusts, well-spiced and heady
With incense of torn bark and tones
Of fluent log-drive xylophones—
Bearing the cataract's organ-shout
With every single stop pulled out.

Poised for a dive, she can compare
With a young birch, and her crisp hair
Centers the sun, as birch leaves hold
Something of all September's gold.

Her flesh is sweet as eglantine
Or Indian grasses in the shine;
And now her fragrance turns capricious,
Growing more headily delicious
To show you how the twinflower bell
Or the wild honeysuckle smell.

The blur of down upon her skin
Suggests a muted violin
That hums of melting frosts of dew
On iris leaves when dawn is new.

Prisoned in city walls, I think,
Of her when thirsting for a drink
Poured by the loveliness of Maine;
Dreaming of her, I know again
Iced runnels from Katahdin slides,
Shelves where the broody partridge hides,
The hush of lappings in a cove
Where herons wade and otters rove,
The whole dear gamut of wild water
That knows young Helen for its daughter.

The Harp ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WOODS-SMELL

You feel that everything is well
The moment that you come to smell:

Tall gale downtrodden, with a hint
Of bears about, a breath of mint,

Sweet fern rubbed well by finger and thumb,
Sunny wild roses, balsam gum,

Fumes from a toadstool's fat umbrella,
The guardian scent of citronella,

The tang of salt winds from far surf,
Filtered all day through trees and turf,

Fir tips, the reek of heavy loam
Pawed by a fox from his new home;

Slow incense of red cedar logs
Trailing their smoke on orchid bogs;

A dapper skunk across the clearing—
Provided that he is not nearing;

Rich rankness from that profiteer,
The mushroom—and the atmosphere,

Sweet as a honeysuckled gate,
That warm wild strawberries create.

But when you nose the forest through
And pass its odors in review,

The only fragrance to compare
With massed pine needles in the glare,

Lurks in that reconnoitering sniff
Of forests when the final whiff

Of steam and city things has gone,
Leaving the sharp, primeval dawn.

The Commonweal — Robert Haven Schauffler

SUMMER IS A MATRON

Summer is a matron,
Plump and fair and smiling,
Summer is a matron:
Into her great wide apron
Such goodly gifts she's piling.

Summer is a matron—
A hostess famed for giving.
Summer is a matron,
Earth her undying patron—
Twin miracles of living.

American Poetry Magazine — Lulu Minerva Schultz

SOLACE

I will be the beauty
That deep winters know,
Red-bright holly berries
Pearl-like mistletoe.

When you turn from orchids
Corsaged with a pawn,—
I will be the fir-tree
Growing on your lawn.

And when summer flowers
Release their solemn vow,
I will be snow-flowers
To cool your fevered brow.

Choir Practice LULU MINERVA SCHULTZ

ANCESTORS

I know my fathers braved the sea
From some New England shore;
With every storm that sweeps the plains
My inland spirits soar.

I like to strive against the wind
That brings the dashing rain,
And as it whips across my face
I join its weird refrain.

The thunder is the mad wave's boom;
A flapping tree a sail;
The lightning flash is some far port
That signals in the gale.

And O, the joy when northers come,
To face the icy sleet,
And feel the warm blood pounding back
With every blow I meet.

The sea—a storm—ancestral blood—
Are calling me away,
And that is why I cannot sit
Indoors, a stormy day!

Pasque Petals EMMA THOMAS SCOVILLE

THESE VERY STONES

I: The Tall Tower

These are the very stones, be satisfied,
The stones they brought to build a tower, tall,
Massive and beautiful. This was their wall,
These few rocks laid together, side by side.
After a time they wearied. Neither tried
To add a single stone, and that is all
Save that they blamed each other for the fall
Of their high dreams, each in his baffled pride.
And if they come, asking with shamefaced wonder
Whether the door stands open, there is no door.
No angel warns them off with a voice of thunder,
No god provides the thing they are looking for . . .
A stronghold and a roof to shelter under . . .
They find the stones they left, and nothing more.

II: House of Straw

When they were done with stone, they built and shared
A makeshift shelter where they crept at night,
A house of straw, though dry and water-tight
While yet the trivial storms of summer spared
Its flimsy roof; and neither greatly cared.
Now Autumn is here. . . . There is no fire to light,
The wind tears at the house with cruel spite
Till all its shameful poverty is bared.
How shall they huddle here against the cold,
At heart alone, only for warmth together?
So many wasted hours, unshared, untold,
Divide their minds, that each must wonder whether
Some other casual shelter might not hold
More warmth and comfort in this wintry weather.

III: Shelter from the Night

If this were all, it were sad enough: to have known
Beauty and lost it, remembering as they must
From an earlier day, how lofty, how august
The tower they planned of grey immortal stone.

But winter comes; and when the winds have blown
Their house of straw to atoms, they shall be thrust
Into the bitter darkness of the dust,
Each in his separate pride, aloof, alone.
So now by devious paths they are returning
Here where they planned a tower, unfulfilled.
The wall they built outlasted their sojourning
In that frail house of straw. It is late to build
A shelter from the night, but they are learning
To use at last these very stones they spilled.

Poetry, a Magazine of Verse MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

THE SECRET PRAYER

The nature of her hands is such
At slipping things they clutch and clutch;
Despite my folly, I know best
That, empty, they are happiest,
And things that start to slip away
No cries, no hungry hands can stay,
So let this be my private prayer:
Deprive my hands of all but air,
And let them grow austere and thin,
Clothed only in their proper skin;
And let my fingers take their ease
Carelessly folded on my knees;
Whatever comes within their grasp,
Let them never reach and clasp;
Teach them the apathy they must
Practice when they turn to dust;
Then let me look a little while
On life with an indifferent smile,
And drop the armor of my pride—
With naught to lose, with naught to hide.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

HIS TREE

These apples are strange nourishment
For human hunger, but content

She feeds upon this meagre fare
Who might starve piteously elsewhere.
Her bare field grew this stunted tree
Whose roots reach deeper than the sea,
Whose sap, a thin and salty wine,
Is drawn from the green ocean's brine,
Rising through gnarly roots to blight
Hard leaves, impervious to the light,
Whose frugal show of April blossom
Fell early to the earth's warm bosom,
On whose black boughs the fruit hangs blind
And armored in a bitter rind;
Chill fruit the hot autumnal sun
With alien wonder looks upon,
Harsh fruit the soft and innocent earth
Incredulously brought to birth.
Yet she is proud, as one for whom
Remembering its April bloom,
And faithful to an April vow,
The stunted tree, the twisted bough,
The blackened leaf, the hidden root,
Brought forth a miracle of fruit:
This is his very tree, whereof
The acrid, withered fruit is love.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse MARJORIE ALLEN SEIFFERT

AT THE DYERS

"Your dress will dye, dark blue," the neat clerk said
And bent to ticket it. Above her head
My hungry eyes fly eagerly around
From wall to wall—this room is sacred ground
To me. That show-case over there,
It fills the self-same corner our old square
Piano filled! The spot on which she stands
We stood on, wintry days, to warm our hands
Before the cheerful fire. No one could guess.
What was our hearth is just a meaningless
Protuberance on the wall—except to me;
Not all earth's bricks can wall in memory!
I see, not the long row of wooden cases

But chairs drawn up and firelight and faces!
The clerk is speaking, "Oh! I did not think
To tell you that, no doubt, your dress will shrink.
But skirts are short, that will not hurt." She smiles.
O paradox of passing years and styles!
The first long skirt I ever, ever wore
I proudly trailed along this very floor
Coming down stairs to welcome my first beau,
Grown up! O clerk! The things you do not know!
I must be staring too much at the wall:
"I asked you: Shall we send or will you call?"
Her courteous voice repeats. "Oh! I will come!"
I gaily cry. (It will be coming home.)
I dally, someone's coming down the stair,
The stair down which we rushed to school, and there
Unaltered, is the window by the light
Of which we did our lessons. (What a fright
We got the day that brother spilled the ink
On the new carpet!) Turning round, I think
Of well-remembered bed-rooms overhead
And attic windows and the drying shed
And, going out, of marble steps scrubbed white,
And mats and long talks in the summer night
And gay farewells and happy welcoming.
Now just a lettered shop door, opening!
"Please call again!" she adds. As if it were
A signal, suddenly, from everywhere,
Throng forth a multitude of little ghosts,
From floor and wall and stair and newel-posts,
The ghosts of vanished hours of joy and pain!
And press me, pleading, urging, "Come again!
The things we said, just now, we've never told
The strangers here, too busy they and cold.
But you have time for us and love us well
And there is much that we have still to tell.
Please come again."

America GRACE H. SHERWOOD

MESSIAH

Complete, alive, belonging to itself, of her no part—
The girl looked down at this against her linen shift.

It beat against her heart. It beat: her Heart.
Her teat exposed, swollen with first milk, twitched.
The little creature wept. With finger and thumb upon the nipple pressed,
She offered her full breast.

Obedient to the first need like a calf, it sucked and found warm milk good.
Small red fists and bones delicate as a pigeon's bones. Its hair
Was like a flame upon its head or a crown. Whether of man begot or God
On the girl's heart it lay, contented there,
Taking its first slow milk without surprise.
After a while it turned and shut its eyes.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse PEARL ANDELSON SHERRY

DEATH

The preacher, and the sad young man,
The expectant mother with her hand on her side,
The impatient lawyer, the bent old woman,
The rich lady from the house on the hill—
All stop, and look, and touch a stone or two,
And murmur, "Ah Death, what are you?"

* * * *

Prudence Jordon—
I'll tell you what death is like—
Death is like dawning.
The world was fresh and singing;
I rose early,
Set my house in order,
And walked through the meadow
To the spring.

Dr. Henry Ross—
Death is but a pause in the work of the day.
The air was hot and heavy—
I was very tired;
I turned in at my gate,
And dropped quietly onto the lowest step.

Hugo Engelhart—

I used to ride after the cows
Just before supper;
Sometimes I turned to watch the sun go down—
The west was like a chameleon.
I used to wonder whether I could reach the great creature
If I would ride very fast.
One day a snake frightened my pony;
He galloped wildly down the road;
Before I could stop him
A great burst of color and light
Told me that the great chameleon
Was coming down upon me.

Ilyvon Archambeau—

The sweetest thing I ever found
Was love at night.
I walked down into the deep, calling wood,
And stood silent for a minute,
Enraptured, listening.
Then a dark figure came through the trees—
I ran to meet my lover.
He caught me fiercely and kissed me;
But it was not my lover—
It was Death.

Pasque Petals HARRIET SEYMOUR

THREE MEN

"If three men could be set before us as the most perfect Greek, Roman, and Jew respectively, and if we could choose which we would have our only son most resemble, is it not likely we should find ourselves preferring the Greek or Roman to the Jew?"—Samuel Butler.

So, I knocked upon history's pages,
I knocked and I paused in peace;
And out strode the soundest of sages,
Old Plato, the thinker of Greece.

And out of the graveyard of story
I beckoned a Roman by name,
And Cæsar, dripping with glory,
Heard my call, and he came.

Then, walking softly and slowly,
As one in a dream may do,
With eyes that were sad and holy,
Came Jesus, the gentle Jew.

And I looked at the first and the second,
And I looked for a while at the third,
And, oh, it was less than I reckoned,
Though none had uttered a word.

For, watching them all in a glance, or
Watching them one by one—
God! Did I need to answer
Which I would want for a son!

The Greenwich Village Quill A. B. Shiffrin

THEREAFTER

She loved. There was no weariness she found
Longer than quiet waiting, while the trees
Broke bud, swelled fruit, and scattered leaves on ground
The snow subsumed to fresh fertilities.
For she must watch the single-coursèd sun
Ever rewinding time's untimely net,
Wherewith a wanderer's days are overspun . . .
Item a payne is sett.

She gave herself. For what is love but giving
Gladly, even all one has, asking return
Only of giving more, until all living
Is a wide proffer that he did not earn:
This is a woman's love. And still the man's
Brightens with morning dalliance, with jet
Of desire, dew-laughter; such joyous take as bans
Fear that the sun shall set.

She waited. But he took the challenge tuned
By farther cities, with their decked parade
Of posts and powers with appetites festooned,
And lust in garlands, softer than a maid.
He rode triumphant where the spaniel crowd
Yelped glee. She wondered if all men forget.
Night from the east drew on its winter-cloud . . .
Item a payne is sett.

Voices JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE TEACHER

He had been meant for higher things than teaching
Indifferent lads the journey they must make:
More expectations die from over-reaching
Than win their goal; why must so many break
A path so few can follow to its end?
The cycles of the sun move swiftly round
Grinding the full, grudged power he must spend
To no recorded change. Abrupt walls bound
Man's most endeavor; what might be is forsaken
In futile stride toward nothing they shall know:
What matters the goal, so that they touch it first?
He soured to find the world would never grow.
He did not see that he was overtaken,
And did not know it was himself he cursed.

Contemporary Verse JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE PHILOSOPHER

Philosophy had taught him the confusion
We muddle into life, and had foreshown
Illusion at the core of disillusion,
For never the eggs one hatches are one's own,
And always the world, peeled onion, yields but tears.
So he had foiled his days by building them
Into an ivory tower of mellow years;
He fingered pity as a sparkling gem
Set in the graven ring of irony.

There in seclusion he beheld the earth
Mazed in its futile need to thrust ahead
Where no direction can be pointed free
From its own circle. Who can measure the worth
Of life while living? He knew not he was dead.

Contemporary Verse JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

THE FIDDLER

Many and varied are the tales
  Of how his fiddle's bow was made,
But someone shaped its maple neck
  Whose hands were clumsy at the trade.

Yet, devil strains are in the thing,
  Sensuous music . . . drunken sounds,
Such whines as come on moonlight nights
  Out of the throats of lonely hounds.

There is no mellowness of tone
  In any ribald song he hums:
His voice is rasping as a saw—
  His curses hold the roll of drums.

But each deep line which cleaves his cheek
  Grows shallow when he starts to play:
A half-smile leaves its curving trace
  And drives his brooding scowl away.

His fingers, dark from stable toil
  Go dancing down the web of string
And hill-folk dancing to the strains
  Lose muscle-hurt and furrow-sting.

Bozart JAY G. SIGMUND

SKY MAZE

To seek your love how gladly have I trod
The uncertain ladder of the wind—to find

Star-countries scattered on the hills of God,
And roads more devious than I left behind.
The incandescent planet-trees disturb
My preconceived ideas of light and shade.
The comet-flowers and each gleaming herb
Are stranger than the blooms that wilt and fade.
The fire-rivers scorch me. I can think
Again of fields of earth, of moving air,
Of couch to lie upon, of food, of drink.
This love, more burning than my flesh can bear,
Has shriveled me. This paradise is hell,
And earth a heaven where I may not dwell.

N. Y. Herald-Tribune: Books MARGARET SKAVLAN

SYNCHRONY

I pause a moment on this sunset bay
To see a world of things, among them these:
October painting red and gold the leaves;
A town of lily-pads adrift one way;
A family of water-bugs at play;
A dragon-fly arattle on my boat;
A lovely moth aflutter and afloat;
A trout that swirls and carries him away.

Here we are, pausing in the busy fuss
Of love and death and change that make our days,
Come to this single moment snatched from time
Some billion years out of the common slime.
The sun goes down. I shudder. All of us
Depart forever on our several ways.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse CHARD POWERS SMITH

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO LOVED ME A LITTLE

I

First you were beautiful to me. It seemed
That all life's sunlight gathered in your face,

And your young bosom was the resting place
That my crusading wings had fondly dreamed.
Then you were kind, and for a wanton jest
Plied me with anodynes for my desire,
Till drunk with them I thought to hold entire
The secret truth that beautified your breast.

But then you looked away. The jest was done:
Beauty and kindness were the end of giving,
And wantonness for you the end of living,
No higher peaks remaining to be won.
So I dream here alone, in doubt if such
As I am loved too little, or too much.

II

Sometimes I think you never loved at all,
But spread your waxen wings of young romance
Wide to the April wind of circumstance,
And soared to heights from which you had to fall.
And then I blame myself who gave the spur
And rein to those wild horses of desire,
Whose tireless importunity must tire
A charioteer as tender as you were.

For now I know that we remain apart,
Most helplessly athirst for one another,
And when I reach to you my arms can smother
Only a ghost that throbs without a heart.
A double star we circle, I and you
Who burn as one, and are forever two.

III

And so I turn to go. But, looking back,
I see your lighted eyes that hesitate
Between the hunger it is mine to sate
And the full glory of the love they lack.
And I return, as often I've returned,
To have one moment's final flaunt at fate,
Only to see the moment dissipate
And learn again the truth that I have learned.

So let us part. I can not in the end
Love anything less beautiful than love,
Nor have you for a body or a friend,
Less than the truth you are the image of,
Nor ever kiss again a mask above
An empty heart that can not comprehend.

The Harp CHARD POWERS SMITH

A LIFE

So many years ago one cannot tell
How long it was, his eyes would shine to hear
The fairy stories children love so well,
Ghosts, elves, and brownies, all were very near.
And then the fire of youth was in his heart,
When girls looked up at him with glowing eyes;
He danced and laughed, and scarce could set apart
This happy place called Earth from Paradise.
The mold is on those long-closed fairy books,
For that was in the old time free from care:
Ah, that was then—now in life's beaten nooks
He crouches with his body all but bare,
Or stumbling down the sodden street, he looks
For pennies in the gutter of despair.

Harper's Magazine GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

WE ARE NOT SO TALL

Now, we are
Not so tall
As we shall be,
When the soul climbs
To the point of a star,
And the heart leaps
In the top of a tree.

Kaleidoscope FLORIDA WATTS SMYTH

TIDE CYCLE

High Tide

You are different every morning, rocky shore:
Today the full flood-tide comes welling through
Each crevice of each boulder at my door,
And, risen level with the meadow rue,
The jewel-weed, purple asters, wild sweet-peas,
And morning-glories bordering the bank,
Coaxes the driftwood tossed by windy seas
To shove out here and there a needed plank,
And bridge the gap between the sea and land;
Uplifted by your slow rise I am caught
Twice over as a seagull takes his stand—
Illumined whiteness in a rounded spot
Upon a ruddy ledge, as if the full
Flood-tide of life were brimming in a gull.

Low Tide

You are different every morning, rocky shore:
Today the tide has gone and left you bare;
But did not leave until the robes she wore
Were wrapped around her little ones with care.
The hidden pools she passed by when she fled,
The cloak of eel-grass gloriously green—
Inviting as the cloak Sir Walter spread
Before the approaching footsteps of his queen—
All these will bring her back. Meanwhile we peer
About the house, wide open, left behind
For our delight: the massive ledges sheer,
Rising like islands, the brown kelps iodined,
Filling our nostrils with the low-tide smells
That waken memory like forgotten bells.

Half Tide

You are different every morning, rocky shore:
Today the half-tide ledges barely show,
Awash with hurrying wavelets that restore
The lacquer quick as sunlight bids it go.

Now periwinkles on yellow rockweed clinging
Like slates of schoolboys turn from black to gray;
Now rockweed blobs explode as we come bringing
The dark blue clams before the rising bay.
You are a promise of more rocks laid bare,
A promise of more ledges to erase,
A middle ground between the here and there,
A child of Neptune with a Janus face.
One loves the ocean brimming, one low tide;
Here for an hour both are satisfied.

The Nation WILBERT SNOW

IN SYLLABLES OF FIRE

Great jewels gleaming on night's dusky breast,
Flinging bright glory far across the sky,
How often pleading eyes sought your behest,
Stupendous Urim-Thummim blazing high!
Chaldean priests had watched—and Persian too—
Pondering with awe your calm majestic light,
Each lucent gem a flaming word of new
Portentous meaning written on the night.
In mystery and wonder you have shone
On Egypt's pyramids, and Troy long dead,
Judean lilies have your splendor known—
That I should see you shining overhead!

Undimmed by Time's slow-footed, grim advance,
Deathless, and clothed in awful radiance.

Bozart VIRGINIA SPATES

HOMESICK

I am homesick:
Not for what is,
But for what has passed away.

I would see again
The wide gray house upon the hill—
See it in actuality,
Not as a memory that comes at will—

Its generous, deep-rooted trees,
And garden where delicious berries grew,
That the black birds fancied too.
And I would dream
Once more in fragrant rooms
Filled with soft laughter,
And the sound of tears.
It is incredible
That a few unnoticed years
Could render into air
The things that seem
So permanent.

I am homesick
Not for what is,
But for that which is no more.

Contemporary Verse VIRGINIA SPATES

GRAPES: STILL-LIFE

Snugly you rest, sweet globes,
Aged essence of the sun;
Copper of the platter
Like that you lie upon

Is so well your heritage
You need feel no change
From the ringlet of your stem
To this bright rim's flange;

You green-white Niagara,
Cool dull Nordic of your kind,—
Does your thick meat flinch
From these . . . touch and press your rind?

Caco, there, so close to you,
Is the beauty of the vine;
Stamen red and pistil black
Through the curving line;

Concord, the too peaceful one
Purpling at your side,
All the colours of his flask
Holding high in pride . . .

This, too, is your heritage,
You who force the plight;
Blood and bone you turn to them
For their root is white.

The Crisis ANNE SPENCER

TROTH

My chief!
You were terror to all other tribes
Who are now most terrible to your own,
For your life-light has gone out
And you are one with the dark and its demons:
These only, Apaches fear.
The blood of Geronimo spilled from your heart
When you fell before our wickiup at noon,
Small black roundness red on your breast
Hurled from the long stick of the paleface
That, speaking, *kills*.
You, who were arrow and thunder to your tribe
And morning to your woman,
Are frightful stillness, not to be named.
We ran from you . . . far . . . far . . . to make a new
camp
Racing with the sun. . . .

More than any, I fear. More than any, I love—
O my warrior!
I come back through the awful wood
On the dread trail of midnight
Alone, joyous.
Bats could not stay me; the owl heard my laughter;
Chased by devils, my soul was singing
For it knew the end was dawn.
White east sees your squaw again beside you
Happy on our bed of *death*.

The Nation LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

THE RED GHOSTS CHANT

Pawnees

I—hari—hari—ahé!
Our Father, the Morning Star,
Look down upon us today!
Your forehead so shining and far
Is wearing the morning star.
Heru! Heru! Heru!
Wolves on the warpath we are.
We are your children too
And children of Uraru
Who feeds us with pumpkin and corn.
O Father the Star of Morn!
O Mother Earth, Uraru!
I—hari—hari—ahé-
Heru! Heru! Heru!

Kiowas

(men)

He is our Father:
The Sun! The Sun!
He shines on his children
Who came through a tree trunk
To the Earth Mother.
He sends the peyote
And night runs before him:
The Sun! The Sun! The Sun!

(women)

In twilight of autumn
Six stars rise together:
They are our sisters
Our six laughing sisters.
We dance and we sing to them.
Six stars of heaven
Laugh down on the maidens

Laugh down on the women
For we are the sisters
Of bright stars and white stars
And far stars of heaven.

Comanches

Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
We chase the Buffalo
With arrow and bow
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
He is our Father
Hurrying to us
Black on the prairie
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
He feeds the Comanches
He gives us our tipis
He clothes the Comanches
We hunt the Buffalo
He is our Father
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Utes

We are sons of mighty Manitou
Our mother is his child—Hi—yu!
Our father is the Bear—Hi—ya!
We have tipis in the sky and are
Above all other tribes—Hi—yu!
We are brothers to the hills—Hi—ya!
We can climb and reach the evening star.
Let us shuffle, let us stamp—Hi—yu!
Let us dance to mighty Manitou!
All the Utes are brave and strong—Hi—ya!
Utes are eagles flying high and far. . . .
Hi—yu! Hi—yu! Hi—yu! Hi—YA!

Contemporary Verse LILIAN WHITE SPENCER

SONNETS OF RED AND WHITE

I seemed to wait for something. . . . A last bird
Ceased, lone as I, and twittering dusk was dumb
Till, suddenly, my heart leaped to the drum

Whose eerie and imperious summons stirred
Through evening shadows crying out a word
And one word only. It was "Come! Come! Come!"
Why should a white girl's house grow wearisome
When, on the night, an old red voice is heard?

"Come! Come!" A desert mile the message sped
From the pueblo music-makers sent.
"I must not go! I will not go!" I said:
"It is not meant for me . . . yes . . . It is meant."
As Indian women do, about my head
I laid a shawl, opened the door and went.

* * *

They welcomed me, kind Rio Grande folk,
To their fiesta. Fond as any mother
Lake Blossom smiled; Gray Fox, a little brother,
Laughed up at me; the governor, Rain Cloud, spoke
As Spain not Tewa speaks, yet aeons woke . . .
"The Trues have led you, daughter, though another
We thought to call, but man's wish cannot smother
The will of gods whose drumbeats never joke."

Lake Blossom interrupted: "He comes soon.
In far green hills, our beautiful tall one;
Stopped by a sound that forest breezes croon;
Bearing a deer, turns toward us on the run.
O Rain Cloud, bid us dance! The rising moon
Will bring him too who is our first-born son."

Drums! Drums! The pale blood slept that would have feared.
I kicked high heels off, joining the ferine
Earth-kissing feet of women in a line
That shuffled down the plaza and I peered
Into the dark, my body tuned to weird
Chants of the dawn-world. Lit by blazing pine
Males, plumed and painted, stamped but none was mine.
Always, the drums sang to me: "He has neared!"

The mesa rim was cleft with rounded gold
And one halloed—a flute upon the wind—
Then, my white soul aroused, grew strong and bold,

Lifted me up, fled home with me, chagrined,
And barred my door against red gods and old,
Sobbing the while in terror: "I have sinned."

* * *

This, I read somewhere in a learned book:
The Aryan hordes were a united pack
In Asia, till dissevered by the lack
Of peace between dark tribes and light, which shook
The clans asunder; east and west, each took
Globe-girdling ways. . . . I see those twain paths, *black*
Before two; parted and still gazing back;
Who pledge eternal troth in that last look.

Drums! Drums! They beat in vain against my life
Forever exiled from the sun and drouth
Of lands whose magic pierces like a knife.
Not twice I dare enchantments of the south
But keep red dreams, who shall be no man's wife,
Imagining his face . . . his eyes . . . his mouth. . . .

The Lyric — Lilian White Spencer

AGAIN, MEDUSA

This Perseus dared;
Met fearlessly the lovely Gorgon's eyes,
The while she stared.

It was as though he took
Her small face in his hand,
Tipping it mirror-wise,
Bidding her look;
That she too might behold
That rare iniquity, might realize,
Beyond the mild delight
Of her pure pink and white,
Medusa! the ferocious-souled.

This Perseus dared,
And went his way,
Forgot the incident completely;

The while she, standing there alone,
Baleful and bared,
Turned slowly, grimly, neatly
Into stone.

The Nation LEONORA SPEYER

OLD BOAT

Under safe skies the old boat lies,
No longer worthy of its hire,
Beyond the reach of any tide;
Like an old dog before the fire,
A little on its side.

Across the clouds and all about,
The sea-mews screech;
Children at play climb in and out;
A passer-by leans for a space
And goes away.

From that sure place,
Land flat and sterile
On which to rest, on which to rot,
It still may see full sails that race,
Strained planks in windy peril.

It still may guess green water-ways,
Cool, cool and deep
Beneath its breast;
May muse on storms, the ultimate storm
That brings the ultimate sleep.

Safe sands and warm,
Safe skies and wide,
Safe waters—lower—higher—
The old boat dreams with cracking seams,
A drowsy dog before the fire,
A little on its side.

Outlook and Independent LEONORA SPEYER

SWANS

With wings held close and slim necks bent,
Pale clouds that drift in summer woods,
Float shimmering and indolent,
The alabaster birds.

Scarcely they move, the lovely ones;
They lie like snow, cool flake on flake,
Mild breast on breast, with dimmer swans
Dim-mirrored in the lake.

They glide . . . and glides that white caress,
Shy bird to bird, with never a sound;
Thus leaned Narcissus toward his face,
Leaned lower till he drowned.

Leda leaned thus, subdued and spent,
Beneath those vivid wings of love;
Along the lake, proud, indolent,
The vasts birds scarcely move.

Silence is wisdom; then how wise
Are these whose song is but their knell.
A god did well to choose this guise;
Truly a god did well.

Harper's Magazine LEONORA SPEYER

FIDO

She made a pet of grief,
Trained it and taught it many a trick:
It begged and fetched and carried,
Hid, waiting to be found,
Or played at being dead,
Lying limp-heaped upon the ground;
Ran by her side,
Lay warm within her bed;
And on her heart immoderately was fed.

Grief was the lady's pride,
(A jealous brute at best);
How it would growl and snap
At any joy that dared draw near,
Leaping upon her lap,
Teeth bared. . . . She'd frown
A little wistfully, and say,
"Down, naughty grief!
My dear . . . my dear . . .
Sweet pest . . ."
And hold the sly head closer to her breast.

Harper's Magazine LEONORA SPEYER

GHOSTS

When I was young I heard of haunted houses,
But I was always very sceptical.
I was too young to know what thing arouses
Ghost after ghost, until a house is full.
"The dead return," they told me, but I knew
That dead men cannot dig their way through earth.
Yet now I know some tales of ghosts are true
And that they bring a fellow little mirth.

The very house I live in now, is haunted,
Not by dead men but by annoying ghosts
Of living women who, though I'm unwanted,
Still crowd about me every night in hosts.
There's not much fun in knowing, as I do,
That they will grow in number, winning you.

Scepter RUSSELL F. SPEIRS

LOVE

I write of something that is old and new,
That different lips in different lands have said;
And death has sealed with such unlost adieu
That this dear love is history's rare thread;
And colours it, beyond the dyes of Tyre,

More royally, death-kisses through the years;
With all the colours that have urged desire,
And colours that by other names were tears.
Can Abelard's close love teach one thing more,
Of longing deep as life—that may not be?
Was final patience found by that long score
Of grave-deep waiting, with no other plea?
The past may finish heaven to its hell,
But can the augurs by the past foretell?

And did King Arthur, when he left the queen
In nunnery walls, tear from his heart each word
That day had spoken and the nights between,
The links and vows and liege-laws hearts have heard?
And what of sorrow? Was it not outpoured
As she knelt there for saining, long and last,
And knew all language that had once implored
Was but a weight to sorrow, overfast?
And did he know each echo that might start
Would but repeat the tolling of too late;
And stroke it on white flesh above his heart,
For something that had died—to live and wait? . . .
And what of silence that the cloisters own,
That queens may touch, as hunger touches stone?

I question if a love reached higher things
Than that of Dante's, love the daily bread
Of winters that were summers, and the springs
That still will hail, with every farewell said!
I question if a love knew such abyss
As Dante found when Beatrice spoke not
And if eternity bestows such bliss
That he remembers that it was forgot!—
I question if the common things of day
Were not supernal by another light?
I question if the stars were not away
When Beatrice disdained to order night!
For love can covenant with even doom,
And Dante wrote two names above his tomb.

Could Cleopatra and her conquerings tell
One other thing of triumph's love—and dearth,

Where Egypt's purple lifted to excel
The largesse of the lands of all the earth?
Could tribute unto tribute utter more
Than Cæsar gave, when, all the orgies done,
Her statue stood where Venus had of yore
Known plinth by plinth and every envy won?
And that last love, where love was bought so dear,
That Cleopatra paid the heaviest debt,
Can we recount it in the now and here,
Can we surpass— Or ever can forget!
The full and forfeiture of Egypt's land,
Do we know farther than its sistra, sand?

And Helen counted love by all the claim
That numbered thousands in the vanguard there;
That numbered them by armies, not by name,
That numbered them by those who farthest dare!
I think she knew of love as viol strings,
Here one deep note and there a wide appeal;
Here something that but touches as light wings,
There something that but torture could reveal.
I think she cared, as one astray in snow
Would care for each far, ruddy stain of fire;
I think she cared as those in southlands know
What northern winds the southlands may desire—
The Spartan army kept her trysts of blood,
And every age has kept what ages could!

And yet, sometimes, I wonder if love's all
Has been long-finished in each word and deed,
If it has lived to height and died to pall,
If it has circled faith and pain and creed?
But when the heart-storms tear the living flesh,
And the red blood is cursed with bitter flow,
And beats to-day as if it still might thresh
From sorrow something sweet—I know, I know!
That all the past is subject but to this,
The surge of sun, the prayers quick lips may touch,
Or this hour's grief and one unknown abyss,
And death memorials, for life too much. . . .

Sometimes a thousand dreams will wake us here,
Sometimes a crucifixion is too near.

Poetry of To-day VIRGINIA STAIT

DISTANCE

There is distance in the eyes of a child that's not past six,
Fealty to centuries gone— Just last year and Santa Claus!
Even distance to the morrow is a time that years transfix,
Just as distant as wild tigers with a thousand racing paws!

But the distance in youth's eyes is as far as dreaming goes,
Silver spurs that clink to bridles, howdahs in a goaled place,
Swords forgotten of their scabbards, ships to harbors no one knows,
Sledges, camels, footpath, air route—all the roads that interlace!

And there is a farther distance, that old eyes see in the night,
Sometimes when stars are not used—when they blaze the course they came—
And it lengthens to a way that is measured by its height,
And it is a journey's end, and it hath a lavish name.

The Commonweal VIRGINIA STAIT

HIS NYMPH GOES BOTANIZING

To Cicely, Aged 15

"Tomorrow," said my Nymph, "I'll go
And botanize with you"; and so,
Tomorrow, in the curious way
That morrows have, became today;
And we have roamed about for hours,
Poking our noses into flowers.

Skirting the cedar of Lebanon,
The pond with lily-pads afloat,

The owl-inhabited barn, and on
By nut-grove and by pigeon-cote,
We rifled meadow, lane and hedge,
Down to the reed-grown water-edge.
So deep the marsh, we sought the stile,
Stood on a low stone bridge awhile;
A snipe shot up, away it went
And left a sense of wonderment;
We heard its loud, then distant drumming,
The bird had gone and summer's coming.

But spring, as yet, just peeping out,
Not many flowers have got about.
Still, every time I saw you lean
Over a leaf with quickened sight,
Some blossom hitherto unseen
Stood up as in a ray of light:
Not buttercup, not aconite,
Not primrose and not celandine;
You, you, it was, that made them shine.

April's the time of coming things,
Of hopes and faithful promisings;
So, while the dog-rose only flings
A stem where even the leaves are shy,
It will have roses bye and bye.
Bramble is worse, for he's no better
Than thriftless tramp or hopeless debtor,
For look, how shabbily he goes
In weathered leaves, old worn-out clothes.
You smiled upon my hedge-row tramp,
Then pointed to a silver lamp,—
Stitchwort, or Star of Bethlehem,
Brightening the dead leaves, dull and damp:
Yet it was you that brightened them
More than the Star of Bethlehem.

Now in the stream the reeds are growing,
Sworded rushes their blades are showing;
With tiny flowers the water-cress
Scatters a wide faint starriness.
Half-hid in grass, yet twinkling through,

Ground-ivy winks its eyes of blue.
Here's shepherd's-purse on a farm-yard wall,
Gold-moss and stone-crop, snug and small.
Then, at their feet, that woolly weed,
Groundsel with puff of fluffy seed.
Well-named, and sounding rather silly,
Here's the persistent sticky-billy.
Still, it is you, and only you,
Not windflower and not columbine,
That tells me spring begins to shine.

Old moody oak looks winter-grim,
Spite of brown leaf-buds on the limb,
Yet by his moss-embedded root
Wild strawberry blossoms promise fruit,
And wild geranium tall and slim
Bears a delicate maiden grace.
How prettily the cuckoo-flower
Wooed diamonds from a wealthy shower;
Pitching their tents in a woodland space,
These lords-and-ladies well may be
An exiled aristocracy;
Enquire their names, and we shall find
Orlando and his Rosalind.

Nymph, you would turn a cottage garden
Into the fairy glades of Arden!
When I am darkness through and through,
Magic casement, I come to you,
And the world opens, fresh and new.

Mind is a kingdom; take the throne
And lead your flowery subjects on;
Heart is a temple; you the priest,
And flowers are guests at our Love-Feast.
Do some escape us?—Out, again,
My Nymph, by highway, hedge and lane,
Those loitering wedding guests to find
For our great feast of heart and mind.

MADRIGAL

Yet do I love her still,
And always love her dearly,
Though angry winds blow chill,
Nipping severely;
Dark as a sunset hill,
Halt as a frozen rill,
My constant heart can still
Love her so dearly,
O still,
O still, so dearly.

Sure as the daffodil
Comes up all golden yearly,
Though cloud and hail-wind shrill
Are glooming drearly;
So if she treat me ill,
Yet do my heart and will
Bring her their offering—still
Loving her dearly,
O still,
O still, so dearly.

Virginia Quarterly Review W. Force Stead

APOCALYPSE, XVIII

"And souls of men"—is then Thine image, Lord,
The least of all, the paltry, pitiful end
Of all those caravans that slowly toward
The sun, across the drifting deserts wend;
Of all those stately ships set out to sea,
With golden wares of delicate device,
With shimmering silks and fine-wrought ivory,
Jacinth and emerald, gems beyond all price;
Logs of the fragrant cedar, casks of oil
And wine; sweet frankincense—Yet more? At, then,
The last of that proud sacrifice and spoil:
"The sheep, and beasts, and slaves, and souls of men."

Merchants, to what strange lands, beyond what seas,
Bear ye the shattered loveliness of these?

The Commonweal Sister Maris Stella

"WIDOW'S WALK"

You call the ocean blue,
It is not blue for me;
It is black devil's brew,
Men lost at sea.

Its cabalistic whirl
Of white, white foam,
Echoes a threatening skirl
Calling men home.

I watch the circling skies
And the rich roll of tide,
But where those breakers rise,
No man can ride.

The moon shines on the sea
Calm-silvering each wave,
And all it lights for me
Is robber's cave;

Robbing my heart of sleep,
My hope of eager sails;
Sounding a warning deep
As moan of gales.

You call the ocean blue,—
For you, may be;
It calls me to its rue
Like Destiny.

Contemporary Verse — Ada Borden Stevens

NEW ENGLAND COAST

Red-brown brakes by the sea-salt burned,
Veiled and shimmered in purple light,
Bent, bare tree trunks, arms upturned,
Daring the cold of a frost-touched night:

Upright, supporting, like Puritan elders,
March of oaks where the river winds,
Tarnished sides of wave-swept boulders,—
Scream of gulls as the rock-weed binds.

Sad lands, pale trees, color-drained coast,
Flaunting no secrets, telling no tales!
Gray cliffs seamed by a wintry host
Of ice-flailed tides—while the north wind wails.

The Step Ladder ADA BORDEN STEVENS

EARTH

Earth is horned and young. Earth is Pan asleep.
In the dark pastures of his brain
He counts eternally the hurdling sheep.
He puffs up snores that spin a weather-vane
In the high spaces, where the great cock God
Shifts to the windy outlet of Earth's dreams.
He dreams of strength and wars. Over his broad
And sunburnt back, tremolos of rapture run. He steams
With sweaty thoughts of wrestling in the skies.
He pants and twitches after starry blows,
And shakes the cities off like tickling flies.

Earth never wakes. Earth only knows
A vast sleep, and under him a windy bed,
And dreams that blow like whirlwinds in his head.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse FRANCES STEVENS

SHROUD

Mad Margot is spinning a death-robe
As white as a bud
For Sally, her daughter, who perished
Last year in the flood.

And while she is spinning, she's crooning
A dirge for the dead;
It sounds like the rushing of water
Up over her head.

And while she is crooning, a death-worm
Lies close to her breast;
It feels like the clutching of fingers
Where icy floods pressed.

And while she is dying, she's weaving
The last of her thread;
And her's is the lily-bud grave-gown,
A coffin . . . her bed.

Carved Beads ROBERTA STILES

FIRST SUPPER

This is the pristine sacrament,
Earlier than bread.
Cuddle closer, sleepy-head;
Press your curled ear in the hollow
Of my arm, and suck and swallow.

What to us are rumored wars?
Fires and floods and falling stars
Could not break our happy trance.
We're immune to circumstance.

You who share my peace tonight,
Old as man and old as beast,
Be a priestess of this rite.
Celebrate this Eucharist.

MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

ALONG THE POND PATH

Is this a lake, a river or a bay?
There is not any one could surely say,
Who never walked this path before today.

Water that stretches to a misty wall,
A point with shadow spruces—that is all
And gray moss on gray rock where fog drops fall.

Yet over there I know that there is land,
Two mountains sweet with bay and balsam stand
Above the Bubbles, one on either hand.

They stand behind the white mist and I go
Along the pond road, blindfolded and slow
To things I cannot see but love and know.

MILDRED WHITNEY STILLMAN

The Outlook and Independent

HURT NOT THE PROUD

Hurt not the proud for they shall live
Enduring strangely quiet alone;
They who were proud words in flesh
Shall surely carve proud words in stone.

American Poet JESSIE STUART

SIN

Better are young men who have sinned,
They set their feet on firmer sod;
For like young trees bend to the wind,
They too, will know and yield to God.

American Poet JESSIE STUART

PLAIN FARE

You seek all the beauty
Of moonlight full gleaming,
You ask that the wind
In great pines sing a tune,
You long for the music
Of waters slow flowing,
On smooth stones returning
Her light to the moon.

What more would you ask
Of a bird than its singing?

What more would you have
Of a ship than tall spars?
What more would you seek
Of the sun than its shining,—
Of the night
Than a sky full of stars?

Voices VIVIAN SWERIG

SYMPOSIUM

We have our gods,
They're warped and thwarted things, strained earthly phantoms of conditioned minds.
—For the old gods are dead. They were brave gods, some blonde and bearded warriors
Riding the ice gale, hurling the thunderbolt, Thor, Odin, Baldur,
Some were gay gods, laughing high on Olympus, far over Thessalonika, winedrunk in the blue sunshine, Zeus, Hermes, love drowsy Apollo
Mouthing with loose-lipped Bacchus lewd news of Aphrodite. Some were wise gods,
Thin lipped, wide eyed, sitting in judgment on the Campodoglio while Roman fires of sacrifice
Smoked on raped altars of the mad red gods of Britain
Whose turn had come to die. Shrewd Jupiter, broad-bosomed Minerva, lithe Mars. They too are dead. The old gods pass.
We have our gods.

"Hoop-la God, he's right here on the platform, boys!
Sock 'em with the calliope, shake the tambourine.
Busted flat in Davenport, five years back on Christmas Eve
I came clean with God, boys, and God came clean.

"Friend God's there with the portable pipe organ
Mounted on a Ford car parked beyond Times Square,
God, with the ragged pants, sad virgins, singing thinly,
God's shouting for the down and outs not going anywhere.

"Hoop-la, God, here's a hymn your mother sang!
Battling with the devil, Jesus takes the odds.
St. Paul's out of college, the calliope is steaming,
Nickels in the tambourine. We got our gods!"

There were gods of loveliness in that olden time.
Strange beast gods, faun footed, dancing in the thyme.
By wistful moonlit waters in the forest scented breeze
Men and shy maidens pledged their loves by whispering gods of trees.
By dreams, cloud-written portents, the witch-men's songs were sung
When all the gods lived close to us and all the world was young.

"Yes, I believe in God—Episcopalian.
My mother was a Congregationalist and, every Sunday, they'd take the buggy out and drive six miles
To Bethel Junction. After the sermon Uncle Henry'd stand before the meeting house with all the rest
Arguing for an hour. Could a whale swallow a man?
He knew an instance. Seth Warner'd caught a pike in Hopkin's Pond
With a live frog in it.
You see the beauty of the ritual got her when mother moved to Boston.
I'm the same. I like the fixings with religion. Candles, the acolytes, stations of the cross,
The trans-substantiation stuff . . . yes . . . sort of mystic.
You know it gets me when the choir goes out,
Swinging and chanting, and the cross ahead, and all the people kneeling,
Real relaxation, after a hard week's work. . . .
I'd be a Catholic in a minute, but I don't like the politics Rome plays."

Ours is a righteous god, gold blazoned banners,
God's peeping through the reredos, counting up the gate.
Pull out the organ stops, here comes the vestrymen,
Bankers stepping softly as they pass the silver plate.

Grey smoke of incense, tall candles flickering,
God's pleased this morning as the well shaved tenor sings.

Pageantry and glory, purpled pride and majesty
The crucifix is jewel decked, our god is King of Kings!

Swing the skirt of scarlet robes, pour the sherry carefully.
God knows what God thinks, on his golden throne,
Getting it by radio every Sunday morning.
But we know our proper God is God of Gods alone!

We had one god. But Father Martin Luther, troubled by indigestion and the fact
That senior officers will not be reconciled to new ideas, set out to rationalize
His bickerings with Rome. Germans were always good at propaganda.
Look at this man Kant. He got the thing into a fine mess by the time that Freud
Startled the younger generation.
Freud's an old fogey now, like Darwin, Huxley and the rest.
Put on a five foot shelf and pre-digested
In the blue books of five cent culture.
New hands take up the torch. In fact the thing's become a whole torchlight procession.
Like the old days when Parker ran for President. Each Paddy had his torch, but the parade
Broke up because each Paddy picked a different side street.

Up in an attic in Washington Square with a bottle of home-made gin.
They're dissecting God this afternoon and analyzing sin.
One affirms that God is built from defensive symbols made
By inferiority conscious minds to keep them unafraid.
One knows that each man patterns God from reflexes obtained
From behavioristic thought-paths traced by environments constrained.
A thin girl puffs at a cigarette with a Mona Lisa gaze
And risks the shocker that man's true gods are the belly's sensate ways.

"Squeeze the oranges, pass the gin!
God is a cretin's nightmare dream.
Ours nude reality, intellectuality.
Ours is a world where things are what they seem!

"Sixteen moderns on a dead god's chest.
Whoops, that girl just said 'God Damn!'
Stick him on the microscope, try him with the stethoscope,
God's as dead as a parboiled ham!

"Gods of our yesterdays—ashes of a cigarette!
We read all the books. They do not lie.
Dead the awful vengeful gods, dead the smug and lawful
gods.
By the new psychology I prove that God is I!"

Somewhere upon a windy hill, with checkered valleys patterned green below
And domed clouds riding in a wide blue sky, sits God,
And he is very old.
I think he smokes a pipe, and meditates,
"It's good to be alone."

Voices OTIS PEABODY SWIFT

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER—"

The sea gluts not,
but in the end
all things are sea.

The sea trains rain ambassadors
who teach small rivulets
to tease away tall mountain peaks.

Like time unhurriedly collecting
moments, hours and days
of scattered years,
so, surely and serenely,
doth the sea devour all things.

Westward. A Magazine of Verse A. STUART TABER

REMEMBERING VAUGHAN IN NEW ENGLAND

I saw reality the other night
By New England moon-light.

All of my life, living had been
One, or another, kind of dream.

Now nothing festooned itself between
Me and the substance of moon-beam.

The land is honest, small, and swept
Bare as a barn-yard floor

In winter. And no third thing crept
As it had, times before.

No feeling, its mist to intervene;
No inner thought to warp,

I stood: And behold, the trees were lean,
And lo, the hills were sharp.

Moon's no ephemeral faint stuff,
First seen, painted upon

Windows and walls—it is yellow as dawn,
After dream, it is marvelous rough,

Coarse as hoar-frost—texture no dream
Can invent.
Cut my vague dreams away!

Moon in New England, O pure moon-beam,
Let it be day.

The Nation GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

TRY TROPIC FOR YOUR BALM

(*On the Properties of Nature for Healing an Illness*)

Try tropic for your balm,
Try storm,
And after storm, calm.
Try snow of heaven, heavy, soft, and slow,

Brilliant and warm.
Nothing will help, and nothing do much harm.

Drink iron from rare springs; follow the sun;
Go far
To get the beam of some medicinal star;
Or in your anguish run
The gauntlet of all zones to an ultimate one.
Fever and chill
Punish you still,
Earth has no zone to work against your ill.

Burn in the jewelled desert with the toad.
Catch lace
In evening mist across your haunted face;
Or walk in upper air the slanted road.
It will not lift that load;
Nor will large seas undo your subtle ill.

Nothing can cure and nothing kill
What ails your eyes, what cuts your pulse in two,
And not kill you.

The Saturday Review of Literature GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

ON LENOX

Black strata in gargoyles of color
On the Avenue . . . mathematics of rhythm
In swagger, slouch, strut of the Avenue.

A spontaneous god spilled a bowl of amber milk
Lost a gold tooth
Emptied seventeen acres of moonlight
And autumn leaves (miscegenous color of the wind)
On the Avenue.

Elaborations of voile, young girls are
Subtle and shy pardons for dark profusions
Of grime and poverty.
One lone red geranium plant

On a rusty window sill
Is a prayer one of them said.
Pairs of young breasts are little lambs
Which have never strayed from brown sun-lit hills.
Their chatter makes fury close his eyes
In reflective peace on the Avenue.

Gay cravats are wishes in crepe de chine
Silken stripes, knitted jersey
On an iceman's assistant, a janitor, a window-washer.
Impertinent fantasies of jazz are visions of forgetfulness
At 128th and Seventh avenue.
Geography is an incident of finding
A girl's lips at midnight.
Brown eyes are a repetitious chant
But the wistful echo of an ancient spiritual
Are the blue eyes shining
Out of a brown face on the Avenue.

Motherhood is an adventure in bitterness.
She is challenge wearing a shroud of hope
To warm the keeper of tears and sighs
The hunger and loneliness of life.
She churns strong and bitter acid
For the white bread of insolence.
She is rough laughter and a tender refuge.
The night dips forgotten constellations
In silvery respect to her . . . and bawdy houses
Cross themselves when she passes on the Avenue.

The Crisis LAURA TANNE

OUTLAW

I

I hate little towns
And small pale villages—
Little towns like this town,
Pale as a ghost:
Your house and my house,
And all our busy neighbors

Eager at their labors,
Wan at their play;
All these quiet gardens,
Very small and orderly,
Sown with gillyflowers
And faint mignonette;
All these little shops
Where people go buying
Worsted and tin-ware,
(Queer, what winds are flying
Over the chimneys!)—
Nothing to remember,
Nothing to forget.

II

Fold my hands for a little praying,
(God, how the streets of Heaven must flame!)
Fold my eyes for a little sleeping;
Last night, last night, last night there came
Under my eyelids,
Purple and crimson,
Name on name!

III

Athens like a white flower
Tunis like a red,
Venice like a veiled bride
For all the world to wed;
A tall town with a tall tower,
Pointed like a star—
Oh, the singing sweep of the
Curved scimitar!

(Tired clock by my bed
Marking the hour!)

Rome, Rome, Rome,
On hills that are seven,
Deeper than Hell,
Higher than Heaven;

Perished Moscow
And dark Stamboul;
Benares, Benares
With her holy pool;
Four gates, Damascus;
Four walls, Zion;
And a sea-girt fortress
With a small stern Lion.
(Dreams behind my eyelids
Make no clamor!—
Free from grief or glamour
My neighbors are at home.)

IV

But oh, the thousand pities—
The little pale villages!
Oh, the flaming cities!
(All of them sleeping
In little tidy villages!)
And I, like a lost soul,
Creeping, creeping
Out from the window,
Out from the garden,
Out from the town!

I, like a saved soul
In jewelled raiment—

(Stir not an eyelid,
Stir not a hand!)—

Yucatan—
and Cadiz—
and golden Samarkand!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR

IN HARDIN COUNTY, 1809

With flintlocked guns and polished stocks,
Knee breeches and long homespun socks,

Two hunters met in eighteen-nine
(The morning of Saint Valentine)
Across the line from Illinois
They stopped their mules and voiced their joy:
"Why Ben! It has been a long spell
Since I've seen you . . . the folks all well?
Bring any news from up near town?"
"Why, yes . . . you know John Ezry Brown?
They say that he's a-goin' down
To Washington in all the din
To see Jim Madison sworn in . . .
And this young feller, Bonaparte,
Is tearin' Europe all apart;
The fightin's awful 'cross the sea! . . .
Leastways that's what they're tellin' me."

"Wal, wal, nice day, tho kinda breezy—
Mule's a gettin' quite oneasy;
Now come and see us some time, do,
And bring the gals and Hepsy, too.
Got any news to send along?"
"No, nothin' worth a tinker's song . . .
There's nothin' happens here near me
Doggonest place you ever see,
Tom Lincoln lives right over there
In that log cabin bleak and bare—
They say they have a little babe
(I understand they've named him Abe).
Yes, Sally said just t'other day,
That nothin' happens down this way!"

The Lantern LULU E. THOMPSON

ROAD SONGS

I

Utica sleeping
under a blanket of snow
when Tiberius came
in the dead of the night
and wrestled with sleep

and the cloudy dawn
discovered him far west
of drenched Utica
marching on to Syracuse

II

endless blue
blue waves upon deeper blue
break over this rolling
Missourian April
while A. T.
alone in Missouri
upon the horizon alone
pounds the gray
ribbon of road
and its hardness
echoes the thud

and A. T.
expanding young lungs
engulfs the thinner
Missouri clinging blue
clear with coolness
and gasps

and always above
through the dark blue
peers Phoebus
with one bright kind eye
upon his worshipper

III

above Pecos
the pink granite snake
creeping over pungent mesas
winds around through mist
and Glorietta
into Santa Fe
and the waste stretches
blending with pueblos

yield distant Sandia
Algodones
Rio Grande bottoms
and Albuquerque
ancient in youth
and Tiberius
sniffing the wind
breaks through infinity
into the west
crunching deep
the pink grit

Troubadour AUGUSTUS TIBERIUS

FRIENDS

If, when Judas had betrayed Christ,—
Betrayed Christ Jesus with a kiss—
The Jews and Romans had set him free,
Think you His friends might have talked like this,
As they sat together long afternoons,
Over their wine, in the dense blue shade
Of the olive trees and watched the light
Upon the mountains fade:

"How could he have been so false to Him!"
"But do you know that it is true?"
"They say Christ's hurt—and yet, of course,
I can't take sides—I never do."
"Perhaps, he meant to do no harm—
He's always gracious . . ."
"Personally,
I feel I cannot say one word—
Judas has always been nice to me."

The Lyric ETHEL ARNOLD TILDEN

MOMENT OF MAGIC

O listen now, O Hush,
The wind's deft fingers brush
My cheek; a murmur flits
Past happily; queer bits

Of laughter here and there
Sparkle in the air;
The robin's chuckling note
Bubbles in his throat;
The leaves and flowers glisten;
The woodlands strangely listen.

Be still, be still, be still!
On field and sloping hill
Where daisies foam and swirl
I see twin dragons whirl,
Then with a tiny splash
At polished waters dash,
And in the shady deep
As ripples run and leap
I see twin phantoms pass,
Two flaws in liquid glass.

O Look, O Look, O Look!
Look in the languid brook
Beneath the sluggish flight
Of waters silver bright,
Dimly reflected see
That floating artistry—
A mirrored landscape high
Against blue dancing sky.

O Those are more than trees
Shimmering with the breeze!
Those are the pipes of Pan—
Look closely at them, man—
Emerald pipes and brown,
Close linked and pointing down.
Be still. Can you not hear
Faint fluting crystal clear?
Can you not hear them, man,
The far sweet pipes of Pan!

THREE POEMS FOR RALPH

Fire in Crystal

A lyric seems too frail a thing
To compass my adventuring.

How can its fragile stanzas hold
My passion in their narrow mould—

My love for you, a mounting flood
That sweeps the channels of my blood—

My faith in you, a citadel
That scorns the gargoyled walls of hell?

And yet within its slender frame
I seal the magic of your name.

Ragged Lucifer

Days may drive me on to plowing,
Grind me with imperial spur,
Leave me stark and unlamented
Like some ragged Lucifer.

But they dare not strip one triumph
Towering through my life like flame:
For your hands have soothed my body
And your lips have loved my name.

You Spoke to Me

I never knew that words could be
Magical like yours to me.

Like a bush aglow with rain,
Out of aching nerves and pain

I can shake myself and be
Cool and quieted and free.

I never knew that words could hold
Radiance of a marigold.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly LUCIA TRENT

EASY LAUGHTER

Yours was the game! You held the winning ace,
And I am left trying to wrest your face
Out of my memory, and all the while
You haunt me with your arrogant young smile.

But you will stumble on a world that strips
The easy laughter from such scornful lips;
And when you seek my door to save your skin
I, too, poor fool, shall smile—and let you in!

Bozart LUCIA TRENT

DRAWN FROM LIFE

You are a new Medusa, you who freeze
Our hearts to stony bitterness and seize
Our dreams with mocking fingers to destroy
The golden seeds of pity and of joy.

The milk of human kindness never ran
Within your acid veins for beast or man,
But some day you will face the world alone
And find the bread of life has turned to stone.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly LUCIA TRENT

HAWAIIAN GOURD ECHO

An old crone mumbled
A hula or a lay,
While a stained gourd rumbled
And rattled away.

They fed her cresses
And ti juice and poi,
And she danced caresses
To the music of joy.

Her arms were rivers
And her limbs warm words,
And her lips glad givers
Of the honey of birds.

Kukui lamps smoked
In the grass hut gloom,
And the withered men joked
From a corner of the room.

But her eyes never saw,
Her ears caught no word,
She was stepping to a law
That the men never heard.

She danced till morning
And they wet her head,
But without any warning
She fell down dead.

Contemporary Verse FRED E. TRUMAN

Note: Ti juice is a fermented juice from the root of the native ti plant, pronounced "tee." Poi is a starchy pudding made of the taro plant root. Kukui, pronounced "kookooi," is a nut from trees of that name whose oil was used in the old open-top lamps. After the oil is withdrawn, the nut is eaten.

VILLA PALMIERI

("*The estate lay upon a little hill near the highway.*"
—*Decameron.*)

The cypress casts as deep a shade
As any cypress ever made
When Fiammetta wandered here
Another day, another year,

And paused beneath the ilex trees
To twine such jasmine flowers as these—
Garlands to charm a bright haired lady
In rose-hung alleys cool and shady.

The nightingale's importunate song
Stirs the dim cedar all night long,
And loud cicalas shrill all day
In olive orchards gnarled and gray.

She heard them too, when she was here.
The crimson rose returns each year,
And jasmine spends its honeyed store,
But Fiammetta comes no more.

Some immortality has power
To save the tree, the bird, the flower,
Unshadowed by the centuries,
Yet mourns for lovelier things than these . . .

For Filomena, Fiammetta,
Elisa, and the slim Lauretta . . .
Whisper their names . . . the echoes pass
Along the dream, across the grass.

The Lyric VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL

THREE REAPERS

Homeward the reapers turned, the harvest over;
(Potlatch of black bread and seven mugs of ale.)
One took the wrong road, one took to water,
And one stopped to listen to an old wives' tale.

Sharp-shorn the stubble now, the harvest over.
(Three crooked meadows rolling like a sea.)
In the barley black rust, mould in the clover;
And fay-fingered star-sprites in a willow tree.

Homeward the reapers turned, the harvest over.
(Crumbs on the table and wine in the swill.)

One fiercely boasted, one wasn't sober,
And one stole silver from the devil's till.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly MAUD E. USCHOLD

IRON MAN

The boy grew up
With dreams and visions of old metal masters
Forming and shaping in his brain.

Fathers of his fathers before him;
Iron workers of red middle ages
Whose hard hammers thudded clanging
In close twilight of hidden forges
Where fierce fires, fever fed, glowed and burned.

He knew, and felt, their gift to him—
The ringing rhythm of wrought iron,
Singing its song in his blood
They handed down to him;
Hard groping, gripping beauty
Wrought in red metal, dulling, welded cold
By strong hands shaping out sharp strength.

Tall torchiers, cresset shaped,
Squat chests, strong locked, bar bound,
Screens, sconces, knockers, spits;
Later delicate foliations in hand wrought grills
Iron laced with wide spreading branches and curling leaves
For church doors he drafted and anviled out.
"Iron has beauty and music in it,"
He told men:
And made them hear it
Hammering years to a hard creed;
Day by day and beat by beat.
They heard him in the street as they went by;
Setting a seal on today and tomorrow,
Iron lasts because it is real.

The Bookfellows RUTH VAIL

SOJOURNER

I use a long-dead woman's room,
  Her teakwood desk and chair,
Gifts brought from India where she lived,
  A missionary there.

Zenana women through her eyes
  Saw light beyond their wall;
Hers was the strong hand children hold
  And know they will not fall.

Swans, cockatrices, flying fish
  Gleam from the ebon wood
With lions padding round the base—
  A jungle brotherhood.

Here are black garlands where each flower
  And fruit, each leaf-twined cup
Might be the seal of one made whole,
  A bowed heart lifted up.

Touched by her ready, healing hand
  Must not these hold their share
Of quickening grace—a benison
  Rest on her desk and chair?

A blessing may not pass away
  But from it blessings spring;
Unworthy, fortunate wanderer, I
  In this my sojourning!

The Commonweal — Isabel Vallé

CELESTIAL DIRGE

He mourned, that lover of the saints,
For angels he no longer saw,
For young Michael had left the gates
And hurried off to war.

For there was strife in heaven then
And pandemonium,
The angels in their golden seats
Were getting quarrelsome.

Blake, sitting on this human earth,
Listened, and in a breath,
He drew the melancholy saints
Marching off to death.

But then the holy tumult ceased
And tongues began to move,
Twelve thousand voices rose and fell,
Pronouncing endless love.

The bleeding ones came marching home,
Their haloes shining from the war;
Blake leaned upon his weary arms
And ceased to draw.

Japm, The Poetry Weekly HAROLD VINAL

HARBOR

Over, beyond, above this sphere of light,
Above this sea, immense as God's right hand,
March those unwavering watchers of the night,
The stars, that only He can understand.

Tossed from the tempest into this great calm
After the thunder's wild, exultant breath,
Is suddenly like sleeping on His arm
Safe after death!

Japm, The Poetry Weekly HAROLD VINAL

CREDO

She had an almost heretic distrust
Of things that men have fallen heir to since
Adam heard Eve propound the lure of lust,

And there was nothing that could quite convince
Her that the rule of life could vary even
A jot or tittle from the law; she viewed
The garden from the parapet of heaven,
Still thinking sin was just a platitude.

But somehow, we felt sorry that the flame
Had never kindled in her heart; the snake
Was not her sign and symbol; she preferred
Never to wring a meaning out of shame.
Her credo was Platonic. How absurd
To have a heart and never let it break!

Voices HAROLD VINAL

THE PHILANDERER

It was the very innocence of love;
Though words were whispered that have toppled walls
And taken sleeping lives, he was a dove
Nesting in little gables, whither his calls
Brought momentary mates to share the dim,
Sweet dawn along the eaves, and strut with him.

The nearness of the morning was what saved him.
He never would have dared the naked night;
And they were such as never would have braved him
In the true dark. It was a pretty fright,
A flutter of alarm beside a door;
Then the sun came, and there was nothing more.

It was delicious doom to be suspended
Thus between having and not having them.
What never had begun was never ended,
Save that some tried a deeper stratagem
And flew to him at midnight. Then he ran,
Lest now he be possessed as proper man.

He ran, and they were glad that it was so.
It was their doom to play at the surrender.
Having themselves again, they still could go
Remembering the eyes of this pretender—

Leaving a lonely portion of them there,
Under the soft eaves beyond the stair.

The Nation — Mark Van Doren

FOR A MIGHTY WOMAN

Underneath this tender green
Lie all the bones that spoke so loud:
The virgin trumpets of a queen,
Till they were folded in a shroud.
Now that she is deeply dead,
They are pressed and quieted.

No hurtful arm of any man
Laid sleep across them while they lived.
She was free, and so she ran
With peace beyond her, fugitived.
At any ache within the flesh
She warred aloud and stamped afresh.

The bones were mighty in their day;
But then virginity must die.
For all of these there was the clay
To kiss them once and let them lie.
Only with the final wound
Were these hungry trumpets tuned.

The Bookman — Mark Van Doren

RUNAWAY

I saw a white-haired child
Go through the sunny grass;
I heard the under-noises
Stop to let him pass;
Deciding then that never
A thing so silent was

As this white head in the wheat
Upon this windless day,

Moving as if all childhood
Marched with it away—
Leaving us our wisdom
And nothing at all to say.

The Nation MARK VAN DOREN

WIT

Wit is the only wall
Between us and the dark.
Wit is perpetual daybreak
And skylark
Springing off the unshaken stone
Of man's blood and the mind's bone.

Wit is the only breath
That keeps our eyelids warm,
Facing the driven ice
Of an old storm
That blows as ever it has blown
Against imperishable stone.

Wit is the lighted house
Of our triumphant talk,
Where only weakly comes now
The slow walk
Of outer creatures past the stone,
Moving in a tongueless moan.

The Nation MARK VAN DOREN

ROADS

There is a meaning in the shapes of roads.
There are roads that are powdered with dust
And go straight ahead and say nothing.
There are roads that stop for a drink
And bend away again with the roundness of a woman
Whose dress is trimmed high with red and green.
There are roads that come suddenly into a town

Where a man who is thirsty and hot with the ugly sunlight
Finds the shade of a roadway store
And a cup of cider from a rotten barrel.
There are roads that step out of nowhere
And lead right back to nowhere again.
There are roads that begin with a weed
And flower into a perfumed garden
Where a lady sits on a stone bench
Letting herself be told things
That should be said in a garden.
There are roads that bend their branches over
Like tired arms begging no wind at all,
And there are roads that open their strong limbs
And enfold the tired traveler.

There are roads that wear their shawls of flowers
As love wears the garment of ecstasy.
There are roads that stop suddenly, like the coming
Of a mountain storm,
Where the dead trunks of lightning-shattered trees
Are like mute philosophers
Pondering on the bitter strength of Chaos.

There are roads where a girl comes the opposite way
And the spirit drops fire in a moment of passing.
There are roads to be walked alone,
And they are the most beautiful of all.
There are roads that climb a steep hill
To a white cottage where music and revelry
Await the starved, hungry hearts of loveless farm-boys.
There are roads that lead back—
Faint, tired roads.
There are roads that go two different ways,
And one way will always be the better
But there will never be returning. . . .
There are roads fringed with the crystal
Of forgotten promises and purposes.
There are roads scarred with wagon-tracks
Deep and light, for riders of revelry and riders
Of grandeur that ends in an empty mud-puddle.

There are roads that lead into the streets of big cities,
Roads that start in forest pools of mist and moonlight

And cross many bridges to spend themselves
Into the harsh suction of a hundred huddled streets.
There are roads that listen to stories of particular woe,
And there are roads that run with melody
At each new turning. . . .

But there are also roads,
Orphaned and lonely and waste,
That never knew the richness
Of a colored flower;
Meagre, starved roads
Where never a little foot
Cared to linger,
Where hungry sparrows
Pluck furiously at the earth
And scatter in alarm.

There is a meaning in the shapes of roads.

The Nation CHARLES A. WAGNER

INHERITANCE

(*For Maud and Frank*)

Here where the mountains bow to no high hand
blessing the stream, but tower to the cloud,
you two have fenced within a little land
the passion of the proud.

Trees never yours have gathered to your fields
and darken the white orchards and the grain,
knowing they root in soil which never yields
its dryness to the rain.

From rock-bed springs these feed, and you have sunk
tentacles too in sources as remote,
and looking graniteward to heaven have drunk
the earthy antidote.

Over your cabin, damoclean drawn,
the silver-bladed fir suspends in air
its heaviest arm, and any sudden dawn
may snap its thread. O where

then the thin roof above your solid wall
builded of logs? Uncovered to the light
rooms that were forests till the signal fall
of axe, and rope, and night.

You have no fear to gather to your nest
all the wind forces and the rain leaves free;
planting these giants deep within your breast,
you know your destiny;

for you have strength to welcome in the sun
and lay it blazing on your hearth for fire,
ransack the woodland for your home, and run
full-circle of desire.

What child shall cry you parenthood may leap
free of an agony all unafraid;
climb the dark canyon where wet shadows creep
down the eroded grade,

and pile sharp stone against sharp stone and dam
his pooling loneliness within
until it rises level with a man's
arm-pit and with his chin;

then he may swim it golden under gold,
stroke its dark breast, and turn
shoreward to pine and mountain, and the mold
wherein his clean mind burns;

And live there freely with a new command
of snow-soft world and cloud,
bird-winged and undefeated in a land
your loneliness has ploughed.

The Nation EDA LOU WALTON

SONNET

Procyon, Vega, Deneb—all the bright
Star-sergeants—Betelgeuze, the glittering Pair,
Rigel, Arcturus, Fomalhaut, Altair,

And my lord Sirius, captain of the night,
These and their fellowship advance with might
  Beneath the blazonry of Ram and Bear,
  Dragon and Hydra, Scorpion and Hare,
To what dread Armageddon past the flight
Of drunk imagination! Who dare think
  Their ending or beginning? Yet I know
That even as I who, gleaming briefly, sink
  A spark between eternities, they glow
Like a sheared sea-wave in the dark, and shrink
  Sure to their quenching—yet how seeming slow!

The Book of the Rhymers' Club GILBERT OAKLEY WARD

MAKESHIFT

He wasn't much—a shaggy head
Not too well hatted or well bred,
Wide-open eyes with thatchy eaves,
Like empty rooms immune to thieves.

He wasn't much, and she had dreamed
Of tense heroic men who deemed
Her curt approval prouder laurels
Than twenty other ladies' morals.

He wasn't much. She bought low heels,
And trained her spine to slump at meals,
And told herself an ardent male
Would make a gentlewoman quail.

He wasn't, as I said before,
What she'd have chosen to adore;
But choice had proved a fickle jade,
And what a difference it made!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse OLIVE WARD

TWILIGHT

Twilight
Is a maiden
Dressed in the

Robes of sunset,
Who lights the stars.

American Poet WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

FOG

To what high loveliness may I aspire
Whose mind is a low meadow and whose heart
Is water—running water with a choir
Of broken bells hidden, alone, apart

From the majestic chaoses? My hand
Once reached beyond Orion; but long since
It withered. Now in this dim autumn land
It shakes among field asters which must wince

At the pluck of its palsy. What could hold the strain
Of charging Sirius now scarcely lifts
The spotted jewel-weed; and even pain
Dulls here where the twitching moon fog curls and drifts.

Silent the gathered robins crowd the South;
To their death of sunshine silently they fly.
And I shall go down to my place with a closed mouth,
With that last silence which could not be a cry.

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West BENNETT WEAVER

OF HUNGER AND THIRST

Oh, I am hungry for old roads and lanes
And the purple thistle blowing,
For robin-breasted light on window panes
At sunset, and for cattle lowing!

Oh, I thirst, thirst for a cup, a spring
Cool with the evening flowing,
For thrush song and silence after—so different a thing
From the long silence whither I am going!

Midland, A Magazine of the Middle West BENNETT WEAVER

WINTER MADNESS

Now, I am through with winter and its regiments of mountains,
Which are nothing more than laurel trees, standing in a row,
Emblazoned and illusioned by the cunningness of snowflakes,
Transforming scenes by magic, as does Circe with her bow.

At dawn the world is covered by a plumage, white as cotton,
A truly gorgeous pageant, with its lucent artistry.
By night the ermine coat has turned into a row of mud holes,
Quiescent in similitudes of winter's trickery.

Now, I am through with winter and its episodic blizzards
Which make a set of prison bars around the fireside glee.
I long for golden summer days, the lucidness, the freedom,
When I can roam the mellow wood and sleep beneath a tree.

The Cleveland Club Woman — TESSA SWEAZY WEBB

BOY

Does no one see that in your wood
The season is not spring but winter?
You are too proud to wear a hood,
You love to drive a crystal splinter
Through your bare hands, your naked feet.
White nuts, snow berries you will eat,
If wild birds bring them, on your tongue
The taste of ice is piercing sweet.
Will no one say that being young
Is being hurt, is being bled,
Enduring dagger-thirsts, wolf-hungers,
Is being self-raised from the dead
More times than boys have toes and fingers?

Does no one know the unicorn
Kneels down to you as to your sister?
If, with his single cryptic horn,
He has crept close and sharply kissed her,

He is no less your animal;
He will run with you till befall
Your freshet, flower and furrowed mould.
Will no one say that growing tall
Is crouching down and feeling cold
Outside dark windows starred with frost?
That being innocent is only
Being locked out, alone and lost,
White as the snow, as still, as lonely?

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse WINIFRED WELLES

A DOG WHO ATE A POND LILY

Tired of being my dog, and with grave anger
That there were only ivory bones to eat,
He left me for the pond, filled wtih a hunger,
Half memory, for some immaculate meat
To lay on his bright tongue—I saw him linger,
Fastidiously nose the shimmering heat,
And, as if suddenly grown brisker, younger,
Snap up a lily, living, flushed and sweet.
Like one frail sound the summer, softly muted,
Buzzed in his silky ear. A long, long while
He stood in reeds and godlike trance fast-rooted.
The taste of lotos made him strangely smile—
No more my humble dog, sad-eyed, four-footed,
He was Anubis wading in the Nile.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse WINIFRED WELLES

THE HEART OF LIGHT

Once, on a cliff, I saw perfection happen—
The full gold moon was balanced on the sea,
Just as the red sun rested on the moor.
The summer evening ripened and fell open;
And people walking through that fruit's rich core
Were suddenly what they were meant to be,
Quiet and happy, softly moving, lovely,
With still, translucent faces and clear eyes,

And all their heads and bodies brightly rimmed
With delicate gold; so radiantly, so gravely,
These people walked, so crowned, so golden-limbed,
The cliff seemed like an edge of Paradise.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse WINIFRED WELLES

UNGENTLE THREAT

Of course I shall grow old, but not with grace.
Since all my life I have been greatly scolded.
For my excess of gentleness, no folded
Delicate hands, no bosom trimmed with lace
Shall decorate my age, nor shall my face
Turn pleasant porcelain most sweetly moulded.
And of the hair that once was softly golded
Shall not survive one softlier silvered trace.
I shall be knotted, menacing and grim,
Wigged like a judge and like a jaguar clawed.
I shall be able with a baleful tongue
And beady eye to slay the heroic young.
And when I point my finger, overawed,
Even the trees will shake in every limb.

The Saturday Review of Literature WINIFRED WELLES

OBSESSION

I waste my days on the impossible:
From the beginning I have sought to bring
Into the toils of language the fierce thing
No word may gather and no tongue may tell;
And it was in this room that first the spell
Was cast upon me for a curse, to wring
My heart in labor and in suffering
Under these rafters that I love so well.
By candle-light, in the accustomed chair,
I sit, still weaving webs for the white thought
That never yet in any web was caught,
Of woven words or net of tangled rhyme,

I know—and that the years shall find me there
Toiling in hope until the end of time.

Outlook and Independent JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

A PIONEER CEMETERY

Kissed by the wandering prairie winds, this place
Is sanctified to one with eyes to see
The past—the hope, the toil, the misery
Of those now resting in this sheltered space,
Beneath the rain-washed, dingy boards that face
The westward trail. Perhaps their spirits free
Press on to new adventures busily;
But of that quest, we living find no trace.

Yet here and now, above their bones, bright bloom
Of sunflowers flashes, lark and bluebird sing
As merrily as to them in days of yore;
At night, slim stars splash light from God's own loom;
At dawn, pale sapphire mists hang shimmering,
Mystic as incense by a temple door.

Pasque Petals EDNA OSBORNE WHITCOMB

TO A FIGUREHEAD IN A NEWFOUNDLAND GARDEN

A silent figure looking out to sea
She stands in a Newfoundland garden. Once she sailed
Quite gallantly upon the prow; men hailed
The Mary Wellington on bended knee;
Gay sailors sang their chanteys, wild and free,
To her. She was so proud, she never quailed
When north winds blew or a black simoon prevailed,
Awaking fears of wreck and misery.

Today the good brig lies on the ocean's bed,
Her seamen drowned, her figurehead forlorn
Amid the shivering grasses. Moonlight drips

Upon her form, once washed by waves; her head,
Still lifted up in pride. Is it with scorn
Or deep regret she peers at homing ships?

Community Arts and Crafts EDNA OSBORNE WHITCOMB

AT McCLURG'S

Ten thousand women and men of the prairie
Have spent happy hours at McClurg's.
Back in the nineties,
Back in the eighties,
They came from Peoria,
Came from Topeka,
Came from the cliffs of the Cedar,
Came from the sands of the Platte,
Came from the curves of the Cimarron,
Into McClurg's.

They have strolled by the counters and shelves,
Turning the pages of Ibsen's Pretenders,
Glancing at titles of Mister Montaigne,
Admiring the binding of Congreve and Wycherley,
Pricing a first edition of Walden.
One selected Tom Brown at Rugby
For Bob's little boy
Way down in Egypt—at Cairo;
One listed a shipment, carefully chosen,
For the struggling college at Yankton.

To plain folks, provincial,
Sated with plays at McVicker's,
With the nude, the bizarre, at the Gallery,
With bears and leopards at Lincoln Park Zoo,
With candies at Gunther's,
This was peace in the whirl of Chicago.
The crash of the Avenue faded away,
The blizzard, or heat, was forgotten—
Almost, the griefs of the heart,
Almost, the sins of the soul,
At McClurg's.

Pasque Petals SELDEN LINCOLN WHITCOMB

CAPITOL HILL

Slowly from rolling prairies arose,
In the Jim River Valley,
"Capitol Hill."
The horned larks warbled above it,
From the grasses the meadowlarks fluted.
The buffalo beans and prickly pears
Bloomed on the dome of the summit.
Matrons and maids of the village,
Climbing the long, gentle slopes,
Gazed far over new-broken sod,
Over prairies unbroken;
By tiny claim shanties,
By sunflowers, gumbo, and bobolink meadows,
To the timbered sweep of the river;
Praised the choice of the site,
Shouted and sang their approval
Of Capitol Hill.

Long, long ago, passed forever,
Territorial toil,
Territorial vision, ambition.
Over the Hill,
The horned larks are still warbling,
From the grasses, the meadowlarks fluting—
Far, far away from the capitol.

Pasque Petals SELDEN LINCOLN WHITCOMB

CHRISTMAS EVE: NEW YORK

Blue stars of evening
whistle about our towers;
strike with thin christening
the chasms of our darkness.
Flakes of lighted windows
flutter still
into the windy alleys of our city:
we have raised our trees of Christmas,
street to starry pinnacle
holy with candles.

Blow up, clear winter;
whirl your white snows.
Christ is born among the lilies;
he flows beneath the arc-lights—
milky garments blowing
underneath the elevated.

The Nation HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

WIND

Where no wire ever runs,
Where no stagecoach ever comes,
Past the largest island-stone,
Maybe there the Little People,
Maybe there the unseen nation,
Have for their communication
Sound of wind alone.
Straining ears, with agitation
As we do for message thrown
From a wreck in heavy seas,
They spell out the rustling trees.
I am glad I am not such,
Glad I cannot hear so much,
And the rhythms that they reap
Only summon me to sleep.

Voices VIOLA C. WHITE

DO NOT PLANT CITIES

Do not plant cities near the mangrove,—
They will not grow.
The power of the ooze, the power of the worm, the power of the night will lay them low.
The earth is ready to swallow cities;
Only the mangrove stalks with love
Over the brooding, primal marshes
That wait to draw him down from above.
Never a sound of the world comes nigher
Than the slow passage of dark feet,
A leaf that cracks from the oleander,

A lizard moving out of the heat.
The wind that blows in the palm is higher,
But the oldest wind comes here to sleep.
Do not plant cities near the mangrove,—
They will not keep.

Voices VIOLA C. WHITE

A CYCLE OF THE FLORENTINE

A Portrait in the Bargello Chapel

Here is the poet of the tragic quest,
  As Giotto saw him in his youth, with all
  His luminous dreams unshattered. On this wall,
Beside which once, their comrade hearts confessed
Deep secrecies, they keep a high behest;
  Giotto's, the only brushes to recall
  His youth, beneath its sober coronal,
Whose face of all the world, is mournfulest.

He walked the ways of Florence proudly then,—
  Young Dante, with God's shadow on his brow!
And here, this greatest lover of all men,
  Looks forth as though his dream finds utterance now;
"For Beatrice, my hand shall dare to frame
Such words as crown no other woman's name."

At Giotto's House

In Padua, the glorious exile spent
  Some tender hours at Giotto's house, and wore
  The look of one who searches for a door,
To which some vanished apparition lent
A touch of more than splendor as it went.
  Giotto, who loved him to his heart's deep core,
  Was painting Mary and her Son, before
A place made holy for a sacrament.
"Lift the bright forehead higher," Dante said,
  "And those deep eyes shall light the path of men,
Though for myself, that go with stricken head,

And shall not walk Firenze's ways again,
Yet set my feet upon a wider place;
What thing is left?" And Giotto said: "God's face."

The Luminous Door

At last—Ravenna, and a larger light
For him whose living feet so long had been
Set in the lower darkness of all sin.
Ravenna—and sick age, and words to write
Of painful stairways to the highest height,
As though the veil of flesh had worn so thin,
The opening door could let his body in,
Where Beatrice moved, torch like in his sight.
At last—Ravenna, and the weariness
Of one who knew and conquered Calvary,
And found it for his heart's endurance, less
Blinding to bear than this last ecstasy.
Yet faithful still, as he proved faith before,
Who knew the secret of the luminous door.

The Harp MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

BALLAD OF THE MARSH-KING'S DAUGHTER

Death comes by land or death comes by water. . . .
This man married the Marsh-King's Daughter.

If a man must marry, as a right man may,
Best to pick a woman by the light of day;

Never seek for dreams, but take a lass to lie
Flesh and blood beside you till the dark goes by,

Flesh and blood that are akin to you,
Easy to forget until the day's work's through. . . .

Things seen slipping through the windy wood,
A man remembers them too much for good—

Eyes half-seen beyond the even-mist,
Lips too laughing and too sudden kissed,

A light hand waving and a glint of song. . . .
And you seek a lost thing all your lost life long.

Yet if you must seek where it is ill to find
Some among the Other Folk are whist and kind;

Catch a swan-girl and you've caught and found
Fat kine and lucky days the long year round,

And the worst to fear are stirring wings at night
And a little low sobbing for the want of flight;

And even if a troll-woman's lips are cold
You may creep from her hill with your bags of gold. . . .

But never by wood nor yet by water
Any man had mercy of the Marsh-King's Daughter.

He heard one sobbing of men's cruelty,
He parted the hazels and he bent to see,

And a girl sat weeping by the green marsh-edge
Her white feet shrinking from the swaying sedge,

And where she shrank in terror from the smooth marsh-land
There reached up hungrily a dead man's hand.

(Green eyes gleaming with a glint of gold,
Lips that promised what may not be told),

Dripping water-weeds from out the pond
Wrapped her body and no robe beyond;

A tarnished circlet bound her yellow hair,
Never one is fair as she was fair.

He wrapped his cloak about her nakedness,
He hushed her sobbing like a child's distress,

And underneath the stars, between the wood and water,
The man was married to the Marsh-King's Daughter.

Long may his weary mother wait by night
A quick known footstep and a whistle light,

Long may his comrades trace the wood-path's turning
With voices calling and with torches burning;

All that shall be known about this man by men
Is three steps to the marsh, and no footstep back again . . .
. . . . . .

Yet what if another man who loved her lies
Deep in the marshy ooze with green-sealed eyes?

Life is a dreary thing in most men's breast,
Rising and working and turning back to rest;

Red lips piercing like a heavenly sword,
This man kissed them and became their lord;

Cool limbs clinging with a thrill like fire—
Are long years better than the heart's desire?

For many a flitting thing haunts wood and water
But never one is like the Marsh-King's Daughter.

The Harp MARGARET WIDDEMER

SHENDON WATER

I will go back again to the wood by Shendon Water,
And watch a nuthatch rocking or a loping fawn hare pass
Till the dark dulls leisurely, leisurely over the chilling sunset
And over the dun deep clearness of ripples, and down the grass;

I'll set my back to a willow and feel the twilight dampen,
And know that I need not ever go anywhere else again,
And stare till the silver plate of the full moon stealthily pushes
Up past a black tree's flatness that edges an empty plain;

I'll feel in my ears the silence spreading for miles around me,

With nothing to touch or need me, nothing to feel or be
But the cool incurious timelessness of dark Shendon Water
Lapping away from my feet and the roots of the willow tree:

And I will need love no more, nor the breath nor the touch
of lovers,
Because of Time smoothed out, tenting me, and the twi-
light's brown
And the stiffness of naked trees, and the lapping of Shendon
Water,
And now and again a curled leaf, yellow, to waver down.

Outlook and Independent MARGARET WIDDEMER

LAMENT FOR HEAVEN

I'm sorry Heaven's gone out. I needed it
For certain longed-for freedoms, still unfit
For grown-up persons in this neat-ruled sphere
Where traffic-lights make every crossing clear:

This talked-of freedom has so many strings!
One's only free to do quite useless things,
Wreck the commandments, die in aeroplanes,
Go out with no umbrella when it rains,
But be, no matter still how old or tall,
Conventionally unconventional.

I've lost all hope reformers will be dead.
Once they wore black. They're just the same in red.
Only in Heaven, fourteen-dimensional,
Unshocked, unshocking, could some joys befall—
Only in that far place, veiled by a cloud,
The Heaven that is no more, I'd be allowed
To read in peace when there was company,
Sleep through those hell-hours, one P.M. to three,
Or, wrapped in adult poise and dignity
Unblamed, unnoticed, use a skipping rope
And spend glad hours with a kaleidoscope.

Harper's Magazine MARGARET WIDDEMER

WINTER

One of the loveliest things I know,
Is an upland meadow white with snow;
A grove of firs to mark its crown,
Their spreading arms by snow weighed down:
Slender mullein stalks frosted white,
Last year's goldenrod capped with light,
While, under the rays of the noonday sun,
Glittering and glistening, swift rainbows run
Backward and forward across its face,
Till eyes are strained and pulses race
With a strange excitement, a wild desire
To whirl through that field of glinting fire.

Yes, a hill-slope covered with sun-bright snow,
Is one of the loveliest things I know.

The Commonweal — Edna Judson Wilde

SONG AGAINST BEAUTY

Beauty is a fragile
And a tender thing,
Transient as a petal
Or a shining wing.

Fragile—but before her
Many a fortress falls
And her lance has shattered
Ancient armoured walls.

Tender—but her hands can
Tear a soul apart!
He who follows Beauty
Breaks his foolish heart.

Cincinnati Times Star — B. Y. Williams

THE SOURCE

I

The slope of the heavy woods
pales and disappears
in a wall of mist that hides

the edge above whose peak
last night the moon—

But it is morning and a new light
marks other things
a pasture which begins

where silhouettes of scrub
and balsams stand uncertainly

On whose green three maples
are distinctly pressed
beside a red barn

with new shingles in the old
all cancelled by

A triple elm's inverted
lichen mottled
triple thighs from which

whisps of twigs
droop with sharp leaves

Which shake in the crotch
brushing the stained bark
fitfully

II

Beyond which lies
the profound detail of the woods
restless, distressed

soft underfoot
the low ferns

Mounting a rusty root
the pungent mould
globular fungi

water in an old
hoof print

Cow dung and in
the uneven aisles of
the trees

rock strewn a stone
half green

A spring in whose depth
white sand bubbles
overflows

III

clear under late raspberries
and delicate stemmed touch-me-nots

Where alders follow it marking
the low ground
the water is cast upon

a stair of uneven stones
with a rustling sound

An edge of bubbles stirs
swiftness is moulded
speed grows

the profuse body advances
over the stones unchanged

PROVINCETOWN

We never from the barren down,
  Beneath the silver-lucent breast
Of plumy drift, gazed out to drown
  Where daylight whitens to the west.

Here never in this place I knew
  Such beauty by your side, such peace—
These skies that brightening imbue
  With dawn's delight the day's release!

Only upon the barren beach,
  Beside the gray egg of a gull,
With that fixed look and fervent speech,
  You stopped and called it beautiful.

Lone as the voice that sped the world!—
  Gray-green as eyes that ate its round!—
The desert dropping of a bird,
  Bare-bedded in the sandy ground.

Tonight, where clouds like foam are blown,
  I ride alone the surf of light—
As—even by my side—alone,
  That stony beauty burned your sight.

The Bookman EDMUND WILSON

JUNE SOLSTICE

Here in the garden summer seem asleep
On this, the coronal of all her days.
Ah, that her loveliness were mine to keep
In some almost imperishable phrase!
If only Time might sleep—and sleep always
In sunlit gardens—but the shadows run
Even as they do elsewhere. No hand stays
The orderly recession of the sun.
Not soon, but certainly, there shall be spun
Fine filaments of frost and threads of snow
For the shroud of summer; and the flowers will go,

Dropping their petals on her, one by one,
And only the chrysanthemum shall hold
Her citadel against the coming cold.

The Book of the Rhymers' Club JOHN FRENCH WILSON

DECEMBER SOLSTICE

It is decreed. Today there shall befall
In the fields of Heaven, a stupendous thing
Which we will notice—if we do at all—
No more than any trivial happening.
Here in the wind the barren branches swing,
The sunflower stalks are black against the snow.
Here is no promise of resurgent Spring
Nor threat of Winter's imminent overthrow.
Here, with strange unconcern we wait the slow
Immutable arbitrament of God,
While stars approve and constellations nod
Above a distant archipelago.
It is decreed. Another Spring is born
And now the sun swings back from Capricorn.

The Book of the Rhymers' Club JOHN FRENCH WILSON

SCIENCE

You are the eager little flame that steals
Around the shrinking edge of what we are
And what we may be. You will break the seals
Of time and space, and rifle every star.
And we who know blood-kinship with the dust
Will storm the gates of Heaven with a rope
Made of pale vapor and, enraptured, thrust
Their pearly stuff beneath a microscope.
So be it. But if any law should crack
Or any mighty formula go under
Beneath the weight of love, forego the sack,
And flee the walls before the brooding thunder
Tokens the vengeful hurling of a rod
That may be substance, but belongs to God.

WILLIAM HEERMANS WRIGHT
The Book of the Rhymers' Club

NIGHTPIECE

Drawn up beneath Gibraltar's sullen sky,
Nightblack and somber, under pale far stars,
The navied might of England riding free,
A glittering brighter galaxy, where stirs
The twinkling word of the wireless, ship to ship:
"Under the Rock Gun we are assembled here,
Lest all that man has conquered loosen, and slip
Into the bedless sea." With never a sneer
Or sigh of reproof, the ancient waters bite
Their insidious munches at the stark gray stone,
Pare the steel ships, contrive a darker night
When risen waters will be known alone
Over a drowned earth: and all man's scheming
Ends in a night too quietly dark for dreaming.

Voices CLEMENT WOOD

FINALE

Into what night of whirling snow
Shall these lethargic fragments go? . . .
England, a squire who kraals a globe,
France with the ulcers under her robe,
Germany, another who brothers Cain,
Judas Italy, gangrened Spain,
Russia, serf with the eagle's wings,
America, smothering her soul in things?
The Acropolis crumbles; man has forgot
Where Sybaris shone; Egypt is not
Other than tombs that shrine decay . . .
And the nights lengthen against day.

Sakkara
Voices CLEMENT WOOD

TOWARD NIGHT

Forgotten, in the coiling gloom,
The columns of the virgin one,—

Of old beauty's shattered tomb:
And now, there is no Parthenon
But in the shadowy memory
Of men too mired in littleness
To break with the old ecstasy
Of soul and sky-uplifted face.
We twitch to sea, and know at last
The weary Mediterranean.
Greece is sleeping in its past,
And the sun sets on Matapan.

The Aegean
Voices CLEMENT WOOD

AT THE GRAVE OF KEATS

Here, beside Tiber bank,
Under the shadow of the Aventine,
In a neglected dank
Coign of this dead city, where the breath
Of spring can never waken his guarding pine
Out of its tardy death,
He lies in dusty state,
Regal and ultimate.

The serried cypresses
Buttress mournfully the sky; the stones
Of plundered mysteries
Are scored with meaningless things of the past, and lie
Lightly over what are no longer bones.
There is no faint cry
Of bird on any troubled bush
To break the long hush.

There is treason in the air:
A Judas tree is gaudy with its bloom;
A fisted lilac flare
Is relaxing; there is iris, there is a dew
Of violets on the grass above the tomb;
The wide green hue

Of spring threatens the gray night,
Weathering all toward light.

These are forgotten. Here
In this half-remembered closure of the dead
John Keats lies beyond care
Of hostile stings; and his own final word,
"Whose name is writ in water," is doubtfully said
By all whose hearts are stirred
At sight of this low lone
Anonymous stone.

When he trod under the sun
For his brief hours, song ringed him like the air;
His lighted spirit shone
With music that was torture out of dearth;
There is scant haven for such music here,
And surely under earth
There never was the bliss
Of these heard ecstasies.

His hours were brief, his song
Was briefer; yet, in its enduring flight,
Its hour on earth is long.
It lights the dark pavements that we walk
With reawakening beauty; there is only light
When we resay what he spoke . . .
Under its old hill
His dust is very still.

"Writ upon water"? There
Is a living stream that flows on through the heart
Of each of us, to bear
That unrest we call life to one, to all.
Names borne within its substance have a part
In all that shapes the soul.
His name wakens the flood
Of all men's living blood.

Let the brown Tiber flow
Below its ever crumbling Aventine,
While in its home below

Lies what still greens the hill, although long gone.
There is something in some men we can call divine.
So John Keats shone.
Names like his have their day
While marble hills decay.
Rome

The New Leader CLEMENT WOOD

HYMN TO THE EARTH*

Farewell, incomparable element,
Whence man arose, where he shall not return;
And hail, imperfect urn
Of his last ashes, and his firstborn fruit;
Farewell, the long pursuit,
And all the adventures of his discontent;
The voyages which sent
His heart averse from home:
Metal of clay, permit him that he come
To thy slow-burning fire as to a hearth;
Accept him as a particle of earth.

Fire, being divided from the other three,
It lives removed, or secret at the core,
Most subtle of the four,
When air flies not, nor water flows,
It disembodied goes,
Being light, elixir of the first decree,
More volatile than he;
With strength and power to pass
Through space, where never his least atom was:
He has no part in it, save as his eyes
Have drawn its emanation from the skies.

A wingless creature heavier than air,
He is rejected of its quintessence;
Coming and going hence,
In the twin minutes of his birth and death,

*This poem is to be included in Elinor Wylie's "Angels and Earthly Creatures," shortly to be published by Knopf.

He may inhale as breath,
As breath relinquish heaven's atmosphere,
Yet in it have no share,
Nor can survive therein
Where its outer edge is filtered pure and thin:
It doth but lend its crystal to his lungs
For his early crying, and his final songs.

The element of water has denied
Its child; it is no more his element;
It never will relent;
Its silver harvests are more sparsely given
Than the rewards of heaven,
And he shall drink cold comfort at its side:
The water is too wide:
The seamew and the gull
Feather a nest made soft and pitiful
Upon its foam; he has not any part
In the long swell of sorrow at its heart.

Hail and farewell, beloved element,
Whence he departed, and his parent once;
See where thy spirit runs
Which for so long hath had the moon to wife;
Shall this support his life
Until the arches of the waves be bent
And grow shallow and spent?
Wisely it cast him forth
With his dead weight of burdens nothing worth,
Leaving him, for the universal years,
A little seawater to make his tears.

Hail, element of earth, receive thy own,
And cherish, at thy charitable breast,
This man, this mongrel beast:
He plows the sand, and, at his hardest need,
He sows himself for seed;
He plows the furrow, and in this lies down
Before the corn is grown;
Between the apple bloom
And the ripe apple is sufficient room
In time, and matter, to consume his love
And make him parcel of a cypress grove.

Receive him as thy lover for an hour
Who will not weary, by a longer stay,
The kind embrace of clay;
Even within thine arms he is dispersed
To nothing, as at first;
The air flings downward from its four-quartered tower
Him whom the flames devour;
At the full tide, at the flood,
The sea is mingled with his salty blood:
The traveler dust, although the dust be vile,
Sleeps as thy lover for a little while.

The Saturday Review of Literature ELINOR WYLIE

SIX POEMS

I

the world turns and is brilliant now:
see, now the narrow streets reel with yellow,
color is everywhere, sun in the streets,
and wind on the waters under the yellow mists.
down narrow paths the leaves blow and blow,
and winds talk in yellow music.
yellow is over the world now,
yellow winds are, and yellow leaves,
and mists on the river whirl golden with winter sunlight.
sunlight is over and under walking people,
is over under and about children crying in the streets,
all is color that twists about those who are walking,
over and under walking people
this sunlight, yellow winds blowing from the river, and
blowing.
see now how the little streets are pools of yellow
where the small people go down and leave but a yellow circle.

II

the moon is almost, but not altogether, shining,
and little streets are dark with certain shadows.
beyond sharp corners winds break

and brittle leaves follow and follow.
through mists that fill to the brim
these carefully spaced darknesses
that are now known and spoken of as streets.,
winds have a knowing way of falling,
winds have a sweet in no way new
or even altogether arrogant or subtle
manner of weaving moods
from these moments in which the moon is not quite
nor yet in any visible manner shining.

III

I could dissect you now that midnight has mended certain
winds,
and now that streets are sleeping, and the only minute things
that are still crying
are the last lips of little crimson leaves.
I could dissect you, coldly, now, saying:
you are (must be) the little sob
the wind has before it goes,
and the little shadow the dark has before it goes,
and the little sound that music has before it goes,
and strangely you are like a shadow broken on a wall.
midnight, now, and blueness, and I, saying;
saying coldly what you are
of the carefully builded nude small things
that you have sobbed against my breast.
while streets are asleep, now, now asleep,
and only the minute things that are still crying
are the brittle voices of dead crimson small leaves.

IV

remembered from midnight: leaf sound and rain
and the moon dropping down slowly again.
remembered from the first thing: one shadow
that swiftly trailed a crimson length on snow.
remembered from the new thing: only old
blind days (always the same),
spaced time: blue cold.

V

if moments spaced of ourselves
make, say, altogether lively laughing ghosts
that chatter against time, noisily,
then let us pause, and build in the blue moon dust
that thins the midnight whirling to darkness,
say, each of the other's lips, or maybe teeth,
or of fingernails too carefully polished,
some dark image never wholly dead but sleeping,
and go beyond the first surface
to where darkness is more than a tarnished mirror,
or where maybe we are ever so slightly and beautifully dead.

VI

since the night when we talked
snow has fallen over all the streets,
and in the alleyways and over trees,
and fences and houses and gardens
have been whitened and buried and hushed,
and all last leaves have gone darkly blind under weight of ice.
streets are white now the snow has fallen
swiftly into the blue air of afternoon.
men have walked here in this snow,
footprints have been deep here,
winds have traced the snow over,
and children have been walking here in this same snow.
since the night when we talked
snow has fallen over all the streets.

KATHLEEN TANKERSLEY YOUNG
Blues, A Magazine of New Rhythms

TWO SONNETS

I

Someone said, 'earth, bowed with her death, we mourn
Ourselves, our own earth selves,'—yet for me crept
Rattling a small wind bitter, and I wept

But your own little form that might be torn.
And suddenly I could see your face borne
Like the moon on my sight, it had not slept
But looked, as once, at rest though waking, stepped
To the grave peace of death and not yet worn.

'Look at the moon,' you said: 'Those are no tears
Falling, unclasped through space, for what appears
Dead crater sheds no tears.' And your face from
Where it came vanished, so I was too soon
Oblivious among the wind, the moon
Clouding then, her high dissolution come.

II

The silence of the good that you were wrought of,
Do I find it transformed by some strange leaven
From you to earth only my earth knows aught of,
And know it silent mound outlined on heaven,
Till all the life of you in our still room
Returns to me—your presence past the wall
Of death, the confines of your dark? So fall
Death's guerdon to me neither sun nor gloom;

But quiet—your silence, when you would stir
With me—its being, what you are and were.
It cannot change though it must change the mode—
Not with you living, but with you dead to darkle—
Yet is no less obliged thus to corrode
In earth with you—earth, shadow of your sparkle.

The Dial LOUIS ZUKOFSKY

SILHOUETTE *

He preached of the sins of the world—and of evil
That ever seeks triumph in man.
He thundered of lust,
Of hell-fire and dust,

* In the paging of this book this poem was unaccountably dropped out of the alphabetical order in which it belonged, and is inserted here to save the re-making of the pages.—Editor.

Of flesh and the devil;
And then—he was civil—
Said, "Do come to dine when you can."
His wife cooked the dinner, and served it, and kept
The children all quiet;
Though he would deny it,
And wonder just why
The baby must cry
Exactly at meal-times, or else when he slept;
While she scrubbed, mended, dusted, and swept.

Do you think he found out, when his nine lost their mother?
Of course not; he married another.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse FLORA BRENT HAMILTON

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A Diamond — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, May, '29
Early Dawn (Trizad) — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
BARRETT, S. J., ALFRED J. — Mon Repos
America, July 6, '29
BARTLETT, RUTH FITCH — Forewarned *Harper's*, Aug., '28
BARRELL, ELEANOR SALOME — Interlude
Amer. Poet, Sept.-Oct., '28
BARRETT, EDNA — Becky Sharp — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
BARRETT, EDNA HARRIET — The Optimist *Skyline*, Jan., '29
The Passing of an Old Man — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
BARRINGTON, MARY — And This, Also, Is Vanity
Bozart, May-June, '29
BARROWES-DONALD, H. C. — Caliban — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Industrial Genetics — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Landholder — *Voices*, Feb., '29
In The Beginning — *Voices*, Feb., '29

We Will Not Be There *Voices*, Feb., '29
BARTEE, D. HAMILTON – Exultation
Amer. Poetry, June, '29
BARTON, MARIE – Attar *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
BARTLETT, STANLEY FOSS – A Layman's Religion
Amer. Poetry, Apr., '29
BARRY, BERNICE – Invocation *Voices*, Jan., '29
Palmistry *Voices*, Jan., '29
Defence *Voices*, Jan., '29
BASSETT, ANNA FLOURNOY – Husband and Wife
Kaleidoscope, June, '29
BASSETT, RUTH – Profound *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
BATCHELOR, JEAN – Apparition
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Sept. 22, '28
BATES, H. E. – Glamour,
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Nov. 11, '28
BATES, OLA ANIESE – Death-Night *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Of an Old Pleasure *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
On Looking Out on Wet House Tops
Kaleidoscope, June, '29
Tonight the Wind *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Hoe Hand *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
BATCHELDER, ANN – Little Lake Obabika
Driftwind, Sept., '28
The Ancient One *Driftwind*, July, '29
BAUER, MARY T. – A Wild Cactus *Skyline*, May, '29
BAUGHER, RUBY DELL – Evidence
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Oct., '28
BEAN, INA H. – Recompense *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
BEARD, IRENE HANDLEY – Winter Wind (Cinquain)
Cleve. Club Wom., June, '29
BEARD, MARY MILLER – Where *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Winged Thoughts *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Great White Way *Psychology Mag.*, Apr., '29
BEARDSLEY, ALICE L. – The Elephant
Lantern, Oct.-Nov., '28
BECK, E. LEONE – Green Lake at Twilight
Oracle, Sept., '28
BECKER, GUSTAVE L. – Music's Soul
Lantern, Jan.-Feb., '29
BEECHER, MARION E. – Barbara Gathers Forget-Me-Nots
Will-o'-The-W., Jan.-Feb., '29

Defeat — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Ballad of the Mold — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
This I Have Learned — *Lyric*, June, '29
BEELER, FLORENCE ASHLEY — Recompense, *Love Story Mag.*, Jan. 5, '29
Sea Hunger — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
BEER, ARTHUR WILLIAM — Great Possessions *Interludes*, Aut., '28
BEGHTOL, CHARLES — The Singing Sands *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Ramshackle House — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
BEHN, PHILIP E. — Blue Eyes — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
BELL, RUTH — Chapel — *Harp*, May-June, '29
BELL, BLANCHE — Surrender *Greenwich Vilge. Quill*, May, '29
BELLAMANN, HENRY — The Woman of the Dunes *Yale R.*, Spring, '29
BELLAMY, VIRGINIA WOODS — Epitaph *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 6, '29
BELLMAN, ISABEL — The Brimming Chalice *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
BEMIS-WILSON, KATHRYN — Cathedral *Amer. Poet.*, Apr., '29
BENDON, DOROTHE — Sonnet — *San Franciscan*, May, '29
BENÉT, LAURA — Balaam's Ass *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 7, '29
BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE — Mighty Is Man *Nation*, Aug. 15, '28
BENETT, ANNA ZENTS — Drink Deeply *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
Pepper Tree — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
BENJAMIN, ISAAC — Woman — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Jest — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Village — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Prescience — *Opportunity*, Nov., '28
BENNETT, ALFRED GORDON — Thoughts *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Infatuation — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Court in the Shadows — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
BENNETT, ANNA ELIZABETH — We'll Sing *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Stars Have Come to Sea — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29

BENNETT, DOROTHY – Saint Francis
Commonweal, Feb. 27, '29
Carmel *Commonweal*, May 29, '29
Five Hundred Miles South *Outlook*, June 12, '29
BENNETT, GERTRUDE RYDER – Souvenir
Century, Aug., '28
A Traveller's Tale *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Two Poets *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Spiderweb *America*, Mar. 9, '29
Coquette *Skyline*, May, '29
BENNETT, N. M. – The Passing of Miss Patience
Interludes, Sum., '28
Monument *Interludes*, Spring, '29
BENNETT, RAINE – Memory *Westward*, Aug., '28
BENTLEY, GILVERT – Loves *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
BERGMAN, HAROLD – The Agnostic *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
BERSTECHER, THEKLA N. – Joan *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
A Handshake (Trizad) *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
BERTHOLD, ARTHUR B. – Her Last Passing
Japm, July 29, '29
BERTLESEN, CHARLOTTE LOUISE – Stepping Stones
Pasque Petals, Sept., '28
Haunting Melodies *Messenger*, Oct., '28
Pioneers of South Dakota *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Abraham Lincoln *Messenger*, Feb., '29
George Washington: The Father of His Country
Messenger, Feb., '29
I Shall Not Make a God For Me
Pasque Petals, Mar., '29
Easter *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
South Dakota Pioneers *Messenger*, May, '29
A Tribute: To Rare Motherhood *Messenger*, May, '29
Your Mother and Mine *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Response *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
BESSE, RALPH – The Sea Gull *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
BETTS, THOMAS JEFFRIES – Peking Camels
Poetry, Mar., '29
BEVERLY-SMITH, ELEANOR – Out of the Valley
Interludes, Aut., '28
BEYNON, MARGARET E. – Lonely Beauty (Trizad)
Cleve. Club Wom., Mar., '29

Romance (Trizad) *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
BEYER, C. DORN – Bifurcation *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
BIDDLE, EUNICE K. – Color Blind *Crisis*, July, '29
Almond Bud *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
BIRD, LOTTABEL R. – Love *Oracle*, Sept., '28
BIRDSALL, ANNE – April *Westward*, Feb., '29
BITTNER, NELSON DEL – Phases *Poetry*, May, '29
Whistles *Poetry*, May, '29
Ships *Poetry*, May, '29
BLACK, JOHN – Something of God Is In the Air Tonight *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Parting *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
BLACK, MACKNIGHT – Corliss Engine at Rest *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept., 8, '28
Reciprocating Engines *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 8, '28
Power-House *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 8, '28
Heart *Bookman*, Jan., '29
New York *Bookman*, Jan., '29
Tide *Bookman*, Jan., '29
Express Trains *Harper's*, Jan., '29
This Day *Dial*, Feb., '29
Arc *Dial*, Feb., '29
BLACK, N. M. CONROY – A Fantasy: Wind Dance of the Red Hibiscus *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
BLAISDELL, V. LEORA – The Gift *Opportunity*, Nov. '28
BLAKE, ELEANORE – Seen from a Bus Window *Unity*, May 27, '29
BLAKE, MARIE – Glamour *America*, June 8, '29
BLACKENEY, LENA WHITTAKER – Evening in Florence *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Drouth *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
BLANCHARD, ALBERTON M. – Annunciation *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
BLANCHARD, EDITH RICHMOND – Youth and Age (Lunenberg Shipyards) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 20, '29
BLAND, HENRY MEADE – Fifty-Second Sonnet *Westward*, Nov., '28
A Song of the Sacramento *Westward*, Feb., '29
For Gertrude Atherton *San Franciscan*, June, '29
BLANDEN, CHARLES G. – The Wanton *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
BLANDING, DON – Baby Street *Westward*, Nov., '28

Blanding, Henriette De Saussure – Observatory, *Harper's*, Dec., '28
Knights Templar *Harper's*, Feb., '29
Memory of My Grandmother *Harper's*, Mar., '29
Sonnet *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 18, '29
For a Child *Harper's*, June, '29
Blanton, Mildred Amelia – Chopin Nocturne *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Bliss, Margaret Chandler – Song *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Bliss, Sylvia Hortense – Deer and I: An Encounter *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
The Newly Dead *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Blough, Olive Marie – Alone *Skyline*, May, '29
Blunden, Edmund – Pillbox *Bookman*, Mar., '29
The Zonnebeke Road *Bookman*, Mar., '29
At Senlis Once *Bookman*, Mar., '29
Bochicchio, Maurice V. – As Hamlet *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Christmas Charms *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
Bodenheim, Maxwell – Lyric to Bernice *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 18, '28
Emotion Speaks *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Bogart, B. E. – The Call of the Tropics *Westward*, Nov., '28
Boggs, Lois Hartman – To a Figurine *Prairie Schooner*, Win., '29
Boggs, Thomas – Clear Skies Recall Clear Lakes *Commonweal*, Aug. 15, '28
Bond, Josselyn Hayes – Alone (Tanka) *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
Bone, Harold M. – Adversity *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Bone, L. Eugene – At An Ultra-Modern Symphony Concert *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
At the Edge of the Earth *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Boner, H., – Enchanted Mesa—New Mexico *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Reflection *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Song Before Sleep *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Galveston *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Taos—Autumn *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Nuevo Mexico *Poetry*, Apr., '29

After Eight Years — *Poetry*, Apr. '29
Portrait, Etc. — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Front-Page Stuff — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Descent to the Sea — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Unfathomed Apparition — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
BONN, JOHN LOUIS — Hymn for All Poor Mothers — *America*, Dec. 22, '28
BONNEY, L. M. S. — Conversation — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
BONTEMPS, ARNA — For a Black Girl — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
BORDEN, ELLEN — Songs — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
BORTON, BETH — Arabian Love Song — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
BOSTELMANN, CARL JOHN — I Am Aryan — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Hackensack Meadows at Sunset — *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
A Song of the Passaic River — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
A Song for a Hundred Days — *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Spur Your Mount, Horseman! — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Call to Arms — *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
A Song to California — *Dial*, Dec., '28
Evanescent Year — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
A Dancer Sings — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Release — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
The Beast with the Broken Hands — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Environment — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Tribute — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Grace — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Never Feel Sorry for Bums — *Japm*, Dec. 17, '28
Sonnet to One — *The Monitor*, '29
Love Song — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Hilltop Poplars — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
BOSTICK, ALMA — Onward Faring — *Troubadour*, June, '29
BOSTON, DAVID — Point of View — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
BOTKIN, B. A. — Track Lover — *Southwest R.*, Spring, '29
BOUGH, MILTON — Snow Raiment — *N. Y. Her-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 10, '29
BOWERS, MILDRED — Sam Littleton — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
James Marsh — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
BOWMAN, HAZEL MCGEE — Words — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Waiting — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

Boyd, Alta Smith – Minor Note *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Boyle, Kay – Letter to Archibald Craig
transition, Sum., '28
The United States, for William Carlos Williams
transition, Sum., '28
Boyle, Magdelen Eden – Autumn Approaches
Country Bard, Aut., '28
Lost *Lariat*, Jan.-Mar., '29
Boyd, Margaret Ann – My Garden
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
Boyden, I. – Coming Home *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
Boyden, Margaret Louise – Orchard Lane
Driftwind, Nov., '28
Bradford, Gamaliel – Autumn Violets *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Her Request *Voices*, Jan., '29
Then and Now *Voices*, Jan., '29
Glee *Voices*, Jan., '29
A Fallen Leaf *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Aeneas *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Rhyme *Lyric*, Apr., '29
The Dwelling *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Old as the World *Lyric*, Apr., '29
The Anniversary *Lyric*, June, '29
Snares *Lyric*, June, '29
Reconciled *Lyric*, June, '29
Too Late *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Bradley, Doris Lucile – The Mad Girl
Palo Verde, No. 5, '29
Windows *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
Brady, Margaret Carroll – The Skater
Amer. Poetry, Jan., '29
Poppies *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
July Woods *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
Braithwaite, William Stanley – I Saw the First Ploughing *Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
Never Shall Beauty Perish *Household Mag.*, May, '29
Braley, Christine – Caprice *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
From Baltimore *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Brammer, Mauck – Hymn to Seventh Avenue
Gypsy, Oct., '28
Branch, Anne Hempstead – To My Black Kitten
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Dec. 29, '28

To a Dog — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 29, '28

BRAND, JULIA A. – Apologia — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28

Laziness — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29

BRANSOM, GEORGE – Memorial Day — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

BRANT, LEROY – Fireflies (To My Sister) — *Westward*, Nov., '28

BRANT, SUSAN HORTENSE – Triolet — *Window*, Feb., '29

BRÉGY, KATHERINE – Mountain Idyl — *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28

Veronica — *America*, Mar. 30, '29

Temptations — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28

BRESNAN, CATHARINE MAY – Silverpoint — *America*, Mar. 2, '29

To A Poet Departed — *America*, Apr. 27, '29

BREWER, MABLE WILFONG – Has Beauty Departed — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28

BREWSTER, LLEWELLYN A. – That's Life — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29

BRICKHAM, NELSON H. – A New Gold Rush at Creede — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29

BRIGGS, ANDREW GLADWIN – Life — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29

BRIGGS, HAROLD E. – The Pagan — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28

Lines — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29

BRIGHT, RUTH WILLIAMS – Baby Mine — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

BRIGHT, VERNE – Always There Is the Water's Monotone — *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28

The White Witch — *Lyric*, Oct., '28

Old Sailor — *Frontier*, Nov., '28

Peter — *Frontier*, Nov., '28

Sea Colors — *Spectator*, Dec. 8, '28

Flying Cloud — *Spectator*, Dec. 15, '28

Poet — *Attic Salt*, Dec. 15, '28

Fiddler's Green — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28

Golden Javelins — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28

Daughter of Jephthah on the Mountains — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28

Towers of Men — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28

Old Man's Autumn — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28

Dawn — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29

Panther — *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29

A Beggar in Paradise — *Christian Cent.*, Jan. 17, '29
Golden Poplars — *Camera Craft*, Feb., '29
Dreams at Dawn — *Camera Craft*, Feb., '29
Barnaby Bright — *Frontier*, Mar., '29
Autumn Sunset — *Oregon Mag.*, Mar., '29
Mystic — *World Tomorrow*, Mar., '29
Dark Madonna — *Crisis*, Mar., '29
Sea Dreams — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Dark Poet (For Countee Cullen) — *Light of Day*, Spring, '29
Ballads of the Black Pool — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Sea Islands — *Overland Mag.*, Apr., '29
Blue Symphony — *Camera Craft*, Apr. '29
Shadow of Water — *Camera Craft*, Apr. '29
Spring Gladness — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
April Moments — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Death's Hour — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Pioneer — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
The Last Buccaneer — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Old Woman — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Centaur — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
The Crow — *Westward*, May, '29
Growing Fields — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Of Wounds and Sore Defeat — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Feast of Lanterns — *Gypsy*, June, '29
Fantastic Interval — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
Moonrise — *Lyric*, July, '29
Sea-Wife — *Japm*, July 8, '29

BRIGHTE, MILTON — Brown Youth — *Crisis*, July, '29

BRINK, CAROL RYRIE — Young Girl with a Letter — *Commonweal*, Aug., '28
A Quiet Place — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28

BRINKLEY, MAY — Revealment — *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
Ashes — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Marie Marshall — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Tenants — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29

BROCKETT, FRANCIS HALLEY — Interlude — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Wild Harp — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
March — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
The Poet and the Maiden — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29

Bockoven, Clara Exline – Excape *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Subway *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Long Ago *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
A Dream *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Lumen de Lumine *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Hymn *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Boice, Dorothy W. – Comfort *Step Ladder*, Jan., '29
Souvenir *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Boland, Lilllian M. – Romance *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Bolles, Jason – Coyotes *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
The Mountains Lead a Double Life *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Brodkey, Elsie – I Have Known *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
Brogan, Clara – Tis—My Love *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Bromley, Frances G., – A Child's Problem *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
Brooker, Louisa J. – "Rooms for Rent" *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Flora's Alibi *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
Storms *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
Brooks, Jonathan – Garnered the Yields *Opportunity*, Jan., '29
Brooks, Jonathan H. – The Great Man *Crisis*, Feb., '29
The Caucasian *World Tomorrow*, July, '29
Brown, Jr., B. – To a Cardinal *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Brown, Douglas – Little Girl *Blues*, Feb., '29
Name and Legend *Blues*, Feb., '29
Brown, Earl Bigelow – No Peace *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Lost Singers *The Chronicle*, Apr., '29
Offering *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
One Town *Unity*, July 29, '29
Brown, Frank – Poem *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Brown, Grace Evelyn – Triolet *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Brown, Marion Francis – Autumn Nocturn *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Imp of the Devil *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
To a Creedist *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
Brown, Mary Chadbourne – Requiem *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Brown, Sterling A. – Thoughts of Death *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
Riverbank Blues *Opportunity*, May, '29

BROWNE, EMILY BRAMHALL – Fickle-Hearted
Amer. Poet, Apr., '29
Maytime *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
BROWNING, EVA S. – Idealism *Parnassus*, July 15, '29
BROWNRIGG, SHIRLEY – The Dark Song *Poetry*, Jan., '29
BRUENN, LAURENCE – The Inevitable *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
BREUNN, LAURIE – The Love-Wife
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
And Forever Will Chastity Shiver *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Virginity *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Foreboding *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
By the Sea *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Type Two *Japm*, May 27, '29
BUENNING, RUBY – Mute *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD – Lazarus Silverloom
Poetry, Feb., '29
BRUNER, MARGARET E. – When Autumn Comes
Lariat, Sum., '28
At Dusk *Voice*, Sum., '28
Foreboding *Poets' Parchment*, Aug., '28
An Old Poet Speaks *Poets' Parchment*, Aug., '28
Deal Not Too Harshly *Pegasus*, Aug., '28
Hill Woman *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Nocturne Opus 55 (Chopin) *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Beggar's Gift *Japm*, Aug., 27, '28
Dark Hour *Japm*, Aug., 27, '28
Remembering *Oracle*, Sept., '28
I Would Go Softly *Poets' Parchment*, Sept., '28
Nostalgia *Lariat*, Aut., '28
Release *Prism*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Wind *Prism*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Of Life and Death *Poets' Parchment*, Oct., '28
Books *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Will You? *Ind. Star*, Dec., '28
Window Shopping *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
When North Winds Blew *Lariat*, Win., '29
The Difference *Prism*, Jan.-Feb., '29
When Snow Lies Deep *Ind. Star*. Feb., '29
The Tall Man *Ind. Star*, Feb., '29
Mist *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
New Sight *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29

The Hills Forget — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
To Sing — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Hill Woman — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Old Beeches — *Home Mag.*, Spring, '29
Abandoned — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Lone Woman — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
It Will Not Matter — *Sonnet Sequences*, July, '29
Nostalgia — *Sonnet Sequences*, July, '29
In An Art Gallery — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
A Certain Rich Man — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Old House — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

BRUNINI, JOHN GILLAND — Maturity to Youth
Commonweal, Sept. 12, '28
Music in the Garden — *Commonweal*, May 8, '29

BRUNS, K. VON K. — Young Love — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29

BRUTON, IVA PURDUM — Not Without Honor Save—
Bozart, Nov.-Dec., '28
Trysting Time — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29

BULLOCK-WILLIS, VIRGINIA — Pleasure's Twin
Amer. Poet, Aug., '28
Good-bye — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28

BURR, WINIFRED ADAMS — The Unadventurer
Lantern, Jan.-Feb., '29

BRYAN, JANE — A Jar of Cyprian Honey — *Interludes*, Aut., '28

BRYAN, JOHN — Waiting — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29

BRYAN, WILL W. — Scaramouche — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29

BRYSON, LYMAN — Song of the Road — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28

BUCKLEY, NANCY — Winter Dusk — *Westward*, Aug., '28
Remembrance — *America*, Sept. 8, '28
Masquerade — *Westward*, Feb., '29

BUCKLES, KATHRYN — Punishment — *Window*, Feb., '29

BUCKLIN, CLARISSA — Penumbra
Prairie Schooner, Win., '29
Lilac Tree — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29

BUENNING, RUBY — Poetry — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29

BULLARD, ANN — Rock Guards—Cumberland Mountains
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Jan., '29

BUNDY, RUTH LASHORNE — Perfection
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29

BURBRIDGE, SYLVIA — God's Spring Is Here, Rejoice!
Good Counsel, Easter, '29

BURENN, LAURIE – Type One *Japm*, May 27, '29
BURGESS, DOROTHY – Ballad of the Hungry
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., June 30, '29
BURGESS, JESSE – Just Days *Caravan*, May, '29
Apostrophe to a Dead Friend *Caravan*, May, '29
Snow-Roses *Caravan*, May, '29
BURGH, MILTON – After the Night Rain
Books: N. Y. Her-Trib., Mar. 31, '29
BURLINGAME, RUTH M. – Ferry-Boat Flotsam
Westward, Aug., '28
Celia *Westward*, Feb., '29
BURKE, JOHN J. – Fremont *Westward*, Feb., '29
BURKE, KENNETH – The Uncompleted Visit *Dial*, Feb., '29
Their Preferable Ways *Dial*, Feb., '29
The Metaphor of Jack in the Bandbox *Dial*, Feb., '29
Conclusion *Dial*, Feb., '29
BURNS, COLETTE M. – Raindrops *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
Wind, The Sculptor *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Words to a Brown Boy *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
The Play House (For K. W. K.) *Skyline*, Jan., '29
The Cuyahoga *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
BURNS, TOM E. – Horse Sense *Messenger*, Aug., '28
One More Milestone *Messenger*, Jan., '29
BURNSHAW, STANLEY – Blood *Dial*, Oct., '28
BURROWS, JEAN – To a New Friend *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Fog *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
River in Spring *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
BUSEY, GARRETA – Sonnet on My Own Face
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Jan. 20, '29
Carillon of Remembered Things
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., June 16, '29
BUSH, MRS. GUY – Grand Canyon *Westward*, Feb., '29
BUSHBY, D. MAITLAND – The Last Drummer
Palo Verde, Sum., '28
Wakening *Amer. Writer*, Aug., '28
Doubt *Amer. Writer*, Aug., '28
Regret *Amer. Writer*, Aug., '28
Recompense *The Thinker*, Aug., '28
One Passes *The Thinker*, Aug., '28
Payment *The Thinker*, Aug., '28
Paradox *Journ. Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Thoughts of a Vaquero *Visions*, Aug., '28

Company	*Visions*, Aug., '28
After Round-Up	*Visions*, Aug., '28
Old Timer	*Visions*, Aug., '28
To a Candle	*Education*, Sept., '28
Faith	*Education*, Oct., '28
These Days	*Amer. Poet*, Oct., '28
We Shall Not Mourn	*Voice*, Oct., '28
Stipulation	*Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Memory	*Skyline*, Nov., '28
Ten Years Have Passed—	*Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Threads	*Oracle*, Dec., '28
On the Side Lines	*Oracle*, Dec., '28
Dream Dust	*Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Jan. 14, '29
"There Are Three Things . . ."	*Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
Soliloquy of a "Desert Rat"	*Scepter*, Mar., '29
Lines for an Aged Pine	*Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
Desert Monks	*Scepter*, Apr., '29
Lancelot Returns	*Scepter*, Apr., '29
Twilight in Monterey	*The Forge*, Apr., '29
Early Robin	*Magic Light*, Apr. 12, '29
Solitude	*Magic Light*, Apr. 12, '29
Camile	*Chicago Trib.*, Apr. 14, '29
Compensation	*Chicago Trib.*, Apr. 14, '29
Rene Margot to Her Mirror	*Skyline*, May, '29
Ships That Passed	*Westward*, May, '29
Riders of the Dawn	*Golden Rule*, May, '29
For One Once Loved	*Golden Rule*, May, '29
Early Spring Studies	*Driftwind*, May, '29
Jose, The Goat Herder	*Christian Cent.*, May, '29
Futility	*Harp*, May-June, '29
Don Felipe to His Guitar	*Scepter*, May-June, '29
Wisdom	*Christian Cent.*, May, '29
Flower of Night	*Overland Monthly*, June, '29
Dance of Tsua-Tsua	*Overland Monthly*, June, '29
Navajo War Dance	*Overland Monthly*, June, '29
Indian Side Show	*Palo Verde*, June, '29
Hasteyalti	*Palo Verde*, June, '29
Three Women	*N. Y. Sun*, June, '29
Request	*Gypsy*, July, '29
Revue	*Driftwind*, July, '29
Swamp Owl	*Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Wood Carriers of the Tonto	*Japm*, July 29, '29

Exposure — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
Allons! (In Memory of Marshal Foch) — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Yo-tan-e-ki (Study of a Cocopah Indian) — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Death Soliloquy of Nicholas II (of Russia) — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
To One in Dark Mood — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '29
Columbus — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '29
For a Young Love — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '29
Line for a Chela — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '29
Admonition — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Gathering of Stars — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
BUSBY, CARRIE – Song of the Indian Basket Weaver — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
BUSHBY, EMILY – Sympathy — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
A Garden — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
BUTE, JANET – Easter Everlasting — *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
BUTLER, DAISY DEAN – Driftwood — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Promise — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Asters — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Autumn Leaves — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Star of the Prairie — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Sacrifice — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
BUTLER, J. ALPHEUS – The Dark Flower — *Crisis*, Oct., '28
BUTLER, LOUISA – Astronomical Meditation — *Inlander*, Oct., '28
BUTLER, THOMAS – Night After Christmas — *America*, Dec. 29, '28
Tea at Delphi — *America*, May 25, '29
Helen-of-Toys — *America*, June 15, '29
BYNNER, WITTER – Poet and Wife — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Christ in China: a Fragment — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug., '28
Having Been an Exile — *Southwest R.*, Aut., '28
Remembering — *Dial*, Nov., '28
Vigil — *Dial*, Nov., '28
To Certain Bostonians — *Nation*, Nov. 14, '28
Waterfall — *Voices*, Jan., '29
A Love Song — *Dial*, Jan., '29
Hay Wagon — *Harper's*, Jan., '29
The Two Windows — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29
Indian Fetich — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 12, '29

The Sowers — *Harper's*, Feb., '29
Heroes — *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Gotham — *Blues*, Mar., '29
Careful Knowledge — *Nation*, May 29, '29
On a Painting by Paul Thévenaz — *Dial*, May, '29
Withheld Warning — *Lyric*, June, '29
A Mexican Wind — *Bookman*, July, '29
A Beautiful Mexican — *Bookman*, July, '29
From Chapala to a San Franciscan — *Bookman*, July, '29
The Cross on Tunapec — *Bookman*, July, '29
Conflict — *Bookman*, July, '29
The Web — *Bookman*, July, '29
To a Disappointed Pilgrim — *Commonweal*, July 3, '29
Snake Dance — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 14, '29
Shalako — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 14, '29
BYNNER, WITTER AND KANG-HU, KIANG, SNOW (trans. from the Chinese) — *Commonweal*, Dec. 26, '28
BYRNE, DOROTHY SHERWOOD – To Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
BYRNES, JANE LUELLING – Maples in October — *Westward*, Feb., '29
BYRNES, LILLIAN – I Am Free — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Nordic — *Crisis*, May, '29
Slow Singing Things — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Love Is Not Blind — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29

CABBAGE, JOHN – Sea Chantey — *Parnassus*, July 15, '29
CADY, DANIEL L. – Marshfield, October 24, 1852 — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
November in Vermont — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
CADY, MARY ALICE – Ornamental — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
CAIE, HARRIET – Communion — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
First Crocus — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Chromatic — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
Careless — *Skyline*, May, '29
April Twilights — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
CALLAND, ANICE – Oranges — *Lyric*, Oct., '28
The Psalm — *Crisis*, Jan., '29
CALLANDER-RULE, MARGIE – Beauty — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
CALLIN, ALBERT HARRISON – My Estranged One — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
To My Mother — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Sympathy *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
CAMERON, K. N. – Gift *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
CAMP, BLANCH HAMMOND – Enticement (Cinquin Sequence) *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
CAMPBELL, GLADYS – Alone in Fire *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Not With Our Hearts *Poetry*, Oct., '28
At Length *Poetry*, Oct., '28
After Prayer *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Inviolable *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Old Enough *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Memorial *Poetry*, Oct., '28
CAMPBELL, MALCOLM – Roman Woman's Plea to Bona Dea *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
CAMPBELL, MAY LACKEY – A Treasure *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
CANBY, MARION – Sea-Marsh: South Carolina, *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Apr. 28, '29
Painter *Scribner's*, July, '29
CANDLER, BEATRICE POST – Tribute to the Sonnets of Thomas S. Jones, Jr. *Sketch Bk. Mag.*, Aug., '28
CANE, MELVILLE – Country House: Midnight *Nation*, Jan. 9, '29
Once at Tarascon *Nation*, Feb. 27, '29
Engadine *Commonweal*, Apr. 17, '29
CANFIL, LOIS – The Little Winds *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
CANTRELL, WILLIAM – The Dragon-Fly *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
CAPERS, HUNTER R. – Mystery *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
CAPOOCH, TONY – "Da olda man he set . . ." *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
CARLIN, FRANCIS – The Bachelor's Wife *America*, Sept. 8, '28
The Chooser *America*, Sept. 15, '28
Francis Thompson *America*, Jan. 12, '29
When I Was Small *America*, Feb. 16, '29
The Village Solomon *America*, Mar. 23, '29
Juliana *America*, July 20, '29
CARLSON, VERA F. – Chiaroscuro *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
CARMAN, J. NEALE – Four Hours *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
CARPENTER, JOSEPH – Civilization *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
CARPENTER, MARY HAUFLE – When the God House Leaked *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29

Sweet Memories — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Pioneer Women — *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
CARR, J. R. – Summer Solitude — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
CARR, LURA PUTNAM – Twenty Raindrops — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
O, Weary Heart, What Matter — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Spring — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Winter Wind — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
CARR, MARY BEALE – That Wife o' Mine — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
CARR, MARY JANE – Fairy Tapers, — *America*, Sept. 1, '28
CARRINGTON, MARY COLES – T. B. — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Childish Laughter — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Nocturne — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Kinship — *Lyric*, July, '29
CARROL, ELLEN M. – Chasm — *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, July-Aug., '28
Last Request — *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
Quiet Song — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Autumn Mood — *Attic Salt*, Oct., '28
On Such a Road — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Undertow — *Attic Salt*, Nov., '28
To a Chinese Bowl in the Library of an Old House — *Lit. Lantern*, Nov., '28
As Christmas Dawns — *Catholic W.*, Dec., '28
To a Wanton Who Ended Her Life — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Knowledge — *America*, Jan. 19, '29
To the Dead Husband of Another Woman — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Cynic — *Will-o'the-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '28
Death — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '29
One Day of Love — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Feb., '29
Doloroso — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
To One I Loved — *L'Alouette*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Deepening Dusk, on Calhoun Street — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
I Am the Wind — *Japm*, July 22, '29
The Eternal Lure — *Japm*, July 22, '29
Toil's Handmaiden — *Japm*, July 22, '29
Outcry — *Japm*, July 22, '29
Monotone — *Japm*, July 22, '29

Carpe Diem — *Japm*, July 22, '29
My Neighbor — *Japm*, July 22, '29
Snakes — *Japm*, July 22, '29
CARROLL, C.S.C., PATRICK J. – Mother Cry — *America*, Feb. 16, '29
CARSON, MARCO – Warning — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
To Any Woman — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
To Another Sad Young Man — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Wisdom — *Westward*, Nov., '28
To a Dead Young Lady — *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Mildew — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Beauty — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
To Laugh At, Or Weep — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Words for a Modern Rhapsody — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Greatness — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Resurgence — *Will-o'-the-W.*, May-June, '29
To Helen — *Japm*, July, '29
Young Understanding — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Imbroglio — *Japm*, July, 15, '29
God Laughs — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Trinity — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Pagan — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Question — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Song — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
CARTER, HELEN – Lament Moderne — *Troubadour*, June, '29
CARTER, NELL – The Violet — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
CARY, ORTH – Plaint Pagan — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
CARY, ROBERT – Portrait of a Paltry Politician — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Poesy and Pence — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
CASE, ELIZABETH – Love Denied — *Commonweal*, Feb. 27, '29
CASE, CATHERINE LUCILLE – Predestination — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
CASSIE, BETTIE MARGOT – God Is Love — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
A Petition — *Driftwind*, July, '29
CASTEEL, JOHN – Uncle Billy Dickinson — *Prairie Schooner*, Win., '29
Drift — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29

CASTLE, ELIZABETH – Moor's End, Nantucket
Cont. Verse, July, '29
CASUTO, LUIGI – Life and Death *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
CAUTION, ETHEL M. – Long Remembering
Crisis, Oct., '28
Last Night *Crisis*, Feb., '29
Shopping *Crisis*, Apr., '29
CAVE, HUGH B. – Transformation
Household Mag., Aug. '28
At a House Party *Household Mag.*, Nov. '28
Description *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '28
CAVANAH, LUCRETIA – A Picture (To C. O. H.)
Cleve. Club Wom., Oct., '28
CHACE, RICHARD A. – Seed *Skyline*, Mar., '29
La Fleur Du Mal *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Ruined Persepolis *Scepter*, May-June, '29
CHALLISS, JAMES COURTNEY – Time
Cont. Verse, Oct.-Nov., '28
Edwin Arlington Robinson *Westward*, May, '29
The Embalmer *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
CHAMBERLAIN, MARY KEMP – Love *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
CHAMBERLAIN, BEULAH – Sonnet to a Child
Pasque Petals, Aug., '28
CHAMBERLAIN, WILL – To a Skull *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Pioneers of South Dakota *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
The Stockyards of Chicago *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
To a Young Lady *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., 29
To Delila Singing *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Crowds *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
CHANEY, DENT – In Autumn *DePauw Mag.*, Dec., '28
CHAPMAN, JOHN JAY – Last Words *Scribner's*, July, '29
CHAPPELL, JEANETTE – The Star of Venus
Amer. Poetry, May, '29
CHEN, KWEI – Solitude *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Fragrance *Poetry*, Dec., '28
On Reading Romeo and Juliet *Poetry*, Dec., '28
The Autumn Wind Sweeps the Fallen Leaves
Southwest Rev., Aut., '28
CHEWNING, FLOY – Experience *Westward*, Nov., '28
CHEYNEY, RALPH – To Any Individualist
Palo Verde, Sum., '28

The Fan of Night — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Among Fundamentalists — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Author in Small-Town Society — *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
We Cynics — *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '28
God Through Machine — *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Sex — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Red Harvest — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Birthright — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
"All the World to Me" — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
High Hatting the World — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Eucharist of Sex — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Our Bodies Hold Sacrament Wine — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Pharisee Plus — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
New Birth (For Lucia) — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Modern Mecca — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
In His Image — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Only Lovers Live — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Machine Prophecy — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
I Thump a Drum — *Driftwind*, July, '29
The New Fidelity — *Japm*, July 29, '29
Hollow Hour — *Palms*
Creator Vs. Critic — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29

CHIAO, MENG – A Song of a Pure-Hearted Girl (Trans. by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu) — *Lyric*, June, '29

CHIDESTER, KATE M. – Mother — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Loaves and Fishes — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28

CHILDE, WILFRED – The Angel of Love and Death — *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29

CHILES, THELMA – Height — *Opportunity*, Dec., '28

CHITWOOD, WILLIAM HANKINS – Contentment — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

CHRASTA, JAMES V. – Roads — *Westward*, May, '29

CHRISTENSEN, FREDERICK – The Reply, of the Muses Upon Being Invoked by the Author — *Prairie Schooner*, Win., '29

CHRISTERSON, ELISABETH R. – It Is April Down in Texas — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29

CHRISTMAN, W. W. – The Rememberers — *Voices*, Jan., '29
The Winter Woods — *Voices*, Jan., '29
November Leaves — *Voices*, Jan., '29

"The Blackbird Thaws the Snow" *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '29
CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT – Portrait of a Sea Captain *Nation*, Jan. 23, '29
CHURCH, PEGGY POND – Bondage *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
CHURCH, WILLIAM PENNANCE – The Asp of Egypt *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Mirrors *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
CHURCH, RICHARD – The Watermill *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
The Glance Backward *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
Lunatic *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
CHURCHMAN, H. C. – Friend of Mine *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
CLAIBORNE, HELENE – Pardoned *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Indian Summer *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
CLAIRMONT, ROBERT – Ages Turned to Dust *Blues*, Feb., '29
IX *Blues*, Mar., '29
CLARK, ALICE PAULINE – Mary, to Gabriel *Ave Maria*, Apr. 6, '29
CLARK, MRS. C. B. – Unwelcome Guest *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
The Prayer Way *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
CLARK, BADGER – Coyotes *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
I and Myself *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
From the Mesas *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
CLARK, FANNIE HUNTER – The Prairies Are Mine *Will-o'-the-W.*, July-Aug., '28
CLARK, FRANK A. – Meditation *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
In the Heart of You *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
CLARK, MARGUERITE BOWMAN – The Meadow of the Dead *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
CLARK, MARTHA M. – To a Robin *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Dawn *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
St. Joseph's Lily *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
CLARK, WILLIAM RUSSELL – Pagan *Interludes*, Sum., '28
CLARKE, GEORGE HERBERT – Song *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '28
CLARKE, GLADYS – To an Optimist *Westward*, Aug., '28

Clapp, Raymond – The Production Line *Skyline*, May, '29
Clapsadel, D. Thorp – In My Garden *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Clapsadel, Marian – To a Pepper Tree *Troubadour*, Sept., '29
Clason, Jerry – Adjustment *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Interval *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Clear, Alice E. – Regret *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28
Betrayal *Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28
Cleaver, Anne – Flapper in Sunlight *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Night of Red Moon *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Cleghorn, Sarah N. – An Orchard Notion *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '28
Sonnet of Wonder at Light, *World Tomorrow*, Dec., '28
Clemes, Julia Norton – Criticism *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
Clements, Albert Edward – Staring Down *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
Old Age *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
This Is the Complexity *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Eyes *Will-o'-the-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Salt and Wind *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29
The Optimist *Interludes*, Apr., '29
Strange Visitor *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Cities Go Struggling *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
Voice and Body *Lyric*, June, '29
Lunatic Mood *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 14, '29
Cleveland, Donna B. – Free *Voices*, Jan., '29
Coates, Grace Stone – Faith *Prism*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Frustration *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
An Old Woman Speaks *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Hills *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28
Recession *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
"While the Heart Replied" *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
Interposed *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Salvage *Charleston* (*S. C.*) *Courier*, Nov., '28
"Morituri . . ." *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Mea Culpa *Frontier*, Nov., '28
Unscarred *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Beyond Healing *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Silenced *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Shadows *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
From Hell *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29

Tom-Toms — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Idolatry — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Derring Do — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
As It Is — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Sophistication — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Patterne — *Charleston (S. C.) Courier*, June, '29
As It Is — *Harp*, June, '29
Ruminants — *Japm*, June 3, '29
Subways — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Both Guilty — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Bitter Weather — *Japm*, July 29, '29
Residue — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
Petals of Darkness — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
COATES, WALTER J. – Age — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Looking on Beauty — *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
Doctor Wilson — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
The Youth-Ego — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
The Unspoken — *Japm*, May 6, '29
COATES, ROBERT – When the Drill Point Hits the Rock — *Messenger*, May, '29
COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH – The Harpies — *Commonweal*, Oct. 31, '28
So Far Away — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
The Empresses — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Aux Tuileries—1790 — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Midnight — *Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28
To a Black Dog, Bereaved — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 8, '28
Travel Song — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 3, '29
On a Night of Snow — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
Winter Rune — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 27, '29
The Caravan and the Shakers — *Bookman*, June, '29
COBB, ANN – Fords and Funeralizings — *Outlook*, Jan. 16, '29
The Radio — *Outlook*, Jan. 16, '29
COBLENTZ, CATHERINE CATE – Still Living — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
A Mother Prays — *Good Counsel*, Aug., '28
Renaissance — *Christian Cent.*, Aug. 9, '28
Dream Sanctuary — *Phila. Bulletin*, Nov. 16, '28
Be Still, My Heart — *Extension Mag.*, Dec., '28
Ambition — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Stimulus — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Gossip — *Circle*, Mar.-Apr., '29

New England Epitaph — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Easter Lilies — *Grail*, Apr., '29
Lilies — *Grail*, Apr., '29
Fragments — *Grail*, Apr., '29
Stone Walls of New England — *St. Nicholas*, May, '29
Boxwood Hedges of the South — *St. Nicholas*, May, '29
Rail Fences of the Pioneer — *St. Nicholas*, May, '29
Barbed Wire of the Desert — *St. Nicholas*, May, '29
Mother — *Phila. Bulletin*, May 11, '29
Times Does Not Heal — *Lit. Lantern*, May 25, '29
Portrait — *Lyric*, June, '29
Narcissus — *Troubadour*, June, '29
Bereft — *Lyric*, July, '29
A Prayer Unspoken — *Lyric*, July, '29
COBLENTZ, STANTON A. – Fortune's Favorite — *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
To My Mother — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
The Fruit of Evolution — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
In a Subway — *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Early Love — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
The Arbiter — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Night in the City — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
Paradise Gained — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
CODE, GRANT H. – The Two Commandments — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Expecting Violets — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
CODDINGTON, EDNA S. – February Lament — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
COE, KATHERINE HUNTER – Soul Freedom — *Cincinnati Fine Arts*, Oct., '28
Unemployed — *Prism*, July-Aug., '28
Old Houses Have Souls — *Springfield* (*Mass.*) *Rep.*, Feb., '29
I Will Keep a Home — *Poets' Scroll*, Apr., '29
It Is Spring — *Home & Abroad*, Spring, '29
CODEY, REGINA MACNABOE – Youth — *America*, June 29, '29
COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM – Night Hawk — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 27, '28
A Whippoorwill Awakes — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Dec. 9, '28
The Ram — *Bookman*, Mar., '29
A Lighted Open Door — *Nation*, Apr. 24, '29

Voice of the Woods *Japm*, May 20, '29
Fireflies *Yale R.*, Sum., '29
Humming-Bird *Yale R.*, Sum., '29
COLBURN, FRONA WAIT – The Sequoia—The Earth's First Tree *Westward*, Feb., '29
COLBURN, JOHN EDWARD – Song *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
The Season of the Blueberries *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
COLE, MAUDE E. – A Voice in the Rain *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
COLEMAN, ANITA SCOTT – Black Baby *Opportunity*, Feb., '29
Life Is a See-Saw *Crisis*, Mar., '29
The Dust of the Streets *Crisis*, July, '29
COLEMAN, MCALISTER – The Old Executioner, *Nation*, Sept. 26, '28
Labor, 1929 *Nation*, June 12, '29
COLEMAN, P. J. – Prayer for a Little Child *America*, Sept. 15, '28
A City Garden *America*, Jan. 26, '29
COLLINS, JR., LOYD – The Magi *Voices*, Feb., '29
COLLINS, RUTH – A Prayer *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
COLTON, ARTHUR – The Rooster *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29
The Lamb *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29
The Cat *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29
The Dog *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29
COLUM, PADRAIC – The Tin-Whistle Player *Dial*, July, '29
Branding the Foals *Dial*, July, '29
COLUMBIA, MOTHER M. – From My Window *Good Counsel*, St. Rita's, '29
COLWELL, JANE L. – Dying Ranchwoman in a Hospital *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Call Me From Earth *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
April Again *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
COLWELL, LEWIS – The Gorilla Grieves *Century*, Aug., '28
COMAN, EVELYN BROWNELL – Spirituality *Westward*, Nov., '28
COMER, VIRGINIA LEE – Babbler *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
COMSTOCK, MARY EDGAR – Song *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
A Valentine *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Spring Greeting *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
COMSTOCK, SYLVIA – Painter of Dreams *Driftwind*, July, '29
CONANT, ISABEL FISKE – At Edward MacDowell's

Grave — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Tall Windmill — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Sawmill Pond — *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Familiar Road — *Lyric*, Oct., '28
Bad Dream — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Autumn Ascension — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Crosspatch — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Tree on a Hill — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Egoist's Audience — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Guardian Mothers — *Westward*, Feb., '29
Seventh Avenue — *Opportunity*, Feb., '29
Earth-Change — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Dreamers — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Psalmody — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Young Poet — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Suspense — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Je N'ai Vu Carcassonne — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Earth Turning — *Japm*, April 29, '29
Star-Eyed — *Lyric*, June, '29
Man's House — *Lyric*, July, '29
Hopeful Poem — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Ideal — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Young Athletes — *Japm*, July 1, '29
River Inlet — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Out of This Friendship — *Japm*, July 1, '29
They Toil Not — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Comfort — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Dahlias for Death — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Hound of Heaven — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Ears to Hear — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Age . . . Youth — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Companionate — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Audrey, Grown Old — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Threshold — *Japm*, July 1, '29
Hopeful Poem — *The Monitor*, '29

CONCEPCION, M. DEGRAZIA – Hopes Dies Not — *Commonweal*, Apr. 10, '29

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD – Mallorca: November Hurricane — *Commonweal*, Nov. 21, '28
Afterward — *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Monastery of Holy Mary (Mallorca) — *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29

Sea Lady — *Commonweal*, May 22, '29

CONNELL, IRENE — The Spectre of the Rose (From French of Theophile Gautier) — *Westward*, Nov., '28

CONNER, RUTH IRVING — It Is So Written — *Step Ladder*, Jan., '29

None — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29

CONOVER, MARIAN — Voices — *Opportunity*, Aug., '28

CONSIDINE, JANE — To His Mother — *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29

CONSTANZO, REBEKAH CROUSE — Lament — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

CONVERY, BRYDE THERESE — California Poppies — *Westward*, Feb., '29

COOK, HAROLD LEWIS — The Sword — *Dial*, Jan., '29

The Embankment — *Dial*, July, '29

COOK, G. WHITEFIELD — In the Park — *Muse & Mirror*, Spr.-Sum., '28

COOK, MARY L. — June — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

COOKE, LE BARON — Provocative — *Poetry*, Sept., '28

Strangely True — *The Spur*, Sept., '28

Enchantment — *Town and Country*, Feb., '29

My Heart — *Town and Country*, Feb., '29

Actress — *Theatre Guild Mag.*, Feb., '29

Heart of Unrest — *Town and Country*, Apr., '29

Epitaph of a Negative Soul — *Clippings*, May, '29

Death of a Poet — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28

Provocative — *Poetry*, Sept., '28

Whiffs — *Town and Country*, Jan. '29

Love — *Town and Country*, Feb. '29

Candour — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29

The Singer — *No. Amer. Rev.*, Mar., '29

Sounds — *Town and Country*, Apr., '29

Epitaph of a Careless Lady — *Clippings*, May, '29

Epitaph for an Actress — *Commonweal*, June 12, '29

COOKE, MARY LOU — Tiger-Lilies — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29

COOKE, TOM D. — Skokie — *Westward*, Feb., '29

COOKSLEY, BERT — For the Weary, the Wise — *Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28

For Youth — *Scribner's*, Oct., '28

Late Reaping — *Nation*, Oct. 3, '28

Beggar's Sonnet — *Nation*, Oct. 3, '28

The Home Port — *Household Mag.*, Nov., '28

Margin Note	*Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Harvest	*Gypsy*, Dec., '28
The Cool Dream	*Gypsy*, Dec., '28
To a Girl	*Nation*, Dec. 12, '28
A Wish	*Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
Psalter Note	*Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Advising She Beware of Poets	*Gypsy*, Mar., '29
Moment of Silence	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Love Flies	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Gray Lady	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
The Ancient Miracle	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
A Lady Dies	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Portrait of Grief	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Brief Query	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Holiday	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Go Now and Speak Gently	*Poetry*, Mar., '29
Brief Tour	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Old Style	*Voices*, Apr., '29
New Style	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Gallant's Song	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Revised Version	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Counterpoint	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Unadorned	*Voices*, Apr., '29
Birthday	*Household Mag.*, May, '29
Consolation	*Household Mag.*, June, '29
Answer	*Commonweal*, June 12, '29

A First Collection of the Poetry of BERT COOKSLEY:

The Ancient Miracle	*Main Street*, July, '29
Silences	*Main Street*, July, '29
From Forty to Eight	*Main Street*, July, '29
Quay	*Main Street*, July, '29
Late Reaping	*Main Street*, July, '29
School Teacher	*Main Street*, July, '29
Sand Sprinkler's Sonnet	*Main Street*, July, '29
River Pilot	*Main Street*, July, '29
Holiday	*Main Street*, July, '29
Ancient Query	*Main Street*, July, '29
Sexton	*Main Street*, July, '29
Second House Down	*Main Street*, July, '29
The River	*Main Street*, July, '29
Forester's Widow	*Main Street*, July, '29
For Gloria	*Main Street*, July, '29

Go Now and Speak Gently — *Main Street*, July, '29
Requiem for the Wind — *Main Street*, July, '29
For the Moon — *Main Street*, July, '29
Gallant's Epitaph — *Main Street*, July, '29
My Father Dies, Leaving Me Proud — *Main Street*, July, '29
A Song for Autumn — *Main Street*, July, '29
The Eternal Mercy — *Main Street*, July, '29
Brief Query — *Main Street*, July, '29
Fear — *Main Street*, July, '29
Late Visitor — *Main Street*, July, '29
Beggar's Sonnet — *Main Street*, July, '29
Transition — *Main Street*, July, '29
New Autumn — *Main Street*, July, '29
Pale Lady — *Main Street*, July, '29
The Parting — *Main Street*, July, '29
Lost Trail — *Main Street*, July, '29
For the Weary, the Wise — *Main Street*, July, '29
Gray Lady — *Main Street*, July, '29
Open Page — *Main Street*, July, '29
For George Sterling — *Main Street*, July, '29
Haunted House — *Main Street*, July, '29

COON, MARTHA SUTHERLAND — Pahasapas — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29

COONEY, KATHLEEN — Together — *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28

COOPER, MARY HALE — The Carved Door — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28

COPASS, BLANCHE COLLIER — Spring — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29

COPPOCK, CHARLES — The Solitary — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28

CORNELL, ANNETTE PATTON — If I Go First — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
Heart's Hedgerow — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29

CORNELIUS, MARY CHASE — A Ballad of Dead Diction — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29

CORNFORD, FRANCES — The Unbeseechable — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 25, '28

CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY — Brothers — *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Woman — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Swamp Shack — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
The Charitable Ones — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29

It Is the Sea *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Momentary Mountain
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, July 28, '29
Mountain Nightfall
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, July 28, '29
CORRIGAN, JESSIE D. – If You Had Loved Me
Commonweal, Feb. 27, '29
CORTELGIA, MRS. VINCENT – Negro Lullaby
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
COSGROVE, ELIZABETH WILLIAMS – Afterward
Japm, Aug. 6, '28
To a Philanderer *The Monitor*, '29
COSGROVE, RAYMOND R. – Nobis Natus *America*, Dec. 22, '28
COUCHMAN, EVELYN – In a Seventeenth Century Manor House *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
Prelude in C Sharp Minor *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
Potpouri *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
COURSEY, O. W. – My Pledge *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
COWAN, IRENE L. – A Day *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Love *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
COWAN, LOIS – Autumn Etching *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
COWDERY, MAE V. – A Prayer *Crisis*, Sept., '28
The Young Voice Cries *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Want *Crisis*, Nov., '28
Farewell *Crisis*, Feb., '29
COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT – Poet and Statistician
Bozart, Mar.-Apr., '29
An Electron's Running Comment *Attic Salt*, Aug., '28
COWIN, KATHERINE P. – The Fool
Cont. Verse, Oct.-Nov., '28
COWLES, MARION – Requiem *Westward*, Feb., '29
COWLEY, MALCOLM – For St. Bartholomew's Day
Nation, Aug. 22, '28
In Memory of Florence Mills *transition*, Feb., '29
Tumbling Mustard *Nation*, Mar. 13, '29
COX, CLAIR – The Fog *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Falling-Star *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
COX, ELEANOR ROGERS – A Shakespeare Garden
Good Counsel, Oct., '28
The Christian to His Soul *Good Counsel*, St. Rita's, '29
COZZENS, EVANGELINE CHAPMAN – The Rose Jar
Commonweal, Oct. 17, '28

CRAIG, ARCHIBALD – You Say It's Winter
transition, Sum., '28
Summer Time *transition*, Sum., '28
CRAIG, ELEANOR R. – "Risit Apollo"
Commonweal, Nov. 28, '28
CRAIG, LOU URMSTON – Do Not Weep
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
CRAIG, MARJORIE – On a Salem Easter
Bozart, Mar.-Apr., '29
CRAM, ELIZABETH – Katrinka *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
CRANE, HART – The Mermen *Dial*, Sept., '28
Moment Fugue *transition*, Feb., '29
A Name for All *Dial*, Apr., '29
CRANE, STEPHEN – Three Poems *Bookman*, Apr., '29
CRAWFORD, AUBREY B. – Tom, I Wonder
Amer. Poet, Apr., '29
CRAWFORD, LYDIA BENEDICT – Striving
Amer. Poet, Nov., '28
CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM – Reality *Signet*, June, '29
Very Young Intellectual *Signet*, June, '29
CRELLIN, CHARLES G. – Hours Before the Dawn
Interludes, Win., '28-'29
CREQUE, CYRIL – Flambouyant Groves
Amer. Poetry, Oct., '28
Beach-Plaint *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Memory *Opportunity*, Jan., '29
CREVER, ANNA RIZILLA – Thoughts *Westward*, Nov., '28
CRITZMAN, BLANCHE WHALEN – Submission
Pasque Petals, Aug., '28
Rose Petals *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Dakota Gold *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
"Hi There!" *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Mary Jean *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
CROKER, MARIA BRISCOE – I Shall Go Silent
Amer. Poetry, July, '29
CRONK, JOHN EDWARD – The Other End of Town
Amer. Poet, Aug., '28
Lines *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Church Bells *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
CROOK, KILE – Memorial to Larry *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Time Comes to Arcadia *Scribner's*, Aug., '28
CROSBY, HARRY – Fragment *Poetry*, May, '29

CROUCH, PEARL RIGGS – The Country God Forgot
Interludes, Aut., '28
Wings of Peace *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
CROWELL, GRACE NOLL – The Image Makers
Southwest Rev., Aut., '28
I Have the Need of Meadow-Lands Today
Kaleidoscope, May, '29
CROWLEY, LILIAN HALL – Them Eighteen-Eighties
Harp, May-June, '29
CRUM, HELEN – Star Dust *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
CRYDER, JAMES P. – The Gypsy *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
CULVER, JANE – Heritage *Westward*, Nov., '28
Moods From Music *Will-o'-the-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
CULVER, RUBY DECORSAW – Wings of Avalon
Amer. Poetry, Sept., '28
CULLEN, COUNTEE – Song in Spite of Myself
Harper's, Dec., '28
Nothing Endures *Harper's*, Dec., '28
Two Poets *Opportunity*, Apr., '29
CUMMINGS, LOUISE L. G. – From the State Seal
Driftwind, Sept., '28
CUMMINGS, PHILIP H. – Sea Memory *Driftwind*, July, '29
Love Ode *Driftwind*, July, '29
CUNEY, WARING – Burial of the Young Love
Sat. Eve. Quill, Apr., '29
Jazz Band *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
On With the Dirge *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Play a Blues for Louise *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Nude Walker *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
"Railway Club" *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
CUNNINGHAM, NORA B. – Pedant *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Dissent *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
CURRIE, HAVER C. – On Picking Up an Arrow-Head
Amer. Poetry, Mar., '29
CURTIS, HUGH – Temple in the Rain *Tanager*, May, '29
CURTIS, LESLIE – Solace *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
CURTIS, QUIN F. – Neurosis *Inlander*, June, '29
CUSHING, JEANNETTE EUGENIE – If Dreams Would
Only Linger *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Masked *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
CUTHBERT, MARION – Hands of a Lady at Prayer
World Tomorrow, Feb., '29

D., H. – Birds in Snow *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Triplex *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Strophe *Blues*, June, '29
Epode *Blues*, June, '29
Antistrophe *Blues*, June, '29
DAILEY, CLARENCE O. – Marigolds in a Mountain Meadow *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
DALL, IAN – Island Droves *Poetry*, Oct., '28
DALY, GEORGE B. – Something About a Tree *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Squaw-Corn *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
DALY, JAMES – The Unvanquished *Dial*, Oct., '28
Marine *Dial*, Oct., '28
Diomedes' Horses *Poetry*, Mar., '29
In the Mind *Poetry*, Mar., '29
A Very Old Woman *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Lament *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Blood-Knowledge *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
DAMON, S. FOSTER – Upon a An Invalid Virgin (Who Died While Her Maids Slept) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 8, '28
Apparition *Harper's*, Feb., '29
Family Portrait *Atlantic M.*, Apr., '29
DANA, JOSHUA MARKHAM – A Loco Song *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
DANGERFIELD, G. B. – To Ultima Thule *Commonweal*, July 24, '29
DALLAS, MARIE L. – Pictures *Troubadour*, June, '29
DANIELS, EARL – Life History *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Afternoon in a Garden *Lyric*, Apr., '29
As I Went Down to Jericho *World Tomorrow*, Mar., '29
Explanation for a Coat of Mail *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Justifiable Homicide *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
DANNECKER, HAZEL – My First Airplane Ride *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN – The Shack Beyond the Sunset *Household Mag.*, Aug., '28
Gypsy Autumn *Household Mag.*, Sept., '28
After a Telephone Call *Household Mag.*, Nov. '28
Somebody Cares *Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
Surrender *Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
Clock *Interludes*, Spring, '29

DAVIDSON, GUSTAV – Simonetta *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
To a Daughter of the Orient *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Thaïs *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Passer-By *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29
DAVIDSON, WINIFRED – Young Gypsies *Interludes*, Sum., '28
DAVIS, ALLISON – Dead and Gone *Harlem*, Nov., '28
DAVIS, E. MARSHALL – Lullaby (For a Flute and Violin) *Crisis*, Nov., '28
The Slave (For a Bass Viol) *Crisis*, July, '29
DAVIS, H. L. – Rivers to Children *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Cloudy Day *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Steel Gang *Poetry*, Sept., '28
DAVIS, HELEN BAYLEY – Song of the Manger *Lyric*, Dec., '28
In a Museum *Lyric*, Feb., '29
DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON – In the Fast Darkening, Late Autumnal Days *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Wood-Cutter's Song *Palms*, Oct., '28
September *Palms*, Oct., '28
Apple Cider *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Certainty *Churchman*, Jan. 5, '29
On Seeing a Camellia Japonica in Bloom on Good Friday *Churchman*, Mar. 23, '29
My Garden *Irene Leache Mem. Bulletin*, Apr., '29
The Ballad of the Lady Anne *Irene Leache Mem. Bulletin*, Apr., '29
Gifts *Personalist*, Apr., '29
For Any Mother *Extension Mag.*, May, '29
Summer Morning *Good Counsel*, June, '29
DAVIS, LOY E. – Prisoned Song *Inlander*, June, '29
Remonstrance *Inlander*, June, '29
Bathe in These Pools *Inlander*, June, '29
DAVISON, EDWARD – The Hunter *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 23, '29
DARVIN, LEONARD – Old Negro *Crisis*, Apr., '29
DE BRA, LEMUEL – When God Laughs *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
DE BRAGANCA, NADEJDA – A Million Miles Apart *Poetry*, Oct., '28
DE BURGH, HUGH – Perspective *Commonweal*, June 5, '29

deFord, Mariam Allen – Rose Holliday: A Biography
Step Ladder, Nov., '28
Prelude to an Execution *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Approach of the Comet *Stratford Mag.*, Feb., '29
One of Those Accidents *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Dehey, Mary – Lines on an Unemotional Couple
Skyline, Mar., '29
Tenebrae, *America*, Mar. 23, '29
Deike, Ella D. – Triolet *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Walter Raleigh's Revery *Skyline*, May, '29
Charity *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
DeJong, David Cornell – Old Maid
Amer. Poet, Sept.-Oct., '28
Marguerite *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Martha *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Completion *Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Gossip *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Fulfillment *Will-o'-the-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Words Before Parting *Scepter*, Apr., '29
The Lonely One *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
DeJournette, C. R. – Cal Coolidge
Bozart, Sept.-Oct., '28
Delaney, Margaret – Rags *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
This Holy Night *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Sunset *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
De Leeuw, Adele – Diner Macabre
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Apr. 6, '29
DeLong, Rhoda – Pale Music *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
"Literally—" *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
"I am distressed and wearied . . ." *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
The Tree *Westward*, May, '29
Dreams . . . Dust . . . *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
De Luca, Angelo – Stranded Souls *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Denison, Henry – Woodville *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Denlinger, H. – Keep On A-Pegging Away
Step Ladder, Feb., '29
Denton, Ruby – A Twilight Dream *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Star of Hope *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Deutsch, Babette – To a Friend *Nation*, Aug. 1, '28
The English Singers *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '28
"There Is a Season" *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29

Support *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 26, '29
DEWSON, F. A. – Silence *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Derry of the Little Hills (For Francis Ledwidge) *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
A Dawn for Conrad *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Re- The Devil *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Psalm for the Heart *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Three Buzzards *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Pibroch *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Insignia *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
The Sister *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
My Love Wanders *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
The Weaving *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
For Rotary *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
September *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
The Word *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Forcing Glasses *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Psalm . . . I Will *Unity*, May 27, '29
DEWSON, FRANCIS A. – Scavenger *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
DE SPAIN, JAY RODERIC – Two Loves *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28
Daughter *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
DIBBLEE, HARRISON – The Toll Road *Westwind*, May, '29
DICKINSON, BLANCHE TAYLOR – A Dark Actress,—Somewhere *Crisis*, Sept., '28
Chase *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Good Wife *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Fires *Opportunity*, June, '29
DICKINSON, EMILY – Of Course I Prayed *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
Beauty Is Not Caused *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
My Period Had Come for Prayer *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
My Portion Is Defeat To-Day *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
I Never Felt at Home Below *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
The Tint I Cannot Take Is Best *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29
Out of Sight, What of That *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 9, '29

I Cautious Scanned My Little Life
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Mar. 9, '29
At Leisure Is the Soul
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
I Should Not Dare to be so Sad
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
All But Death Can Be
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
"Till Death, Is Narrow Loving"
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
One Life of so Much Consequence
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
The Power to be True to You
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
You See, I Cannot See Your Lifetime
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
I Got So I Could Hear His Name
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
"I Had Not Minded Walls"
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Mar. 10, '29
Color, Caste, Denomination *Nation*, Mar. 13, '29
I Took One Draught of Life *Nation*, Mar. 13, '29
There Is a Pain So Utter *Nation*, Mar., 13, '29
Revolution Is the Pod *Nation*, Mar. 13, '29
I've Known a Heaven Like a Tent *Outlook*, May 1, '29
Beauty Is Not Caused *Outlook*, May 1, '29
I Took One Draught of Life *Outlook*, May 1, '29
Mutability *Outlook*, May 1, '29
I Got So I Could Hear His Name *Outlook*, May 1, '29

DICKSON, MARGARETTE BALL – Verra de Pozzo
Interludes, Sum., '28
Dakota Sunset *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
The Red Thistle *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Paths *Messenger*, Aug., '28
The Walled Town: At Michigan City, Indiana
Messenger, Sept., '28
Printer's Pi *Messenger*, Sept., '28
The Spirit Divine *Messenger*, Oct., '28
Bending *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Cinquin *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Filling Others' Carts *Messenger*, Nov., '28

Even His Foes, A Laurel Wreath for Lincoln
Amer. Poet, Nov., '28
The First Snow Fall *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Oh, Not Till Then *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Vivid Greens and Reds *Messenger*, Dec., '28
The Legislature Visits a "Walled City"
Messenger, Jan., '29
Like Quest of Holy Grail *Messenger*, Feb., '29
On William Collins, 1720–1759 *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Tours: Playground of Kings *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
In America *Messenger*, Mar., '29
Night on the Indiana Dunes *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
To Kiss the Closing Eyes *Messenger*, Apr., '29
Wanagi Sica, The Painted Demon *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Minnesota Sunset *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Children's Day *Messenger*, June, '29
Stark Beauty *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
The Place of Forgotten Men *Messenger*, July, '29
Gray Gables (The Home of Ethel Arnold Tilden)
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
DIEHNEL, ELLIE TATUM – More About Hester
Amer. Poetry, Jan., '29
DIETHLM, SARA KOUNTZ – School Days
Good Counsel, Oct., '28
DIETZ, FLORENCE – Fatigue (Hokku)
Cleve. Club Wom., Apr., '29
DILLINHGHAM, PAULINE – Being Yourself
Harp, May-June, '29
Inexperienced *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
DILLON, GEORGE – Elegy *Dial*, Sept., '28
She Sleeps *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 6, '28
Fantasia of Winter *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Nov. 17, '28
The Mad Hunter *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 19, '29
DIVAD, NOTROM – I Answer Her *Outlook*, May 22, '29
DIVINE, CHARLES – Dripping Elms *Interludes*, Sum., '28
The Apple Tree *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
The Stars Shine On *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 17, '29
The Road Through Cos Cob *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
In An Ancient Town *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Near at Hand *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
Revelation *Bozart*, May-June, '29
DIXON, S. W. – The Bell *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29

Sioux Chant After Custer's Last Battle
Pasque Petals, July, '29
Dodd, Lee Wilson – Winter Tea Hour (Caffe Aurum-Rapallo) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 18, '29
Donovan, Allida Davis – The Sundays After Trinity
Amer. Poetry, Aug., '28
Donovan, Catharine – A Wee Lad's Color Scheme
Amer. Poetry, Feb., '29
Doran, Carolyn Ruth – At Eastertide
America, Mar. 30, '29
Doreen, Jean – Winds *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Douglas, Gilean – Incense *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Revolt *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Durant, Augusta – The Flood *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Douglas, Mona – Seaward *Poetry*, June, '29
Dover, Anne Abbot – Parade *Step Ladder*, Dec., '28
Doyle, Marion – The Agile One
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
New York *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Exchange *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Winter Night *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
For R. M. M. *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
The Rivals *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Portrait *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Lines for a Sapient Lady *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Rain *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Conqueror *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Flying at Sunset *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
March *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Triolet *Greenwich Vilge. Quill*, Apr., '29
Futility *Will-o'-the-W.*, May-June, '29
The Fundamentalist *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Gifts *Lyric*, July, '29
Caprice *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Drachman, Julian M. – You Must Choose, Gentlemen
Japm, Oct. 15, '28
Longings *Dial*, May, '29
Dreiser, Theodore – The Muffled Oar
Nation, Feb. 27, '29
Dresbach, Glenn Ward – A Challenge
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
Desert Incident *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28

Plovers	*Household Mag.*, Sept., '28
Cobweb Festoons	*Household Mag.*, Sept., '28
Pastoral	*Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Moss Agate	*Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28
Autumn Inventory	*Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
Flesh	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
Cider	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
Autumn Crickets	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
A Toast in Autumn	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Little Spring Flows Clear Again	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
Song	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
Woodland Incident	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Cavern	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
Discards	*Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Leaves Had Filled the Little Spring	*Midland*, Sept.-Oct., '28
A Leader	*Midland*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Desert Penitents	*Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Frosted Flower Stalks	*Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Winter Moon	*Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Wind, Blow These Smoldering Fires	*Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
A Water Color	*Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Meadow Larks	*Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Hymn to the Desert	*Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
The Woman	*Voices*, Feb., '29
The Man	*Voices*, Feb., '29
The Pool	*Voices*, Feb., '29
The Brook	*Voices*, Feb., '29
Trainers of Falcons	*Voices*, Feb., '29
Blue Jays	*Voices*, Feb., '29
To Quail Under Snow Crust	*Voices*, Feb., '29
Old House in Snow	*Voices*, Feb., '29
Spring Brook in Winter	*Voices*, Feb., '29
Mountain Air	*Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Return	*Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Mountain in the Rain	*Step Ladder*, Mar., '29
False Evangelist	*Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Owls-Deserted Barn	*Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Cameo	*Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Song	*Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Song	*Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Spade Song	*Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29

Cloud Stallions — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
To Tried Steel — *Commonweal*, Apr. 10, '29
A Field to be Replanted — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
The Wedge — *World Tomorrow*, May, '29
This Is a Night — *Midland*, May-June, '29
Jason — *Midland*, May-June, '29
The Last Cowboy — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Words to be Carved on a Trumpet — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Experience — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Lost Trails — *Step Ladder*, June, '29
Boys Tease a Wounded Hawk — *Dial*, July, '29
Song — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
This Is the House — *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
DREYSPRING, MARY — July in Michigan — *Poetry*, July, '29
DRINKWATER, JOHN — Audit — *Bookman*, Feb., '29
DRISCOLL, LOUISE — Conquest — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Bonfires — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Madman — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
The Present Help — *Commonweal*, Mar. 27, '29
DRUMMOND, G. M. — The Order of Tut — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Heart, My Heart — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
DRYDEN, BRIDGET — A La Recherche D'un Dieu Perdu — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
DU CHESNE, GABRIELLE — Hedonism — *Westward*, Feb., '29
DUCLO, ESTELLE — The Revealer — *Voices*, Apr., '29
DUGGAN, EILEEN — New Zealand Art — *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Plagiarism — *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Annunciation — *Commonweal*, Mar. 20, '29
DUKE, JOSEPHINE — Rose Bowl — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
DUMONT, HENRY — The Cathedral — *Step Ladder*, June, '29
DUNCAN, THOMAS W. — Chromosomes — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Homecoming — *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
After Parting — *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
DUNBAR-NELSON, ALICE — Forest Fire — *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Fiction — *Harlem*, Nov., '28
DUNNE, IRVANELLE — Jay Peak — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
DUNNING, RALPH CHEEVER — Education of Barbara — *Poetry*, Dec., '28

Durham, Frances R. – Take Then Your Lovers—
Bozart, Nov.-Dec., '28
Dykstra, Leslie – A Tale of Wishing Town
Step Ladder, Sept., '28
Dwyer, Mae Smith – Pitching Horseshoes
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29

Earle, Gardner Wade – Rag Carpet Preferred
Skyline, May, '29
Daisies Growing by a Rail Fence
Cleve. Club Wom., June, '29
Earls, Michael – His Tree *Commonweal*, Mar. 27, '29
Easby-Smith, Anne – The Legend of St. Christopher
Good Counsel, Easter, '29
Eastern, Elizabeth – Unfinished Symphony
Amer. Poetry, Dec., '28
Eastland, Augusta – The Pioneer
Household Mag., Aug., '28
Longing *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
Eastman, Frank M. – "Traditions" *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Eastman, Max – Eleventh Anniversary *Nation*, Nov. 14, '28
Eaton, D. B. – My Grandfather *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Eble, Jessie G. – The Quilt *Prism*, May-June, '29
Ebeling, Alice – Moods *Window*, Jan., '29
Echard, Lola F. – Self *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Eckardt, Frances – Poem *DePauw Mag.*, Oct., '28
Eckman, Ruth – In a Little While *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Edelman, Katherine – Anniversary
Household Mag., Aug., '28
Blindness *Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
God's Favored *Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
Eddy, Lefa Morse – Upper Air *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Eddy, M. E. – The Beachcomber *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Edman, Irwin – Quickening *Century*, Nov., '28
Lines from an Ungallant Lover *Nation*, July 17, '29
Edmison, Lillian M. – Etchings *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Edmunds-Hemingway, Clara – Flight
Kaleidoscope, July, '29
Edsall, Genevieve – Recovery
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
Edsall, Richard Linn – Mother of Mystery
America, Aug. 11, '28

EDSON, CHARLES FARWELL – At Opids' *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
EDWARDS, JENNETTE – Of Life's Little Ironies *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Night *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
EDWARDS, ZAIDA PACKARD – Lure of the Blue-Isle *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
EFFENDI, ABD UL – Cybele *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
EISELEY, LOREN C. – Waste *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Qainter Dust *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
ELLER, JAMES ALFRED – Deceived *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Thoughts *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
ELLERBE, CECILIA – Avignon *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Unseen *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
ELLIS, AVERIL HUCK – Spring *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
Breath o' Spring *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The First Christmas *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Ode to Mother *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
ELIOT, THOMAS D. – Masks *Community A. & C.*, Oct., '28
ELLIOTT, FRANCES – One Seeing *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
Beach Cottage *Skyline*, Jan., '29
The Tennis Game *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 12, '29
ELLISTON, GEORGE – Garden at Dusk *Cin. Fine Arts Mag.*, Sept., '28
Country Autumn *Centre College Mag.*, Oct., '28
Cinderella *Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Youth *Centre College Mag.*, Jan., '29
Gypsy Weather *Cin. Fine Arts Mag.*, Jan., '29
Parade *Cin. Fine Arts Mag.*, Feb., '29
Pennies *Cin. Fine Arts Mag.*, Mar., '29
Cupped Hands *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
My Lover Is a Solemn Man *Japm*, July 29, '29
Home *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
ELMENDORF, MARY J. – Similitude *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Potatoes *Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Moles *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Lucinda *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Expatriate *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Clairvoyance *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Louella– *Japm*, June 3, '29
Leaven *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

EMILIO, MARGUERITE – In Memoriam: Frederick Lucian Hosmer, 1840–1929 *Unity*, July 15, '29
ELPERS, RICHARD – Words Found on a Far Beach *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
ELSWORTH, MERLE – To An Immortal *Inlander*, June, '29
The New Idol *Inlander*, June, '29
Perdita *Inlander*, June, '29
Star Before Dawn *Inlander*, June, '29
Search *Inlander*, June, '29
In a Monastery Garden *Inlander*, June, '29
On Not Being in Love *Inlander*, June, 29
Stone Church *Inlander*, June, '29
Haunted *Inlander*, June, '29
The Meeting *Inlander*, June, '29
Memory of an Evening *Inlander*, June, '29
ELWOOD, MILDRED – Cast-Off *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Companions *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
EMBRY, JACQUELINE – John Drew *Theatre Arts Monthly*, Nov., '28
Burnt Lady *New Yorker*, Dec. 8, '28
Lines to a Jilted Lady *New Yorker*, Mar. 16, '29
Bewitched Baby *New Yorker*, Apr. 7, '29
Paradise Portrait (For E. W.) *Vanity Fair*, May, '29
EMERSON, ALICE F. – The Iron Moulder *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
EMORY, WILLIAM CLOSSON – Wild Apples *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
On One November Morning *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Theme for a Blues Song *Blues*, May, '29
Hold the Thought *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
ENGLE, PAUL – Possession *Tanager*, Mar., '29
Better Than Granite *Caravan*, May, '29
The Second Coming *Caravan*, May, '29
Greece and the Bloodroot *Japm*, May 20, '29
ENGELHARDT, GEORGE – Iowa Song *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Taming the Steel *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
ENGELS, NORBERT – Music *America*, Sept. 15, '28
Disillusion *America*, Oct. 27, '28
Autumn *Commonweal*, Dec. 5, '28
Renunciation *America*, Jan. 5, '29
One Immortality *America*, Jan. 26, '29
Song *America*, Apr. 27, '29

Immortal Music *America*, June 8, '29
Triumph *America*, June 15, '29
Night Oration *Commonweal*, June 26, '29
ENGELS, VINCENT – For Thomas Walsh (1875–1928)
Commonweal, Dec. 12, '28
ENNIS, HUGH – Chenonceaux *Commonweal*, July 17, '29
ERNST, ALICE HENSON – Drums of the Sea
Troubadour, Apr., '29
ERVIN, DAYTON – Adulation *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
ETHEREDGE, WILLIAM CECIL – Windblown Hair
Westward, Aug., '28
Hope *Westward*, May, '29
EUDY, MARY CUMMINGS – Reciprocity *Scribner's*, Apr., '29
EULALIA, SISTER M. – Visitation *Good Counsel*, June, '29
The New House *Good Counsel*, June, '29
EVANS, LUCY ELLEN – I Thought I Knew
Amer. Poet, Apr., '29
EVANS, TREVA B. – Compensation *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
EVANS-STEWART, MARGARET – Bitterness
Pasque Petals, Dec., '28
EVERETT, LAURA BELL – The Miser *Step Ladder*, Sept., '28
EVERSON, RONALD – The Busy Wife *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
Clouds *Bozart*, May-June, '29
The Riders *Bozart*, May-June, '29
EWING, W. PREWITT – Complex *Household Mag.*, Feb., '29

FAGIN, N. BRYLLION – He Sometimes Comes
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
Vigilance *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Grief *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
Thomas Hardy *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Portrait of a Pedant *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
FAGIN, SOPHIA A. – Impressions of the Country Fair
Amer. Poet, May, '29
FAIRBURN, A. R. D. – Twilight *Poetry*, June, '29
New Zealand *Poetry*, June, '29
The Runner *Poetry*, June, '29
After-Times *Poetry*, June, '29
FAIRCHILD, RUTH MONCRIEF – The Red Bird
Kaleidoscope, May, '29
FAIRLY, A. T. – Reverie *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
FARNUM, MABEL – To One Away *America*, Sept. 22, '28

FARRINGTON, EMILY – Beauty *Gypsy*, June, '29
FEENEY, S. J., THOMAS BUTLER – "Altare"
America, Aug. 4, '28
FEINBERG, E. E. – Song of Hate *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Upon Awakening *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
FERGUSON, ISABEL – Souvenir D'Eros
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
FERRILL, THOMAS HORNSBY – Some Grass
Nation, Aug. 8, '28
Fall Plowing *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Sept. 30, '28
Answer to a Young Mountain
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Jan. 13, '29
FERRIS, CONSTANCE – Bay Region Miscellany, Containing Some Episodes in the Lives of the Inconsequential
San Franciscan, Dec., '28, Jan., '29, Feb., '29, May, '29
Fragments of the Bay Region Miscellany
San Franciscan, Apr., '29
Lament *San Franciscan*, Apr., '29
Incident *San Franciscan*, May, '29
Quest *San Franciscan*, June, '29
FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON – Reflections of an Angel in Heaven *Voices*, Jan., '29
To a Dancer *Voices*, Jan., '29
FIELD, RACHEL – A Charm for Spring Flowers
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., Apr. 7, '29
FIELD, WRIGHT – Lashes *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Tryst *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
FIELDING, DOUGLAS – Mooney and Billings (To the Governor of California) *Unity*, May 27, '29
FIKSDAL, R. ALICE – The Waters of Tamahatchpe (Pickerel Lake) *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
The Beautiful Bubbles of Youth *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Just Ducks *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Mammy's Lullaby *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
FINEGAN, AGNES M. – The Mill Cottages
Japm, Dec. 3, '28
FINERAN, JOHN KINGSTON – Finalities *Harper's*, Oct., '28
Regenerate *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28
At the Confessional *Lyric*, Feb., '29
FINLEY, JR., JOHN – Song *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 13, '29

FINLEY, LORRAINE NOEL – Conviction *Voices*, Jan., '29
Among the Stars *Voices*, Jan., '29
FINLEY, THOMAS H. – My Dear Blackthorn Cane
Messenger, Mar., '29
FISCHER, BEULAH M. – Veritas *Westward*, Feb., '29
FISCHER, MARGARETE STRACK – A Mendelssohn Concert
Parnassus, July 15, '29
FISHER, ELLA W. – Our God *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
The Quaker Yard *Driftwind*, July, '29
FISHER, FLORENCE – Once *Overland Monthly*, Jan., '29
FISHER, MAHLON LEONARD – Per Viam Dolorosam
Voices, Apr., '29
FISHER, VARDIS – Antelope People: The North Family
Voices, Apr., '29
FITZGERALD, ALLA ELIZABETH – Revelation
Driftwind, Jan., '29
FITHIAN, GEORGE W. – Eddie Smith: a Biography
Letters, Aug., '28
Amorette *Letters*, Aug., '28
The Connoisseur *Letters*, Aug., '28
FITZGERALD, MARY S. – Discovery *Step Ladder*, Jan., '29
Red Death *Lantern*, Mar-Apr., '29
FLACCUS, BELLA – Heidelberg *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
FLAGG, FRANCIS – Immortality *Japm*, Sept., 17, '28
1914–1928 *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Storm *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
FLAKOLL, ARTHUR – Paradox *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
FLANAGAN, DOROTHY BELLE – Lovelorn
Commonweal, Aug. 15, '28
In a Day Coach *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
First Communion *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Spook *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Slattern *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Down South *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Blind Boone *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The Old One Passes *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
Lover Abroad *Commonweal*, Apr. 17, '29
Heartbreak *Gypsy*, June, '29
Vespers *Commonweal*, July 31, '29
FLANAGAN, THOMAS J. – Fall in the Southland
Crisis, Sept., '28

Comes One With a Blade — *Crisis*, Sept., '28

FLANDERS, HELEN ELIZABETH — Under the Leaves — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

Reflections — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29

Reflections — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28

FLANDERS, HELEN HARTNESS — Opening Leaves — *Lyric*, July, '29

FLANNER, HILDEGARDE — The Owl — *Nation*, Sept., 19, '28

Summer's End — *Nation*, Sept. 19, '28

Portrait of a Strange Woman — *San Franciscan*, Mar., '29

Superior People — *Poetry*, June, '29

Ascent — *Poetry*, June, '29

Pacific Winter — *Poetry*, June, '29

Dawn Poem — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 22, '29

FLETCHER, FRANCES — Fata Morgana — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28

The Parsonage — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28

Requiescat — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD — The Portrait — *Nation*, Aug. 29, '28

The Christmas Tree — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29

In Mount Holly — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29

Thomas Hardy — *Bookman*, Feb., '29

At the Time of the Signing of the Kellogg Pact — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, June 9, '29

FLETCHER, MYLA — Death Has Come for My Sweet — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 3, '29

One Pain — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 3, '29

Tenth Month — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 17, '29

When I Die — *Nation*, Mar. 6, '29

FLETCHER, T. T. F. — I Used to Be Afraid of Death — *Opportunity*, June, '29

FLEXNER, HORTENSE — The Word — *Poetry*, Dec., '28

FLINN, PATRICIA BURNS — Trio — *Interludes*, Spring, '29

FLOHR, NATALIE — Winter Nights—After Sleet — *Interludes*, Spring, '29

FLOWER, DONALD M. — Homilitis — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29

FLOWER, J. HOWARD — The Pomp of Poesy — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29

Lyrics for Rowland Robinson — *Driftwind*, July, '29

FLURY, HENRY — Flatness — *Troubadour*, June, '29

FLYNN, CLARENCE E. – If the Heart Had Feet
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
FLYNN, JOSEPH P. – An Autumn Morning
Amer. Poetry, Oct., '28
FOLEY, EDNA – Reminiscence *Parnassus*, July 15, '29
FOLSOM, EDWIN W. – Query *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Autumn *Interludes*, Aut., '28
FOLSOM, SARAH FRANCES – Repartee *Window*, Feb., '29
FORD, ALICE – Niobe *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
FORD, CHARLES HENRI – Pinprick From Massenet
Palo Verde, Sum., '28
Undertone *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
After Reading the Journal of Katherine Mansfield
Palo Verde, Sum., '28
Bronze by Weller *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Moonsong *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
Again *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
On a Departure *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Danse Sensuelle *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
L'Orchis *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Epitaph for An Ant *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Contretemps *Scepter*, Mar., '29
To Be Pickled in Alcohol *Blues*, Mar., '29
Elegy *Blues*, Mar., '29
Optional *Blues*, Mar., '29
Desert Death *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
poem *Blues*, May, '29
Denudation of Tributes *Blues*, May, '29
n. b. *Blues*, May, '29
Le Meurs *Scepter*, May-June, '29
why Ears *Blues*, May, '29
Scene: Rustic: Curtain *Japm*, May 6, '29
Epitaph for a Hedonist *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
FORTH, LUKE – Free Speech *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Maudlin *Driftwind*, July, '29
FORTUNE, JAN ISBELLE – Out of a Heartbreak
Kaleidoscope, May, '29
FOULKE, WILLIAM DUDLEY – In Tropic Waters
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
FOX, CLARA – Rain *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
FOX, STARR – Factory Smoke *Inlander*, June, '29

FRAENKEL, MICHAEL – Innsbruck *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
I Shall Not Know *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
FRANCIS, ROBERT C. – The Vagabond
Interludes, Win., '28-'29
March *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER – April *Nation*, April 3, '29
FRANK, JAMES MARSHALL – Light and Shade
Skyline, May, '29
FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE – His Gifts
Amer. Poetry, Oct., '28
Challenge *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
FRAZIER, MARIE BROWN – White Riders
Opportunity, Mar., '29
FRAZEE-BOWER, HELEN – Manger Song
Amer. Poetry, Dec., '28
Autumn Twilight *Lyric*, Dec., '28
The Children *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Work-a-Day Song *Lyric*, May, '29
FREDERICK, ESTHER – Celibate *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
FREDERICK, MABLE B. – There Is a Voice
Pasque Petals, Apr., '29
FREEMAN, JEAN DREW – A Question
Pasque Petals, Sept., '28
Belief *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
FREEMAN, NORINE WINTROW – Dream Question
Amer. Poetry, Apr., '29
FRELE, LOUIS R. – Stifling Night *Am. Poet*, June, '29
FRIPPE, ETHOLLE IONE – Courage *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
FRENCH, ADA BROWNELL – Mount Tamalpais
Troubadour, Sept., '28
FRENCH, LOUISE – Sleep *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
FROST, ELIZABETH HOLLISTER – The Island
Harper's, Mar., '29
Each in Turn *Dial*, Mar., '29
Talking Stones *Dial*, Mar., '29
In Memoriam: Lillian Drouet Norton
Bulletin: S. Paul's Ch., May 26, '29
The Trespassing Willow *Dial*, July, '29
FROST, FRANCES – Remainder *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
One Remembers Her Youth *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Rail Fences *Driftwind*, July, '29
History *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 7, '29

Next-Door-Neighbor *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
Solace to a Stranger *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 17, '29
Late Afternoon *Crisis*, May, '29
Citadel *Japm*, July 8, '29
Earth Rhythms *Commonweal*, July 31, '29
FROST, ROBERT – Acquainted with the Night
Virginia Quart. Rev., Oct., '28
The Middleton Murder *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28
FRY, MARJORIE CANAN – She Was So Beautiful
Cont. Verse, Aug-Sept., '28
FRY, MARY W. – A Valley *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
FRYE, ANNE – A Misty Morning *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
FU, TU – The Ballad of the Army (trans. from the Chinese by E. W. Houlding)
World Tomorrow, Mar., '29
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIG – Day Dreams
Muse & Mirror, Spr.-Sum., '28
Summer Night *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
When Winds— *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Tribute Money *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Which? *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Bay Tides *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
Leah Speaks *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
"If I Listen Long and Long" *Commonweal*, Sept. 19, '28
The Old Bull *Commonweal*, Oct. 3, '28
The Invader *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Autumn *Westward*, Nov., '28
October *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Sanctuary *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Christmas Eve *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
November *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
To a Girl Poet With a Lover
Muse & Mirror, Aut.-Win., '28
Three Poets *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28
After Haying *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28
Madonna Mary *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Trilliums *Poetry*, Dec., '28
The Airmail Arrives *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Doing Dishes *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Thrushes in the Dawn *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Mary's Eyes *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
This Time of Year *Commonweal*, Dec. 26, '28

Answers — *Westward*, Feb., '29
Harbingers — *Mod. Priscilla*, Mar., '29
Bay-Tides — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Lights — *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29
These Are the Strong — *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29
The Sea's a Fiddling Gypsy — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
In a Truck Garden — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Wax Fruit — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Bad Penny (A Melodrama) — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
A New Suburb on the Market — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Discovery — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Flotsam — *Skyline*, May, '29
Arrow Points — *World Tomorrow*, June, '29
The Bells of Croatia — *Commonweal*, June 12, '29
What a Mountain Knows — *Japm*, June 17, '29

FULTON, EVELYN – Melody — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28

FURLONG, ALICE E. – Awaiting — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Suicide — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
The Sea's Warning — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Unfulfillment — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Riches and Poverty — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
When Love Is Laid Away — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Possession — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Laurel Leaves — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Destruction — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29

FUSON, H. H. – Autumn's Riot of Color — *Journal Amer. Poetry*, Aut.-Win., '28-'29
The Wrecked House — *Letters*, Aug., '28
Man in His Pride — *Letters*, Aug., '28
The Muse of Lockerbie Street (At the Home of James Whitcomb Riley) — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29

G., M.C. – My Heritage — *Lyric*, Jan., '29

GABELLE, JAMES – The Doctor Tells Me — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
The Last Bitterness — *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28

GABLE, J. HARRIS – The Suburbanite — *Prairie Schooner*, Win., '29

GABLE, NELLIE FORBES – To My Old Worn-Out Shoes — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
The "Seven Sisters" — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
My Tree — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28

GADDIS, GRACE – Sisters — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29

GALE, MARION PERHAM – These Are Their Lands
Amer. Poetry, Nov., '28
GAMMAN, FREDERICK W. – Aspiration *Interludes*, Sum., '28
GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES – Genesis *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Flying Charlie *Step Ladder*, Mar., '29
GARRISON, DOROTHY – Aspens *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Pines *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Soul of a Hill *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
Night Fantasy *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Mood *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Premonition *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Dream Guest *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
GARRISON, ELKANAH – Revelation *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
GASSNER, JOHN WALDHORN – Shore Fear
Nation, April 10, '29
GASUS, P. E. – The Quest of Diogenes
Messenger, Aug., '28
GATES, ROBERT – All That a Man Hath
Midland, Jan.-Feb., '29
No Revolution *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Asahel in Iowa *Caravan*, May, '29
The Eternal Jest *Caravan*, May, '29
The Hill Road *Japm*, May 20, '29
GATES, V. VALERIE – Orchestra Circle *Step Ladder*, Sept., '28
Moonstruck *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Apple Tree on a Hill *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
Night Interlude *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
GEARHART, DOROTHY – Revolving Doors *Skyline*, Mar., '29
GEARY, JR., JOHN J. – Will I Love You Still?
Amer. Poet, June, '29
GEERY, ADDISON – Wand'rings *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Handelmann's Cruise *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
To —— *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
The Sea *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
GERRY, HELEN – Au Fond *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
GENT, ALICE – Autumn Havoc *Overland Monthly*, Jan., '29
GEORGE, HAZEL GILMAN – Treatise on Philosophy
Bozart, May-June, '29
GERAN, ANNA T. – Mortal and Immortal
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
GEHRHARD, ELIZABETH – Night in the City
Inlander, May, '29

Fear — *Inlander*, May, '29
Sonnet — *Inlander*, June, '29
GERRARD, ELEANOR — Oh, Summer Day — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Wishes — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Florida Night — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
GESSLER, CLIFFORD — Alabastar Jar — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Chinese Orchestra — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Interlude — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Hawaiian Santa Claus — *Westward*, Nov., '28
December — *Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Night Club — *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Ax Years — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Gently the Words — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Like a Healing Spring — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Note for a Hibiscus Lei — *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Trail Word — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Surf Song — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
Bitter Leaves — *Westward*, May, '29
Canoe Nights — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Molokai — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Any Wife to Any Husband — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
June in the Hills — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
Moon-Road — *Japm*, June 17, '29
Room 137 — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
GESSNER, ROBERT JOSEPH — To Clarence Cook Little — *Inlander*, June, '29
GILBERT, ANNE KELLEDY — Her Sampler — *Japm*
Irish Grandmother's Sampler — *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
GILBERT, ELLA FRANCIS — Keen for the Living — *Catholic W.*, Mar., '29
Out of Loneliness — *Anthonian*, Apr., '29
Consecration — *Anthonian*, June, '29
Inlander, June, '29
GILBERT, HELEN — The Priestess — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
GILBERT, ISABELLE S. — Delirium — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Sun-Spray — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
GILLASPIE, BLANCHE HAZEL — From the Shouting Wind — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
GILLHOFF, GERD AAGE — Testament — *Inlander*, May, '29
An Omnibus Ride — *Inlander*, May, '29
GILBERT, NOEL — Rendezvous — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28

GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE – Spanish Castle
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Oct. 21, '28
Retreat *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Oct. 28, '28
Poet *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
Shells, For K. G. *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
Burning Haystack *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
GILDAY, SARA – In the Window *Household Mag.*, Aug., '28
The Elect *Household Mag.*, Sept. '28
GILE, BLANCHE F. – Traitor *Interludes*, Sum., '28
GILES, NELLIE W. – To An Autumn Pansy
Pasque Petals, Mar., '29
My Mother *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
GILFORD, HENRY – Narrow Lane *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
Mister Someone's Carousel *Japm*, May 27, '29
GILL, CATHERINE – I, of the Hills *Westward*, Aug., '28
Do You Know that Tall Fellow? *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
Truckdriver *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
GILL, DAISY SANIAL – Silences *Japm*, July 15, '29
GILL, DRAPER – Query *Troubadour*, June, '29
GILL, FRANCES – Soeur Fidèle *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Market Day *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
The Elevator Man *Inlander*, June, '29
A Hanging *Inlander*, June, '29
Nocturne *Inlander*, June, '29
GILMORE, FLORENCE – Old Age *America*, June 22, '29
GILMORE, MRS. J. M. – Memories *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
GILTINAN, CAROLINE – Hunger *Commonweal*, Dec. 19, '28
Disillusioned *Com.-Monitor*, Nov., '28
Identity *Syracuse* (*N. Y.*) *Cath. Sun*, Mar. 2, '29
Easter *Syracuse* (*N. Y.*) *Cath. Sun*, Mar. 2, '29
The Death of General Foch
Washington (*D. C.*) *Post*, Mar. 21, '29
GINSBERG, LOUIS – Toys *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Biography of an Agnostic *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Snapshot of a Natural Phenomenon *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Wives *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
The History of a Lover *Japm*, Dec. 10, '28
Epitaph *Japm*, Dec. 10, '28
The Many One *Japm*, Dec. 10, '28
Biography of an Agnostic *Commonweal*, Jan. 30, '29
Body and Mind ..*Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Childhood *World Tomorrow*, Feb., '29

Song of the Dancing Atoms — *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
The Wax Maiden — *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29
Mountain and River, A Thought from Lao-tse — *World Tomorrow*, Apr., '29
Challenge to a Swan — *Voices*, Apr., '29
The Meadow — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Shapes of Glass — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Song — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Song — *Lyric*, June, '29
Proud White Waves — *Commonweal*, July 3, '29
GIVENS, ELSPETH – Widowed — *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
GLADSTONE, ARTHUR – I Am Not Poor — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
GLAENTZLER, HELEN – Wee Song — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
GLINES, ELLEN – Metempsychosis — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
I Am Through With Memories — *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
In the Land of Dis — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Last Rites — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Door — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Before Breakfast in Porto Rico — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
The Victory of Samothrace Speaks to the Mutilated of a Great War — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Vignette — *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Pleasure Island — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Short-Circuit — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Elm Shelter — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Moon and Water-Flags — *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
Exorcism — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
The Peddlers — *Skyline*, May, '29
At a Grave — *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29
Fed — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Hyena — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Précoce — *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
Rediviva — *Westward*, May, '29
City Peace — *Midland*, May-June, '29
Sabbath of the Ox — *Midland*, May-June, '29
Jealousy — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Morceau du Salon — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Old — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Close of a Conversation — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Gray Witches — *Sonnet Sequences*, July, '29
The Bird — *Japm*, July 8, '29

GLINOS, ANTHULA – A Dream *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
GLOVER, HATTIE D. – The Rose *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
In May *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
GODDARD, FLORENCE D. – Tongue in Cheek *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Homo *Japm*, June 3, '29
GODDARD, GLORIA – Prostitutes *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Day's End *Voices*, Jan., '29
Autumn *Voices*, Jan., '29
Roads *Voices*, Jan., '29
The King Comes Striding *Voices*, Jan., '29
GODE, MARGUERITE – Reasoning *Miland*, July-Aug., '28
Roads *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Little Cats *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
GOETZ, BERNICE – A Prospector of High Places *Skyline*, Nov., '28
An Old Man's Bitterness *Skyline*, Jan., '29
GOGARTY, OLIVER F. – Red Phildy's Song *Outlook*, May 1, '29
GOLDBACH, MARION E. – Encounter *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
GOLDING, LOUIS – Calm Lady *Poetry*, Mar., '29
The Jolly God *Poetry*, Mar., '29
A Springtime Lost *Poetry*, Mar., '29
GOODENOUGH, ARTHUR – The Unfinished Task *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Allen at Guilford *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
GOODING, HELEN KNIGHT – Missouri *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Pioneers *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Quatrain *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Red Skins *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Comrades *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Harney Peak *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
GOODLEY, MAX AUBREY – Frog *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Cat *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
GOODMAN, THEODOSIA TEEL – The Spark *Westward*, Aug., '28
February *Westward*, Feb., '29
GOODPASTURE, G. FRANK – Undertone *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
The Tern *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29

Anthracite (To Al Jolson) *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29
The Sea *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29
GOODSON, MARY WOODSON – The Mystery of Music *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
GORDON, BAREFIELD – A Sonnet *Opportunity*, Mar., '29
GORDON, DON – The Tiger in Tapestry *Oracle*, Sept., '28
The Flagellants *Lyric*, Oct., '28
Migration *Lyric*, Oct., '28
The Urn *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
To a Black Poet *Crisis*, Dec., '28
Gargoyles *Lyric*, Jan., '29
The Wailing Wall *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 10, '29
Euterpe Takes a Lover *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
GORDON, EDYTHE MAE – Young Love *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
I See You *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Love *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Tribute *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
One Summer's Day *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
I Understand *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
GORDON, EVE IRIS – Chansonette *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
GOULD, ALICE – These Autumn Days *Commonweal*, Oct. 31, '28
The Line Gale *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Prospective *Troubadour*, June, '29
GOULD, CORA SMITH – It Seems That Way To Me *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Rosebud *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
The Beacon Light *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Palmetto Palm *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
You and I That Were *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
GRADWOHL, REBECCA J. – My Dreams *Westward*, Feb., '29
The Rose *Westward*, Aug., '28
GRADY, R. F. – Christ Carol *America*, Dec. 22, '28
Within the Tomb *America*, Mar. 30, '29
GRAHAM, GLADYS WILMOT – Arras for a Hermit *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Answer *Westward*, Feb., '29
GRANDY, JULIA SELDEN – The Train *Lyric*, Apr., '29
GRANT, ELIZABETH K. – Incident *Crisis*, Apr., '29
GRANT, VERNON WESLEY – From the Twilight (To H.

G. Wells) *World Tomorrow*, Nov., '28
GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK – Frate Francesco, A Canticle of Assisi in the Spring *Good Counsel*, May, '29
GRAY, FRANCIS ANGEVINE – Release *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
GRAY, PHILIP – Time and a Torch *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Winter Sketch *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Time the Unbeguilable *Lyric*, Jan., '29
GRAY, WHITLEY – Aphelion *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Hermit of Chelan *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
Apostrophe to Woodrow Wilson *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
To a Maxfield Parrish Painting *Westward*, May, '29
Black Water *Japm*, May 6, '29
GREEN, BRENDA – Envy *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Conformity *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
GREEN, JULIA BOYNTON – In a Sicilian Meadow *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Love and Art *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
GREENE, A. ALOYSIUS – Invocation *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
To a Charwoman *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
To a Girl Sleeping *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
The Bather *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Democracy *Crisis*, May, '29
GREENE, VIRGINIA KAUL – Obedience *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
GREEN-LEACH, LEACY NAYLOR – To a Fur Rug *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Migrant *Japm*, July 29, '29
GREENWALD, TUPPER – The Cruelty of It *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29
GREENWOOD, ALICE D. O. – Recompense *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
GREENWOOD, R. R. – Bewilderment *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
GREGORY, HORACE – Praise Out of Season *Blues*, May, '29
Mcalpin Garfinkle, Poet *Blues*, May, '29
Advice *Blues*, June, '29
Time and Isidor Lefkowitz *Blues*, June, '29
Hellbabies *Blues*, June, '29
GREGORY, ZOE EVALYN – "La Fille De Joie" *Westward*, Aug., '28
GREINER, F. W. – Attar of Roses *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
GRESHA, TELKA – Memories *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29

A Mother's Spirit Speaks — *The Wasp*, Apr. 6, '29
GRESHAM, J. WILMER — Asilomar, I Love Thee — *Westward*, Aug., '28
GRIERSON, SAMUEL — The City at Night — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
GRIFFITH, WILLIAM — Meridian — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Emily Dickinson — *Commonweal*, Feb. 6, '29
Meridian — *Voices*, Mar., '29
GRIFFITH, R. EDWARD — Andrew Meeker — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
GRIMES, JERROLD — A Privilege Inherited — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Criticism — *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
"To Weep at Last" — *Skyline*, May, '29
Release (Hokku) — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
GRIMES, MARIE — Sanctuary — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
GRIMES, MARIE VIRGINIA — Finis — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
GRONBERG, FRED — Usury — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Mellowed Obliquity — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
These Two — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
GROSSENBACH, MARGARET — Nocturne — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
GROVE, DIANA ULINE — Yearning — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
GRISWOLD, RUFUS W. — Ethan Allen — *Driftwind*, July, '29
GRUSE, EDWARD — Big Stone Lake — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
GUE, BELLE WILLEY — The Larks Will Make Their Nests — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Greeting — *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28
Christmas Candles — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
GUERARD, IONE — Japonicas — *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
GUNDERSON, GERTRUDE B. — The Caged Eagle — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
If Syndicating — *Gen. Fed. News*, Aug., '28
The Caged Eagle — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
The Poet — *P. E. O. Record*, Nov., '28
Inspiration — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Choice — *The Baptist*, Jan., '29
Pioneers of Dakota Land — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
It Is Not Life — *P. E. O. Record*, Feb., '29
Separated — *Century Mag.*, Feb., '29
Memories — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
To My Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Miracle — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29

Solitude — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
Certainty — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July, '29
GURK, PAUL – Cactus (trans. from the German by Amy Wesselhoeft von Erdberg) — *Dial*, Dec., '28
Cactus (trans. from the German by Amy Wesselhoeft von Erdberg) — *Dial*, Dec., '28
GUTHRIE, J. HUNTER – An Old Shepherd Speaks — *America*, Dec. 22, '28
GUTHRIE, KENNETH S. – Star Lore — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29

HAAFF, KATHERINE MAURINE – At Night When I'm Awake — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
When Winter Comes — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
HAECKER, M. C. – The Music of the Spheres — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Just the Size of an Armful — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
HAEUSSLER, LILLIAN PAULINE – Compassion — *Driftwind*, Jan., '28
Laboratorially Speaking — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
HAGER, ALICE ROGERS – Masks of Horiuji — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Sakura-No-Mi — *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
HAGGLUND, B. C. – America — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
HAIGHT, DOROTHY – Beside the Zuider Zee — *Commonweal*, Apr. 10, '29
HAINES, HELEN – Humilitas — *Lyric*, Nov., '28
HAINES, JEANNE RATHBURN – Winter Bouquet — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
Autumn — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Why Should I Fear (Contributed) — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
The Parlor — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Apr., '29
HAINES, M. RAINSFORD – Cameo (To Clara) — *Westward*, Aug., '28
Seed — *Westward*, Feb., '29
HAINING, J. A. – Wind of the Plains — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Optimism — *Messenger*, June, '29
Hearts and Smiles — *Messenger*, June, '29
HALEY, LAURA MARGARET – Song in the Woods — *Voices*, Mar., '29
HALEY, MOLLY ANDERSON – Loan Library, At the Corner Drug-Store — *Century*, Oct., '28

Black — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
HALEY, PHILIP SHERIDAN — Obsession — *Westward*, Nov., '28
HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN — I Venerate a Carpenter — *Commonweal*, Apr. 24, '29
Beach Party — *Commonweal*, July 17, '29
HALL, GRACE E. — Kinship — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
HALL, JAMES NORMAN — The Attack — *Tanager*, Nov., '28
HALL, JEANNIE PENDLETON — Red-Bird — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Warm Day in March — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
HALLA, SVEN — Kizuki Beach — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Finale — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Snow — *Jamp*, Nov. 5, '28
Milky Way — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
To a Toad — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
HAMAN, CORALIE HOWARD — Remembrance — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
HAMILTON, ANNE — Frigidity — *West Coaster*, Aug. 1, '28
Mirage — *Calif. Southland*, Sept., '28
Pity — *Stratford Mag.*, Sept., '28
Egotism — *West Coaster*, Sept., '28
Aspiration — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Lovers at Sunset — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Times o' Day — *West Coaster*, Oct. 1, '28
Flame — *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
A Word — *Calif. Southland*, Nov., '28
Certain Words on the Attainment of High Wisdom — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Trees — *Amer. Forests*, Feb., '29
First Lover — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Second Sight — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
Idolatry — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
Little Things — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
Ariadne, — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Astronomy — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
HAMILTON, DOROTHY V. — Gratitude (To William James Price) — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
HAMILTON, FLORE BRENT — Silhouette — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
HAMILTON, MARION ETHEL — On Passing a Young Franciscan at Santa Barbara — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
It Must Have Been in England — *Lyric*, Feb., '29
HAMILTON, MARY GLENN — Carmina (to one who sent me yellow roses) — *DePauw Mag.*, Dec., '28

HAMLIN, EMILY H. – Spaces *Driftwind*, July, '29
HAMMOND, HALA JEAN – An Old House *Oracle*, Sept., '28
O Lovely World *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Crucifixion *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
For All Mothers *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Foot-Loose *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
HANCOCK, VESTA WILLS – Cinquain *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Cinquain *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
The Elements *Japm*, May 27, '29
HANES, LEIGH – Fallen Leaves *Lyric*, Oct., '28
The Return *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Little Black Walnut *Lyric*, Dec., '28
Song of the New Hercules *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Brooks *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Fern Poem *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Small Town *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Mountain Churning Song *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Late Shelter *Japm*, May 20, '29
HANEY, KENNETH – What a Poem Is *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
HANSEN, ELEANOR – The Beautiful *Muse & Mirror*, Spring-Sum., '28
Shadows *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
HANSEN, JEAN CROSSE – Sanctuary *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
"But Mary Stood . . . Weeping" *Christian Cent.*, Mar. 14, '29
Lost Adventure *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
HANSEN, MARGARET – Sylvan Strophes *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
HANSON, MABEL A. – Roads *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Infinitude *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Broken Friendship *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Golden Windows *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
When Men Remember *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Unplanned-For Chaos *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
HARDING, PHILIP M. – The Legend of Weeping Skulls: Chihuahua *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
To a Clarinet Player *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Derelict *Crisis*, Oct., '28
Eros *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Oct. 14, '28
In Mathematics *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28

"White Feather" *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
The Internationalists *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Two May Be Brave *Voices*, Feb., '29
Dark Journey *Skyline*, Mar., '29
All Night They Wandered *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Disenchantment *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Once Upon a Time *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Pity This Man *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Young Widow *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
Letter to Roberta *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Death of a Snake Goddess *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
South of Painted Desert: Arizona *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
HARDWICKE, RITA – Drifting *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
HARRIS, CORRINNE MEREDITH – Forgotten *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
HARRIS, HAZEL HARPER – Sonnet to an Artist *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
HARRIS, INEZ – Imprisoned Wings *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
HARRIS, RACHEL JANE – To an Old Sampler *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
HARRISS, R. P. – Autumnal *Virginia Quarterly Rev.*, Oct., '28
For One Buried in November *Lyric*, Mar., '29
HARRIS, RALPH – Failure *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
HARRIMAN, AMY – The River *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29
HARRINGTON, LOUIS J. – Hymn of the Void *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
HARRISON, HENRY – Nonchalantly *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Once Again *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
Pierrot Somewhat Staccato *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
Pierrot Is Wounded *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
For an Investigator *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Inscription for a Dictionary *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
The Old Man *Japm*, Sept. 10, '28
Second Youth *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Afternoon at the Neighborhood Movie Theatre *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Don Juan Explains *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
A Fable for Foxes *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Confession to a Poet *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
Consummation *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29

For An Agnostic — *Japm*, May 6, '29
A Publisher in Love — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Lyrics for Isobel — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
A Business Letter to Cora — *Unconventional*, No. 1, '29
Belief — *Unconventional*, No. 1, '29
HARRISON, ISOBEL STONE — Theme for Japanese Melody — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
HARRISON, KARL C. — We Make Iron in Birmingham — *Nation*, Feb. 13, '29
HARRISON, QUIGLEY — When Love Too Blind to See — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Love-Music — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
HARRISON, SONIA C. — Spilled Wine — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
HARSHMAN, ARTHUR L. — Duality — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
HART, LAWRENCE — Conquest by Laughter — *Westward*, Nov., '28
HARTMAN, BLANCHE T. — The Lover's Quest — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Tomorrow — *Home Mag.*, Aug., '28
The Masque — *The Mirror*, June, '29
Choice — *International Poetry Mag.*, '29
Spring — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
HARTMAN, HERBERT — Concarneau — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
HARTMAN, JO — For the City's Lonely: A Play — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Dome — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
HARTSOCK, ERNEST — To the Statue of Liberty — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Early Nocturne — *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
Beau Sabreur — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
English Prof. — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Professor of Biology — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Professor of Geometry — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Adventure With Clouds — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Literary Epitaphs:
For Mr. Babbitt — *Nation*, Oct. 3, '28
For (Mr. Erskine's) Galahad — *Nation*, Oct. 3, '28
For Elmer Gantry, Jr. — *Nation*, Oct. 3, '28
Gideon Before Troy — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Gold Interlude — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28

Armistice Day, 1928,	*Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Foolish Virgins	*Opportunity*, Dec., '28
Portrait of a Chaucer Prof.	*Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28
Pierrette Was a Good Girl	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
For Jurgen	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
For Trader Horn	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Ultima Thule	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Ether	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Hangover	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Hesperus	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Epilog	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Creed for Roses	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Great Industry	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Requiescat Amor	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Literary Epitaphs:	
I.—For Trader Horn	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
II.—For Jurgen	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Pierrette Was a Good Girl	*Japm*, Dec. 31, '28
Last Seven Words	*Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Old Laughters	*Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Peniel	*Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Portrait of a Dean of Men	*Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
For a Baby	*Scepter*, Mar., '29
For the Father of the Infant	*Scepter*, Mar., '29
For His Grandma	*Scepter*, Mar., '29
Götterdämmerung	*Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Sonnet to a Silver Dollar	*Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Fisher of Men	*Interludes*, Spring, '29
April Mile	*Poetry*, Apr., '29
Nereids	*Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
French Prof.	*Cont. Verse*, May, '29
To a Skull	*Lyric*, May, '29
Formula	*Japm*, May 6, '29
Encounter on Main Street	*Commonweal*, May 29, '29
May Mystery	*Bozart*, May-June, '29
Argosies	*Bozart*, May-June, '29
Portrait of a Priest	*Scepter*, May-June, '29
Portrait of a Freshman Adviser	*Scepter*, May-June, '29
Theology for June	*N. Y. Times*, June, '29
Druid's Advice	*N. Y. Times*, June, '29
Psychology Prof.	*Commonweal*, June 12, '29
Fever—Called Living	*Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

Battle Song — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
To Stone Mountain — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
HARTWICK, ETHELYN MILLER — Hulks — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Unmarked — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Reincarnation — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Perspective — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Hidden — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Love Is What We Make It — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
HARYETT, D. O., WILLIAM — Between the Ties — *Westward*, Aug., '28
HASTINGS, CRISTEL — A Ranger's Prayer — *Household Mag.*, Aug., '28
The House Across the Way — *Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
As I Go — *Household Mag.*, Jan. '29
HASTE, GWENDOLEN — Tree of Heaven — *Japm*, June 24, '29
Ophidia — *Nation*, July 24, '29
HATFIELD, FORREST — Enoch — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
HATFIELD, VICTOR M. — Indiana — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
HAUGHAWOUT, MARGARET E. — The Galled Jade — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
HAUSER, JACOB — Metamorphosis — *Japm*, May 27, '29
Steel Ribbons — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
HAWKINS, HELOISE M. B. — January Fancy — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
HAWKINS, LAURENCE FAULKNER — Salesmen All — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
HAWKRIDGE, EMMA — Please Answer — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Nov. 18, '28
HAY, SARA HENDERSON — Old Men — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
The Moth — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
The Tenement Dweller Speaks — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Cat In the Sun — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
The Snail — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Dual — *Japm*, May 20, '29
This Is the Hour— — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
The Father — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
HAYES, DONALD JEFFREY — Change — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Nocturno — *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28

Voice Out of Darkness — *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
Adieu — *Opportunity*, Mar., '29
HAYFORD, GLADYS CASELY — A Poem — *Opportunity*, July, '29
HAYNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON — Noise and Silence — *Scribner's*, Oct., '28
HAZZARD, ALVIRA — Beyond — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
To My Grandmother — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Predestination — *Sat. Eve Quill*, Apr., '29
HEATH, MONROE — October — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Gypsy in America — *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
Perception — *America*, Jan. 12, '29
Source — *America*, Jan. 26, '29
Nocturne — *America*, Mar. 16, '29
That Day — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Shackled — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Ode to Love — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Corn — *Lyric*, May, '29
Rend the Vault — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 14, '29
To ? (En passant) — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
HEBEN, ROKEART — I Did Not Know — *Crisis*, July, '29
HEBERLEE, MURIEL — Quarantine — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Minnesota Prairie — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Inconsistency — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
HECHT, HELEN S. — Cynic — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Because — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Chains — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Perfection — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Iconoclast — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Things You Did — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., 29
Last Year and This — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
First Freedom — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
Question — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Sea Lure — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Voices — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
HEDGES, ADA HASTINGS — Conclusion — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Always at Sunset — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Desert Spring — *Nation, April* 17, '29
HENEGAN, HERBERT — The Negro Speaks to America — *Window*, April, '29
Negro Spiritual — *Window*, May, '29
HEIMBINDER, B. A. — Hurricane — *Japm*, July 15, '29
HEINE, HEINRICH — Entflieh mit Mir und Sei Mein

Weib (trans. by E. Clark Stillman) *Inlander*, Dec., '28
Am Kreuzweh Wird Begraben (trans. by E. Clark Stillman) *Inlander*, Dec., '28
HELJESON, L. V. – September *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
HELLER, SAMUEL – Summer Meadows *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Rhapsody *Amer. Poetry*, '28
Shadows *Amer. Poetry*, Jan.,' 29
Winter Interior *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Winter Midnight *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
From Gounod *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
November Wind *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Apart *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Transient Flame *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
April Death *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
This House *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Gone *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Lovers *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Tropic Night *Japm*, Mar. 18, '29
Tropic Etching *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Darkened Farmyard *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
April Sun *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Tropic Rain *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
HELMAN, REBECCA – Of Singing *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
I Will Make a Garden *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
An Old Country Church *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
Heart of Stone *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
HELMS, HADLEY – Inasmuch *Messenger*, Aug., '29
HEMPHILL, DEAN D. – Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Lake Erie in Winter *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Mary Lee *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
HENDERSON, BARBARA – Will-o-The-Wisp *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
HENDERSON, DANIEL – Coin Watcher: Hudson Tubes *Poetry*, Nov., '28
The Return *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Enemies *Poetry*, Nov., '28
HENDERSON, HARRIET OLDS – Suspense *Choir Practice*, Feb. 8, '29
Adrift *Choir Practice*, April, '29
My Friend Mrs. Wilson *Manufacturer*, April, '29

Mothers of Sons to Mother Mary
Good Counsel, Lent, '29
Crucial Choosing *Harp*, May, '29
Prayers *Living Church*, May, '29
Crucial Choosing *Harp*, May-June, '29
From Dot to Dot *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, May-June, '29
Artistry à la Mode *Troubadour*, June, '29
Circe Songs and Sunset *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Sonnet to a Squash *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
HENDERSON, ROSE – Identity *Southwest Rev.*, July, '28
For the New Year *House and Garden*, Dec., '28
HENDERSON, RUTH EVELYN – Orison
Midland, July-Aug., '28
Pilate Before Christ *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Measurements *Per. Efficiency*, Win., '28
In Spring *Midland*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Some of Them *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Senility *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Spring in the Capital *Washingtonian*, Apr., '29
Boy's Day *Commonweal*, Apr. 24, '29
Late to Office *Washingtonian*, May, '29
Provincial *Harp*, May-June, '29
Roland Hayes *Troubadour*, June, '29
Artistic Ending *Homiletic Rev.*, June, '29
Protective Coloring *Eng. Journal*, June, '29
The Green Line *Lit. Lantern*, June, '29
HENRICKS, NORMA – Moon-Madness *Skyline*, Mar., '29
HENEN, ANNA – Unconquered *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
HENRY, NAT – Sanctimonious *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
On Making a Couplet *Cont. Verse.* Aug.-Sept., '28
Boomerang *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
The Ninth Song *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
For an Incorrigible Optimist *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Sunrise *Will-o'-the-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Retrospect *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
Poet *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Bench Veterans *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Mary *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
HERBY, N. J. – Herbert Bashford (In Memoriam)
Overland Monthly, Oct., '28
HERRMAN, JAMES W. – The Song of Her
Troubadour, Sept., '28

HERSCHELL, WILLIAM – A Friend at the Door
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
HENSEY, ALICE FERRIN – Knights of the Crystal Helmet *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Spring Winds *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Jewel-Words *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Two Little Songs of Farewell *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Poems *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Sleepless Nights *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Storm's Past *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
HENTON, CORIE D. – New York City *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
A Child's Fancy *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
HESS, HARRY WARREN – Birth of a Moth *Westward*, Aug., '28
Names *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Proselyte Unmade *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Forced Flower *Poetry*, Oct., '28
HESS, M. WHITCOMB – "Against Blue Skies New Beauty Springs" *Personalist*, Oct., '28
HICKS, DONA MERCEDES – Nuevo Laredo *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
HICKEY, AGNES MACCARTHY – Disdain *Scribner's*, Jan., '29
Advent of Day *Voices*, Jan., '29
Shakespeare *Poetry Rev.* (*London*) Apr., '29
Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson *Lit. Digest*, Apr., '29
HICKY, DANIEL WHITEHEAD – To an Old Gardener *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
Escape *Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28
Say That He Loved Old Ships *Harper's* Mar., '29
I Cannot Dance Tonight *Lyric*, May, '29
The Lost World *Commonweal*, May 15, '29
HIERONYMUS, R. E. – "Interconnection" *Poetry*, Mar., '29
HIGHAM, HARRY – Trees Fight *Troubadour*, June, '29
HIGGINS, JOHN LEE – Quest *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
His Song *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Despair *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Machines *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Epistle *Cont. Verse*. Oct.-Nov., '28
When Castles Fall *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Darkness *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Winter *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29

Sea-Edge — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Franciscan Brothers — *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29
Earth-Fires — *America*, Feb. 16, '29
Moods of Color — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Fragile — *America*, Mar. 16, '29
A Man and a Woman — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Vade Mecum — *America*, Apr. 20, '29
Daoine Maithe — *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
Enlightenment — *Troudabour*, June, '29
Desolation — *Troubadour*, June, '29
The Wild Geese Cry — *Troubadour*, June, '29
Separation — *America*, June 1, '29
If I Could — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Worship — *America*, July 13, '29
Bane — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29

HILL, ELIZABETH REID – Pickin' Cotton — *Lyric*, May, '29

HILL, MABEL – Her Message — *Japm*, Sept. 10, '28

HILL, JONATHAN – In the Night — *Inlander*, Apr., '29
Masquerade — *Inlander*, Apr., '29
Beautifuls — *Inlander*, June, '29
Grindstone — *Inlander*, Apr., '29

HILL, MARVIN LUTER – Doris — *Poetry*, Apr., '29

HILL, WILLIAM – Conjure Man — *Harlem*, Nov., '28

HILLARD, FLORENCE T. – Reality — *Harp*, May-June, '29

HILLYER, ROBERT – After Poetry — *Book Notes*, Aug., '28
Pastorals — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
A Failure — *Dial*, Mar., '29

HIPP, STANLEY – Breath — *Tanager*, Mar., '29

HILTON, CHARLES – From Shorn Fields — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
For Now It Is Enough — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Christian Hansen — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Desolation in the Rain — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Harvest Lad — *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Elegy For a Farm Girl — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Edith Washing Dishes — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29

HIMLINSKY, SARA – Knowing . . . — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
To Myself — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
From a Dead Baby — *Midland*, May-June, '29

HINTON, LEONARD Modern Marriage — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Tribute — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
A Man to His World — *Poetry*, Sept., '28

Hirshburg, Roy N. – Honor
Ind. Poetry Mag., Summer, '29
Hobson, Dorothy – Let Me Go Back
Sonnet Seq., July, '29
To a Lost Dream *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
The Knock *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
To Keats *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
To Joyce Kilmer *Japm*, July 15, '29
Hodges, Elizabeth McCullough – Thanksgiving
Amer. Poet, Nov., '28
In the Flood District *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Hoffenstein, Samuel – Tempora Mutantur
Harper's, Oct., '28
A Suppliant Envies the Lowly Cabbage *Harper's* Oct., '28
Elementary Psychoanalysis *Harper's*, Oct., '28
Tu Quoque, Domine *Harper's*, Oct., '28
Alibi *Harper's*, Oct., '28
Hill *Poetry*, May, '29
Cloud *Poetry*, May, '29
Hohf, E. – New Toys *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Hoisington, Mrs. F. R. – "Water, Water, Wild-Flower" *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Apr., '29
Hoisington, May Folwell – Island-Surprise
Pasque Petals, Aug., '28
Poignards (From the Arabic) *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Nostalgia (From the Spanish of Antonio Loynaz)
Westward, Nov., '28
The Didicoy Maid *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
To a Late-Flowering Hollyhock *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Turn of the Wheel *Will-o'-the-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Trust (From the Arabic) *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Noon-Hour at 33rd and Fifth Ave.
Attic Salt, Mar. 30, '29
Lilac Shrine *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
After Many Years *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Peccavi *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Beauty's Child *World Tomorrow*, May, '29
The Crucible (To Elinor Wylie) *Japm*, May 6, '29
Dizain to a Dream *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
Last Things *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Holberg, Ruth Langland – No More Songs
World Tomorrow, Nov., '28

True Dial of Time *World Tomorrow*, Dec., '28
Vermont Winter *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29
Fog Drip *Commonweal*, June 26, '29
HOLBROOK, MARION E. – Shroud Song
Bozart, Sept.-Oct., '28
HOLLADAY, ELIZABETH DINWIDDIE – Vision
Cleve. Club Wom., Apr., '29
HOLLAND, JON BEN – Carnival *Poetry*, Feb., '29
The City *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
HOLME, JAMIE SEXTON – Freedom *Interludes*, Aut., '28
The Builder *Poetry*, May, '29
The Spirit *Poetry*, May, '29
The Flesh *Poetry*, May, '29
HOLMES, A. JEAN – Tiger Lilies *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Thoughts of Frost *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Little Campfire *Pasque Petals*, Dec.,' 28
From My Window *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
To Mother Gertrude *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
High Places *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
HOLMES, JOHN A. – Peter Has An Evening *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Memory *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Noon Waking *Poetry*, July, '29
To Music First *Poetry*, July, '29
In a College Coffee-House *Poetry*, July, '29
A Prologue for Poems *Poetry*, July, '29
HOLMES, JOHN HAYNES – Palestine (A Christmas Poem for Jews and Christians) *Unity*, Jan. 7, '29
HOLMES, MARGARET – An Umbrian Road *Skyline*, Jan., '29
HOLT, GEORGE EDMUND – The Eagles' Nest
Troubadour, Sept., '28
Moorish Beggar *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
HONACK, W. J. – The Rain *Community A. & C.*, Sept., '28
HONNESS, ELIZABETH H. – Edges *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
HOOPES, HELEN RHODA – Command to a Lover
Bozart, Sept.-Oct., '28
Tutelage *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Rubric for a Publisher *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Query *Community A. & C.*, Nov., '28
Warning *Community A. & C.*, Nov., '28
In the Academia Bella Arte: Reverie
Community A. & C., Nov., '28
Passage Piquant *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28

Garden Thought in Winter
Community A. & C., Jan.-Feb., '29
Great Flood! *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Difference *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
Trove for a Traveler *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
HOOR, FREDERICK TEN – By Lantern Light
Midland, July-Aug., '28
Giants *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
Potato Field in Moonlight *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
Bank Building *Midland*, Nov.Dec., '28
The Orphan *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
The Tree *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Beauty: Her Mark *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
HOPPE, ANNA – The Incarnation *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
HORIGOUTCHI, NICO D. – Air Temples (trans. by Louis Kidder Sparrow) *Troubadour*, June, '29
HORNE, FRANK – Immortality *Opportunity*, July, '29
Toast *Opportunity*, July, '29
HORNTHAL, LARRY – Toads *Lyric*, Jan., '29
HOUSE, RICHARD – Desert at Night
Prairie Schooner, Autumn, '28
HOUSTON, VIRGINIA V. – Ecstasy *Crisis*, Feb., '29
Class Room *Crisis*, Mar., '29
HOVEY, MARY – Saint Francis *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Trysting Place *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
HOWARD, PATRICK – A Lady's Chamber
Amer. Poet, Apr., '29
Skulls and Dust *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
HOWE, ELIZABETH LOUISE – Heritage *Letters*, Aug., '28
HOWE, FREELAND – A Poem *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
Life *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
HOWE, LAURENCE LEE – Tragedy *Letters*, Aug., '28
Beauty *Letters*, Aug., '28
HOWELL, ELIZABETH – Trees by the River
Cont. Verse, Oct.-Nov., '28
Manas: The Thinker *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
The Sea Has Awakened—Angry *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
Smoke at Night *Poetry*, May, '29
HOWELL, MARGERY – Autumn Field *Lyric*, Oct., '28
Wormwood *Westward*, Feb., '29
Motley *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Ruin *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, May-June, '29

Howes, Hannah Cushman – Bleeding Heart
Oracle, Sept., '28
A Sunbeam *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Howlett, Blanche C. – Nature's Church
Troubadour, June, '29
Hollowell, Grace Baer – Summer Idyl
Poetry, Sept., '28
Song of the Yellow-Green Willow *Poetry*, Sept., '28
How Praise Her *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Perhaps *Poetry*, Sept., '28
City Dwelling *Poetry*, Sept., '28
To My Stepson *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Hoy, Pearl Barrett – Autumn Thoughts
Pasque Petals, Dec., '28
Ree-cess *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
On Breaking a Colt *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Hoysradt, Eleanor – To Dr. W. E. B. D.
Crisis, May, '29
Hoyt, Helen – Mary and Joseph *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
Hubbard, Lindley Williams – Evening Episode
Lyric, Oct., '28
Evening *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 7, '29
Hudson, Delia – Realization *Sonnet Sequ.*, Jan., '29
A Glimpse that Told a Story
Sonnet Seq. Jan., '29
A Red Rose Bud *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
The Struggle *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Madness *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Hoping *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Camelia Love *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Longing *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Cowboy Philosophy *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Paradise *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Her Gift *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Roses and You *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Advice *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
The Claim *Sonnet Seq.* Jan., '29
Hudson, Mildred – Infinity *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Hudson, Hoyt – The Lore of Heraclitus
Midland, Nov.-Dec., '28
Middle Age *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Sid *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28

HUGHAN, JESSE WALLACE – Creation *Unity*, Jan. 21, '29
HUGHES, ANGELINE – Nearer to Thee *Good Counsel*, Oct., '28
Moorland *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
A Child's Thought of April *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
Things That I Love *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
HUGHES, LANGSTON – Lady in Cabaret *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Hurt *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Mazie Dies Alone in the City Hospital *Harlem*, Nov., '28
HUGHES, ROBERT M. – To Himself, Anacreon-Ode II *Lyric*, May, '29
To His Love, Anacreon Ode I *Lyric*, May, '29
HUGHES, RUSSELL MERIWETHER – Incident *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Tropic Fever *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
HULL, FRANCES – Pan and the White Moth *Community A. & C.*, Oct., '28
Old Men *Community A. & C.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
HUNHOLZ, GEORGE M. – At Sunset *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
HUNN, KATHERINE – Dusk *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
HUNT, ROBERT BOOKER – Orthodox *Nation*, Oct. 10, '28
The Orthodox *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Sonnet *San Franciscan*, May, '29
Dirge in Miniature *Lyric*, July, '29
Legend for a Sun Dial *Lyric*, July, '29
HUNTER, GRACE – The Reverend *Tanager*, Sept., '28
HUNTER, THERESA M. – Challenge *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
HURD, HARRY ELMORE – "King, King, Give a Thing: Never Take It Back Again" *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
An Armistice Despatch *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
HURLEY, EDITH – Requiem *Interludes*, Spring, '29
HURST, MINNIE CALVIN – How Shall It be With Me? *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Into the Silence *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
Remembrance *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
HUTCHINSON, GENEVIEVE L. – Lines on Discarding a Last Year's Calendar *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Country Road *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
HUTCHINSON, HAZEL COLLISTER – From Fire in a

Field — *Poetry*, Dec., '28
HYRNE, CLEMENT — Retort — *Letters*, Aug., '28

I., M. — Studies in Love — *San Franciscan*, Nov., '28
IGLEHART, EMILY POWERS — Silence — *Poetry*, June, '29
Man — *Poetry*, June, '29
The Moon By Day — *Poetry*, June, '29
Fulfilment — *Poetry*, June, '29
INGLIS, RUTH VICTORIA — Sparks — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr. '29
IKE, CARL B. — Combustion — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
IMBS, BRAVIG — Resurges — *Dial*, July, '29
IRVINE, ED. J. — The Thief — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
Waiting — *Troubadour*, June, '29
Pledge — *Troubadour*, June, '29
IRWIN, WALLACE — At the Stevenson Fountain — *Westward*, May, '29

JACKSON, CORINE HUNTINGTON — My Heart Dances — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
JACKSON, PETER — Poem Without Title — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
JACKSON, WINIFRED VIRGINIA — Pardel's Fat Shote — *Maine Bulletin*, Sept., '28
Oh, She Was Smart — *Maine Bulletin*, Sept., '28
Pores — *Maine Bulletin*, Feb., '29
Grace — *Maine Bulletin*, Mar., '29
JACOB, CARY F. — The Meet at Dawn — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
JACOBSON, DORIS WETZEL — Love in Autumn — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
JAMES, ALLIS — Retrospect — *Inlander*, June, '29
Rebirth — *Inlander*, June, '29
Relief — *Inlander*, June, '29
JAMES, MARIE WITTBOLD — The Rose At My Resting Place — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Roses and Lilies — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
JARRBOE, GEORGE — Veneration — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
JARVIS, CLARENCE S. — The Rio Grande — *Troubadour*, June, '29
JARVIS, ANTONIO — Bamboula Dance — *Opportunity*, Dec., '28
Disillusioned — *Crisis*, May, '29

JAYNE, JULIET – Pity *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
JEFFERY, MILDRED ALLEN – Songs by the Wayside *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
JEFFREY, WILLIAM – From—The Golden Stag *Dial*, April, '29
JEFFRIES, J. GRAYDON – Word Carvings *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
Twilight *Japm*, Sept., 24, '28
The Flapper *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Evening *Ind. Star*. Oct. 20, '28
Sea Moods *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
Song *Will-o'-The-Wisp* Nov.-Dec., '28
Winter Fields *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Galilee *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Notes of a Jilted Lover *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
Vanity *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
A Deserted School House *Columbus Dis.*, Mar. 11, '29
JENKINS, OLIVER – Flatter a Ghost *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
First Love *Japm*, Sept. 10, '28
Bewitched *Smart Set*, Aug., '28
Ingénue *New Yorker*, Aug. 4, '28
Nocturne *College Humor*, Dec., '28
In Passing *Spur*, Dec., '28
Nightclub *Blues*, Feb., '29
Portrait of a Crusader Giving a Heart-To-Heart Talk *Blues*, April, '29
Captive *Japm*, May 20, '29
Ennui *New Yorker*, Apr. 13, '29
Portrait of 2 *New Yorker*, Apr. 20, '29
Party *New Yorker*, May 25, '29
JENNESS, MARY – Secret *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
Lynching *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
The Negro Laughs Back *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
JENNEY, ADELINE M. – Bridal Wreath *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Dakota Highways *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Sea Lure *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Mother *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Flight *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
JENNINGS, AMY S. – Touch of Wings *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

JENNINGS, FRANCES – Song for Louise *Inlander*, Oct., '28
November *Inlander*, Oct., '28
Understood *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Lighthouse *Inlander*, Dec., '28
Blossoms *Inlander*, Apr., '29
Down the Wind *Inlander*, June, '29
Heaven *Inlander*, June, '29
Apostrophe to My Body *Inlander*, June, '29
Understood *Inlander*, June, '29
JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON – Estray *Nation*, Jan. 2, '29
If This Be Fever *Nation*, Mar. 20, '29
JOHNS, EDNA – After the Bridge Club *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Night Call *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Progress *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Plum Blossoms *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
JOHNS, ORRICK – Evening *Dial*, Nov., '28
JOHNSON, ALCYONA – Edgar Allen Poe *Letters*, Aug., '28
JOHNSON, CHARLES B. – After Drought *Crisis*, Mar., '29
JOHNSON, GEOFFREY – Truce *Harper's* Oct., '28
Recall *Harper's*, Nov., '28
JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS – Fulfillment *Crisis*, Aug., '28
Fee *Crisis*, Dec., '28
Recluse *Troubadour*, June, '29
JOHNSON, H. L. – Katharine *San Franciscan*, Oct., '28
JOHNSON, HARRIET W. – Morning in a Garden *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
The Old Bridge *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
JOHNSON, HELENE – Cui Bono? *Harlem*, Nov., '28
A Missionary Brings a Young Native to America *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Fiat Lux *Opportunity*, Dec., '28
Invocation *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Rustic Fantasy *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Worship *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Why Do They Prate? *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Regalia *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Remember Not *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
I Am Not Proud *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE – The Bur *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Sorrento *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28

November Wind — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Compensation — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Nov.-Dec., '28
March — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Fatigue — *Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot*, April 20, '29
JOHNSON, LAWRENCE – Happiness, Joy and Sorrow — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
JOHNSON, LOUISE A. – An Old Woman Walking on the Road — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
"As By Fire" — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
JOHNSON, RICHARD V. – Dark Adventure — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD – Star Song — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
JOHNSON, SIDDIE JOE – Heron Flight — *Poetry*, June, '29
Shore Road — *Poetry*, June, '29
JOHNSTON, ELLA M. – Attended — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Transmutation — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
JOHNSTON, THOMAS TODD – The Spirit of Progress — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
JOLAS, EUGENE – Almanach — *transition*, Sum., '28
JONAS, RUSSELL E. – Gumbo — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Monotone — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
JONES, ALEXANDER – John Worthington — *Lumberman* Nov., '28
Our Curses on that Father — *Lumberman*, May, '29
JONES, BILLIE M. – The Fall of an Ideal — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
My Version of a Storm — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
JONES, GLADYS MOON – After These Days — *Troubadour*, June, '29
JONES, JR., JOSHUA H. – Dust to Dust — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Amicitia — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
JONES, L. B. CULLEN – The Ancient Philanderer — *Westward*, Nov., '28
JONES, NELLYN – A Wish — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
JONES, PAMELIA PEARL – Irrelevant Ike — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Words A-wing — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
JONES, JR., THOMAS S. – Jean de Bréboeuf, Apostle to the Hurons — *Sketch Bk. Mag.*, Aug., '28

Tadousac *Sketch Bk. Mag.*, Aug., '28
Lac du Saint Sacrement, Lake George *Sketch Bk. Mag.*, Aug., '28
Isaac Jogues, Apostle to the Mohawks *Sketch Bk. Mag.*, Aug, '28
Joachim of Flora *Living Church*, Mar. 30, '29
Jeanne d'Arc *Boston Eve. Transcript*, May 25, '29
JONES, VINCENT – Nota Bene *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
After-Glow *Westward*, Nov., '28
Feed My Sheep *Westward*, May, '29
Ego *Harp*, May-June, '29
JONSON, ARTHUR – Song *Interludes*, Sum., '28
The Exile *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
The Far Mountains *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
JORDAN, ELLIOTT DRIVER – When Love Is Done *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Old Age *Japm*, May 20, '29
End of Day *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW – In Back of the Wind *transition*, Feb., '29
JOSLIN, MARY REED – Far Nebulae *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28

K., O.
The Rhyming Reader:
"Daisy and Daphne," by Rose Macauly *Bookman*, Aug., '28
"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard," by Elinor Wylie *Bookman*, Aug., '28
"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neil *Bookman*, Aug., '28
KANTOR, MACKINLAY – The Record of Captain Gray *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Jefferson's Hills *Voices*, Mar., '29
Day Dream in a Buckskin Age *Interludes*, Spring, '29
KARAGEORGEVITCH, DOROTHY – Comfort *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28
Song in Praise of Poets *Lyric*, May, '29
KARLING, EVA HILL LESUEUR – The Boomerang *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29

KATTERHENRY, ROSE CAROLYN – Life Is a Garden
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
KAY, ROBERT – Air Castles *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
KEARNS, JOHN – Yarmouth Gulls *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Immortal Phrase *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Frost Magic *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
To An Ancient Coin *Lyric*, May, '29
Woodpeckers *Tanager*, May, '29
Plymouth Dusk *Harp*, May-June, '29
Double Magic *Japm*, May 20, '29
To a Dandelion in a Graveyard *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Hollyhocks *Driftwind*, July, '29
Blue Is Beauty *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Night-Falling Leaves *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
KEECH, LILLIAN SUE – The Adopted Child
Amer. Poetry, Aug., '28
Pan *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Storm *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Wind Child *Skyline*, Jan., '29
The Marriage Day *Harp*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Life and Death *Granite Mag.*, Feb.-Mar., '29
Ravel's Rhapsodie Espagnole *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
The Dog *Stratford Mag.*, May, '29
Approach of Spring *Maryland Club*, Apr., '29
Night on the Beach *Stratford Mag.*, July, '29
Siegfried *Interludes*, Sum., '29
Ad Finem *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
KEENE, FLORENCE R. – Barren Things *Westward*, Aug., '28
I Had a Heart for Singing *Westward*, Nov., '28
Home to Sorrow *Westward*, Feb., '29
Gold *Westward*, May, '29
KELLER, MRS. JOHN E. – I Am Not Blind!
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
KELLER, MARTHA E. – Ask Me Never Why I Go
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., Apr. 21, '29
Never the Same Wave Twice
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., June 23, '29
KELLEY, CALISTA B. – Light's Illusion *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
KELLEY, EDITH SUMMERS – Greed *San Franciscan*, Aug., '28
Lonely Shore *San Franciscan*, Mar., '29
KELLEY, ETHEL – The Sea *Harper's*, June, '29

The Wife — *Harper's*, June, '29
Ellen — *Harper's*, June, '29
The Quarrel — *Harper's*, June, '29
The Courting — *Harper's*, June, '29

KELLEY, GRACIAN M. — "Beloved Son of ——" *Commonweal*, Oct. 31, '28

KELLOGG, LUCIE — Trinity *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Water Prayers *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Returning *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28

KELLY, MARY AGNES — Requiem *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29

KELLY, SARAH HAMMOND — October *Westward*, Nov., '28

KELP, FOREST MABEN — Mother *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Hope *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Raindrops and Habits *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29

KENNEDY, CHARLES W. — Sing, Lad, While You May *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
The Silver Bird *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
Once in a Magic Hour *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29

KENNEDY, JOHN S. — Lament *Commonweal*, Oct. 10, '28

KENNEDY, L. — Shore *Dial*, Feb., '29

KERR, MINNIE M. — Closeby *Skyline*, Jan., '29
The Friendly House *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
To An Invalid Friend *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29

KERR, LOUISE COBB — Yards *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29

KEY, MAUDE WHITE — Miracles *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29

KEYES, FRANCIS PARKINSON — Java Dusk *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
Java Noon *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28

KEYSNER, BLANCHE WHITING — Blue Ridge Ballad *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Apr., '29

KEYTING, MARGARET LEE — Sun Riders *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28

KIDD, WALTER EVANS — The Unloved Wife *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
A Widow Who Outlived Her Children *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, May, '29
A Snowy Orchard *Poetry*, July, '29
Black-Raspberry Patch *Poetry*, July, '29
After the Freeze *Poetry*, July, '29
Black Frost With Wind *Poetry*, July, '29
The Woman at the Edge of Town *Poetry*, July, '29

KIMBALL, MABEL WITHAM — A Sketch *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29

Poplars in Winter — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
KING, EMMA B. — When Evening Falls — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
KING, ETHEL — Safe — *Westward*, Feb., '29
Perishable — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Building — *America*, June 1, '29
KINKADE, EDWARD — Poets and Pain — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
KINNEY, MURIEL — To the Birds — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE — Night-Rain — *Lyric*, Aug., '28
A Woman Alone by the Sea — *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Moments — *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Ships — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Mystery — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Pilot — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Your Words — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Snow Falling — *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Aspiration — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '28
Wonder — *Lit. Lantern*
September — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Plea — *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
Iseult — *Lyric*, Feb., '29
February Twilight — *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Space — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
KIRK, MURRAY CHATHAM — New Year — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
The Red Rose — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
KIRK, RICHARD — A Book-Slip for Book-Lenders — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
Tom Collects — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
No, No, Bobbie Burns! — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
Critic to Author — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
A Book Read — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
A Book Unread — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
Premature Epitaphs — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Tom Returns a Book — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
KIRTLAND, GERTRUDE — Too Late — *Community A. & C.*, July-Aug., '28
KITT, JESSIE WEBER — Echoes — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Night Wanderer — *Troubadour*, June, '29
KLEIN, ABRAHAM M. — Autumn — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
KNITTEL, BARBARA ELROD — In a Painted Box — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28

Dew on the Grass *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
KNITTEL, MRS. J. R. – Mistletoe *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
KNOWLTON, DON – Weeping Willow
Bk. of Rhymers' Club, Dec., '28
KNOX, ETHEL LOUISE – In Lung Fu Ssu
Poetry Folio, May-June, '29
KNOX, JOHN H. – To a Common Weed
Troubadour, Nov., '28
Credo *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
KNOX, MINNIE FAEGRE – My Lady of the Lake
Westward, Feb., '29
KOENIG, ELEANOR C. – Daisy White
Commonweal, Aug. 1, '28
Winter Afternoon *Voices*, Apr., '29
Dusk Brooding *Lyric*, Feb., '29
From a Window (The Light) *Voices*, Apr., '29
KOENIG, MYRA MANNING – No Room in the Inn
Amer. Poetry, Dec., '28
KOKE, JOSEPHINE – The Man Who Delivers the Laundry
Amer. Poetry, Nov., '28
KONOPKA, LEO – Crossing the Street *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
Russia *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Silence *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
KORTELING, RUTH – She Sings a Lullaby For Her Heart
Caravan, May, '29
The Sun and the Poplar Tree *Caravan*, May, '29
KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL – Towers *America*, Aug. 25, '28
KRARUP, MIRIAM HEIDEMAN – Forest Song from the Marshes of Michigan *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
At Sea in Storm (From the Swedish of Dr. E. V. Knape) *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Catholic As Christ: The Doctor's Creed
Japm, Jan. 14, '29
Invitation to the Sauna *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
How Light the Load *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
O Loveliest Flower of Galilee *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
Ecstasies Over a Grocer's Pale Tan Mare
Japm, July, '29
KREGER, MABEL L. – Susie *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
KRESENSKY, RAYMOND – White Lady *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Idol-Maker *World Tomorrow*, Aug., '28
Ancestry *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28

Rain — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Summer Grows Old — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Song of the Section Crew — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Philosopher — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
Rain — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Sonnet — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Company Coming — *Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
For Old Houses — *Household Mag.*, July '29
Loss — *Japm*, July 8, '29

KREYMBORG, ALFRED – Old Ralph Waldo — *Bookman*, Aug., '28
Fame or Immortality? — *Bookman*, Aug., '28
The Professor Charms the Ladies — *Bookman*, Aug., '28
Yellow With Yesterday — *Bookman*, Aug., '28
The Two Henrys — *Bookman*, Aug., '28
Two Lives and Six Million — *Bookman*, Sept., '28
Thermometer — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Love — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Grandmother — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Ephemeral Perspective — *Independent*, Oct. 13, '28
Black Chant, 1917 — *Blues*, Apr., '29
Lady — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Quiet Society — *Harp*, May-June, '29

KROLL, MARY JANE – Anti-Virginity Propaganda — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29

KRUGER, DOROTHY – A Contact at Sea — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
The Lamplighter — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Heritage — *Crisis*, Nov., '28
Submission — *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Appassionata — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
She Wore Her Love — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Show — *Japm*, Apr., 15, '29
For Eleanor — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
Pantomime — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
Evening and Love — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
Bigotry — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
A Heretic Stood on a Hill — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
For Me the Small Things Pass (For K. W. P.) — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
Steel — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
The Old Mender of Dolls — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29

The Lovers, Life and Death — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
The Pool — *Japm*, Apr. 15, '29
New York — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
The Rebel Poet — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29

KUNITZ, STANLEY J. – The Stranger — *Commonweal*, Sept. 26, '28
Change — *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Geometry of Mood — *Dial*, Feb., '29
Death in Moonlight — *Dial*, Feb., '29
He Made Darkness His Secret Place — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 19, '29
Deciduous Branch — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, June 2, '29
First Love — *Poetry*, July, '29
Prophecy — *Poetry*, July, '29
Vita Nuova — *Poetry*, July, '29
Twilight — *Poetry*, July, '29
Poem — *Poetry*, July, '29
Last Words — *Poetry*, July, '29
A Daughter of the Sun Is She — *Poetry*, July, '29
Postscript — *Poetry*, July, '29

LAIDLAW, LOUISE BURTON – Youth — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Dome of Stars — *N. Y. Times*, Dec. 28, '28
Hill Top Before Sunrise — *Prism*, Feb., '29
Eternal Flux — *World Tomorrow*, Feb., '29
In Scotland — *Spur*, Mar., '29
Kasha — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Wind Through Beach Grass — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Pensive Dionysus — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Sea Madness — *Stratford Mag.*, Apr., '29
The Greater Dionysia — *N. Y. Times*, Apr. 27, '29
The Crystal Gazer — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
The Murderer — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, May, '29
Relief — *Harp*, June, '29
Fowey's Moon — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
Rydal Valley (From Nab Cottage) — *Driftwind*, June-July, '29
Rydal Valley — *Driftwind*, July, '29
To an Unknown Lover — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
Rest — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Concreteness — *Bookmaker's Folio*, Nos. II–III, '29
Wish — *Bookmaker's Folio*, Nos. II–III, '29

LAING, ALEXANDER – Interloper *Palms*, '29
LAKE, GEORGE BURT – Panhandled *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
LALUAH, AQUAH – Lullaby *Crisis*, Mar., '29
LAMMONS, JOHN SILL – Youth *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
A Woman's Way *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
LAMPMAN, BEN HUR – Epitaph *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Death of a Western Grebe *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
To a Sea Bird Dying *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
LAMPSON, ROBIN – The War's Cry to Womanhood *Westward*, May, '29
On Reaching Seventeen *Westward*, May, '29
LANHAM, C. T. – Kaleidoscope *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Platitude *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Contrasts *America*, Sept., '28
Passion *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Wind *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
Compensation *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Christmas Gift *America*, Dec. 22, '28
Nurseryman *America*, Jan. 5, '29
Challenge *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Repoussé *America*, Feb. 2, '29
Charity Ward *America*, Feb. 16, '29
The Moth *America*, Mar. 23, '29
Valkyrie *Troubadour*, June, '29
Iron *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, June, '29
Protest *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, June, '29
Sea Gull Jim *America*, July 6, '29
LANSING, ALFARETTA – For Anne Spencer Morrow *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
LARAMORE, VIVIAN YEISER – Who Dives for Coral *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Poe's Mother *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Song for Sun Down *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Laughter *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Ash *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Counsel *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Tumbleweed *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Balloons *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Paper Boats *Lyric*, Mar., '29
In a Florida Garden *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Unknown Builder *Commonweal*, Mar. 27, '29
June *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29

Larkspur — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
Masonry — *Lyric*, July, '29
Almost Any Rainbow — *Lyric*, July, '29
LAROCQUE, ELIZABETH — Youth's Defiance — *Scribner's*, Oct., '28
LARRABEE, STEPHEN — Bequest — *Inlander*, June, '29
LARSEN, LORRAINE — People — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
A Funny Man — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH — Letter Before Departure — *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29
A Letter at First Spring — *Commonweal*, Apr. 3, '29
Movement for a Chorale — *Comonweal*, June 19, '29
LAUGHLIN, E. O. — To an Old Love — *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28
LAUTER, MARK — Creation — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Reminiscence — *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29
LAW, MARGARET LAYTON — Let Me Believe This — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
LAWRENCE, D. H. — When I Went to the Circus — *Dial*, May, '29
To Let Go or Hold On—? — *Dial*, July, '29
Whatever Man Makes— — *Dial*, July, '29
Work — *Dial*, July, '29
What Would You Fight For? — *Dial*, July, '29
Attila — *Dial*, July, '29
Sea-Weed — *Dial*, July, '29
Lizard — *Dial*, July, '29
Censors — *Dial*, July, '29
November by the Sea— — *Dial*, July, '29
LAWRENCE, GORDON — Bugle — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
They Will Triumph Again — *World Tomorrow*, May, '29
Of Beauty Aloof and Rejected — *Commonweal*, May 15, '29
The World is so Rich that it Doesn't Know What to Buy with Its Money — *Japm*, June 17, '29
LAWSON, EVANGELINE — Thy Perfect Peace — *Westward*, May, '29
LAWTON, DONNA ZOE — Glass — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
LEA, PETER A. — The Optimist — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
About a Fraternity Pin — *Household Mag.*, Nov., '28
The Wonder of Christmas — *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
Here's Wishing You — *Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
Valentines — *Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
LEACH, MARIA — But If I Die — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28

This Only — *Harper's*, Nov., '28
LEADER, PAULINE — Bird to the Sky — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
The Appeal, To Henry Lavarack — *Blues*, Apr., '29
Poem — *Blues*, May, '29
LEBOLD, MEDDIE MAZE — Intriguing Night — *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28
Seasonal — *Frontier*, Nov., '28
Beauty Incarnate — *Town Crier*, Mar. 23, '29
The Bamboo Sonnet — *Town Crier*, Mar. 23, '29
LECHLITNER, RUTH — City Blacksmith Shop — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
To a Museum Mummy — *Southwest Rev.*, Aut., '28
Vineyard — *Nation*, May 8, '29
Last Dividend — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Dec. 9, '28
The Hunted — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 3, '29
Shopgirl — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Apr. 14, '29
City Blacksmith Shop — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
LECLERCQ, JACQUES — Sea Death — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
LEDUC, MARY — Still Life — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Maudlin — *Skyline*, May, '29
Choice — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
The Way One Learns — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
LEE, BORGHILD — Gifts — *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
The Builder — *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Young Love — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
I Cannot Say — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Materialist — *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Spider-Web — *Commonweal*, Nov. 14, '28
Saint Per — *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Angel Guri — *Nation*, Dec. 19, '28
Prairie — *Nation*, Mar. 27, '29
Gutter-Ann — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Voices — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Prelude — *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
LEE, LAWRENCE — Bequest to My Daughters — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29
LEE, MUNA — Division — *America*, Aug. 4, '28
Villanelle — *America*, Sept. 8, '28
Unbroken Spell — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 6, '29
Indian Pipe — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 6, '29
Dies Irae — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 5, '29
Flight — *America*, May 11, '29

LEHMER, DERRICK N. – The Apples of Andaman
University of Calif. Chron., Oct., '28
LEHMER, EUNICE MITCHELL – Kinship *Westward*, May, '29
LEHR, CORA – The Snob (Cinquain Sequence)
Cleve. Club Wom., Apr., '29
LEIGH, A. B. – Revelation *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
In a Glass House *The Monitor*, '29
LEITCH, MARY SINTON – At the Wheel *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Whatever It Is *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
De Swo'd of de Lawd an' of Gideon *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Ecce *Lyric*, Dec., '28
The Toast *Lyric*, Dec., '28
Banners *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Indemnity *No. Amer. Rev.*, Mar., '29
On Being Chided for Wearing a Lavender and Yellow Frock *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Garden *Lyric*, Apr., '29
In the Tower of London *Lyric*, May, '29
He Who Loves the Ocean *Irene Leache Mem.*, Apr., '29
Scent of Heather *Christian Sc. Mon.*
Advice to Would Be Poets *Lyric*, June, '29
LEITE, VIOLA – Use of Quiet *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
A Lovely Bit of Time *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Mystery of Night *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
LEMKE, CLAUDIA A. – A Little House That's Home
Pasque Petals, Nov., '28
Separation *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
LENNEN, ELINOR – Poem *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
LENNON, EDWARD – Belated Recognition
Scepter, July-Aug., '29
Perspective on Spring *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Dear, Dark Streets *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
The Greenville Road *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Intimate Stranger *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
A Woman and A Wish *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Jewel Song for an Empire *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Poverty *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
LENNON, JOHN AUZERIAS – The Pilot
San Franciscan, June, '29
LEONARD, DOROTHY – Down in the Long Grass
Nation, Sept. 19, '28
Access *Harp*, May-June, '29

Improvidence — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Resignation — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
The Flood — *Commonweal*, May 15, '29
The Farmer — *World Tomorrow*, July, '28
LERMONTOV, M. – A Song, About Tsar Ivan Vasilyevitch, His Young Body-Guard and the Valiant Merchant Kalashnikov (trans. from the Russian by John Cournos) — *Dial*, Sept., '28
LESEMANN, MAURICE – City Asleep — *Poetry*, June, '29
Burglars — *Poetry*, June, '29
Prometheus — *Poetry*, June, '29
Earth Never Knows — *Poetry*, June, '29
On a Fly-Leaf — *Poetry*, June, '29
Lost — *Poetry*, June, '29
LESLIE, KENNETH – In Notre Dame, Montreal — *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
Written in Notre Dame, Montreal — *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
LEWIS, HAROLD H. – The Beauty Seeker — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
To Everymother — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Pox on Him — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
LEWIS, ELINOR COOK – Spirits of the Hearth — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
LEWIS, JAMES FRANKLIN – Whatnot — *DePauw Mag.*, Oct., '28
LEWIS, LOUELLA TRACEY – The Return — *Harp*, May-June, '29
The Hidden One — *Harp*, May-June, '29
LEWIS, MABEL STUART – The Voice of the Mud Butte — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
LEWIS, SAMUEL L. – Bamboo Flute — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
LIEBERMAN, ELIAS – An Old College Teacher — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Dawn After Christmas — *World Tomorrow*, Jan., '29
Mechanical Toys — *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
He Rhymes of Stars — *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
LIGGETT, CARR – Serfs — *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., 28
LIND, LOUISE L. – Voices — *Am. Poetry*, Mar., '29
LINDBERG, J. C. – To a Rattlesnake Ready to Strike — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
The Prairie Speaks — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Out in South Dakota — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28

The Pioneers of South Dakota *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
God Never Rests *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Dear Little Mother of Mine *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
LINDENSCHMIDT, HARRY J. – Prelude to Revolt *Troubadour*, June, '29
LING-YU, FANG – Evening Bells (Trans. from the Chinese by Kwei Chen) *Dial*, Oct., '28
LINDSAY, IRENE – Questionings *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
LINDSAY, LLOYD AMOS – Holiday *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
LINDSAY, VACHEL – My Brothers of the Poet Trade *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Beside Her Carriage *Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Pontoon Bridge Miracle *Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Long Street Lifts *Poetry*, Oct., '28
A Million Singing Circuses *Poetry*, Oct., '28
LINN, EDITH WILLIS – Inventory *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
LIPPINCOTT, MARTHA SHEPARD – Language of the Soil *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
Love's Joy *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
LISTER, QUEEN B. – A Poet Said . . . *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Slippers in a Field *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
LITSEY, EDWARD CARLILE – Chaff *Letters*, Aug., '28
Love Child *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
A Southern Night *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
LITSEY, SARAH – Cripple *Letters*, Aug., '28
Arc De Triomphe *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Interim *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
Coward *San Franciscan*, Dec., '28
Those Who Go Down in Ships *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
For an Elusive Lady *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29
Miss Susie Stibble *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
For Elinor Wylie *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Children's Magic *Household Mag.*, Apr., '29
The House *World Tomorrow*, Apr., '29
The Orchard Dance *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
Of Youth *World Tomorrow*, June, '29
LITTLE, B. BELLE – When I Was Plucking Daffodils *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
LITTLE, GEORGE – The Black Man's Burden *Opportunity*, Nov., '28
LITTLE, KATHERINE D. – To a Little Inn *Inlander*, Oct., '28

Fuchsias — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Roerich: An Impression — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
LITZENBERG, KARL – Sonnet — *Inlander*, June, '29
Nightmare — *Inlander*, June, '29
Privacy — *Inlander*, June, '29
There Were Three — *Inlander*, June, '29
LIVESAY, DOROTHY – Going to Sleep — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
LLOYD, ANNE – The Sky-Line of New York, From Brooklyn Heights — *Century*, Aug., '28
LOCHBILER, DON – Gambit Ending — *Dial*, Oct., '28
Passage II — *Dial*, Apr., '29
William Blake in Hell — *Dial*, Apr., '29
Spring Song — *Dial*, Apr., '29
LOFTUS, JOSEPH ELDRIDGE – A Good Sport — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
A Question — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
LOGAN, IMELDA MORAN – Légende — *Commonweal*, May 1, '29
LONG, ELIZABETH ELLEN – Twilight — *Westward*, Aug., '28
Two Dancers — *Westward*, Feb., '29
LONG, ROSE BASKERVILLE – Mad — *Lyric*, Apr., '29
A Lady — *Lyric*, Apr., '29
LONGLEY, SNOW – Gulls — *Critique*, Nov., '28
LORING, CHARLOTTE BLAKE – Sisters — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
LORINGHOVEN, BARONESS ELSA VON FREYTAG – Ostentatious — *transition*, June, '29
Westward — *transition*, June, '29
Eastward — *transition*, June, '29
Agog — *transition*, June, '29
LORRAINE, LILITH – Triple Alliance — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Renascence — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Old Gardens — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Mockery — *Palo Vere*, No. 5, '29
LOSEY, MARGUERITE – Pictures — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Just Life — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
A Street at Night — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
A Cynic — *Cleve. Club. Wom.*, Jan., '29
Youth — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
LOUDON, ERNEST – The Last God — *Japm*, June 17, '29
LOUGEE, LEOTA AMON – The Garden of Life — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
LOVE, JANE GROOME – The Earth-Child — *Century*, Sept., '28
Silver Points — *Troubadour*, June, '29

LOVELL, FRANCES STOCKWELL – Lake Champlain
Driftwind, Nov., '28
LOVELL, PHEBE S. – The Measure
Will-o'-The-Wisp, Sept.-Oct., '28
LOVELL, JR., JOHN – Girls I Know *Crisis*, July, '29
LOW, BENJAMIN R. C. – Christmas Eve in the Gothic
Commonweal, Dec. 19, '28
LOWDERMILK, PATRICIA CANNALES – Fantasque
Interludes, Spring, '29
LOWE, FRANCES E. – Panels *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
LOWE, MARNA – The Pendulum *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
LOWE, ROBERT LIDDEL – "By Such Small Things"
Virginia Quart. Rev., Oct., '28
No Harvest *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '28
Ballad of the Goodly Town *Window*, Feb., '29
O Wise Were They *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, July, '29
LOWENFELS, WALTER – Prometheus, A Chorus at
40° Alfresco *transition*, Feb., '29
LOWRANCE, CARLOS – Foiled *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
LOZIER, AIMEE – The Answer *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
LUBOVICH, GEORGE – Musk of Night *Window*, May, '29
LUCAS, HAROLD – "A Simile of Hawaii" *Westward*, Nov., '28
LUDLOW, ZYLPHA – An Easter Message to My Mother
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
LUHRS, MARIE – For a Few Hours *Nation*, Aug. 1, '28
LUKE, ISOBEL – Liliom *Muse & Mirror*, Spring-Sum., '28
LUKE, LOU MALLORY – The Dream
Will-o'-The-W., Sept.-Oct., '28
Drought *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
LUTE, THOMAS – Outcast *Inlander*, June, '29
Cinders *Inlander*, June, '29
LYDGATE, WILLIAM – Toll of a Bell in a Silent
Hawaiian Night *Interludes*, Aut., '28
LYMAN, FLORENCE VAN FLEET – My Good Luck
Wishes *Prism*, Dec., '28
At Mid-Winter
Year Book, Springfield (Mass) G. C.; Win., '29
A Running Brook *Prism*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Threefold *Attic Salt*, May 18, '29
My Golden Hours *So. Churchman*, June 29, '29
LYNCH, ADA KYLE – Awaiting the Storm
Troubadour, Nov., '28

LYNCH-BOTTA, ANNE C. – Endurance *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
LYNCH, JOHN W. – November, 1928 *America*, Dec. 29, '28
LYON, BEULAH H. – Sunlight *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
LYTLE, NELROSE – Reverence *Interludes*, Sum., '28

MAC DONALD, LESLYN – In a Class-Room *Personalist*, July, '29
MACDONALD, WILSON – Van Buren's Coach *Scribner's*, June, '29
MACDORMAN, LONA – The Beggar *Household Mag.*, Nov., '28
MACFARLANE, KATHRYN JEAN – Na Lei O Hawaii *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Ke hele nei wau i ke kula *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
MACKAYE, PERCY – Mutability *Outlook*, May 1, '29
MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD – Il Ne Reste Que Vos Photos *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, *Oct.* 20, '28
"American Letter" *Bookman*, Jan., '29
Reproach to Dead Poets *Yale R.*, Win., '29
Communication to Leon-Paul Fargue *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Unanswered Letter to a Lady Novelist *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Epistle to the Rapalloan *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Tourist Death *transition*, Feb., '29
Sentiments for a Dedication *Nation*, Feb. 13, '29
Eterna Poetae Memoria *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 11, '29
October 14, 1928 (For K. MacL.) *Nation*, May 22, '29
MACLEOD, NORMAN W. – Chief Mountain *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Skirmish *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Cactus Bloom *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
At Hovenweep in Cajon Canyon *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Booze Runners *New Masses*, Aug., '28
Ukase *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
City in Taos *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
Sky Village *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Stone Axe Ruins *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Impotence *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
5 Lumber Mill Sketches *New Masses*, Nov., '28
Appraisal *Parnassus*, Nov., '28
The Old South *New Masses*, Dec., '28
Law and Order *New Masses*, Dec., '28
Interval: Georgia *New Masses*, Dec., '28

Betatakin — *Gypsy*, Dec., '28
Yet Autumn Mournfully — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Snow in the Painted Desert — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
At Theory — *New Masses*, Jan., '29
Checker — *New Masses*, Jan., '29
Dirge — *Lariat*, Jan., '29
Loggia — *Blues*, Feb., '29
Haunted Hogan — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Gunsight Trail: Glacier Park — *Frontier*, Mar., '29
Rising Wolf — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Song for an Archaeologist: Aztec — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
The Sun — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Cattle-Town — *New Masses*, Apr., '29
Cowpunching Bootleggers — *New Masses*, Apr., '29
Coniferous — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Love Chronicle — *Blues*, Apr., '29
A Woman Swayed — *Blues*, Apr., '29
Libido: Perforce — *Blues*, Apr., '29
Blind Alley — *Frontier*, May, '29
The Blizzard — *Westward*, May, '29
Impression — *Blues*, May, '29
Atavistic: Chinle — *Blues*, May, '29
Paradigm — *Japm*, May 6, '29
Coal and Iron Police — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Papyrus — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Justice for Landlords — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Jeremiad — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Boulder Canyon Dam — *New Masses*, June, '29
20th Century Bucking Bronco — *New Masses*, June, '29
1930: 140 Millions — *Birth Control Rev.*, June, '29
Swastika — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
The Electric Air — *New Masses*, July, '29
Scrub Cedar — *Overland Monthly*, July, '29
Sociological — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
Sable — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Fragment — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
At Toreva — *Tambour* 4, '29
Old Walpi — *Tambour* 4, '29
Hopi Medley — *Tambour* 4, '29

MACMILLAN, JEAN CAMPBELL – Spaces — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29

MacNaull, Aletha V. – Peace Like a Dove
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
MacNeal, Clifford L. – Actors *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
MacPherson, Lucile – The Field at Noyo
The Wasp, Mar. 23, '29
MacQuiddy, T. S. – Shearwaters Feeding
Westward, Feb., '29
Macy, Ethel Woodruff – Futility *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Meditation *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Madeleva, Sister M. – Protest Imperative
Commonweal, Dec. 12, '28
Ballad of the Happy Christmas Wind
America, Dec., 22, '28
Mary of Magdala: Autobiography
Commonweal, Apr. 10, '29
In the Face of Failure *Commonweal*, Apr. 24, '29
Conceit *America*, June 15, '29
Madison, Hope B. – Winter Dawn
Cleve. Club Wom., Mar. '29
Madsen, Serena – A Girl-Nun Speaks
Troubadour, Apr., '29
Maeterlinck, Maurice – Chanson (trans. by Olive E. Darling) *Cleve Club Wom.*, June, '29
Magaret, Helene – Four Black Clowns
Prairie Schooner, Win., '29
Legs *Prairie Schooner*, Win., '29
Lonely Things *Harper's* Feb., '29
Bond-Servant *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 10, '29
Harvest *Harper's* May, '29
Howard *Opportunity*, May, '29
Impiety *Harper's*, June, '29
Cat *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Magee, Florence Champreux – For Light
America, Sept. 1, '28
Time and Eternity *America*, Sept. 22, '28
Young Love *America*, Oct. 27, '28
Magg, Carl – I have Seen Great Granite Hewn
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Nov. 11, '28
Maginnis, Amy Brooks – October Picture
Commonweal, Oct. 24, '28
Weeds *America*, May 11, '29

MAGNER, HELENE E. – Lost Years
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
MAHANY, LILLIAN – Pursuit of Summer *Westward*, May, '29
MALAM, CHARLES – Closed Doors *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Three Burrs *Midland*, May-June, '29
Wood to Cut *Midland*, May-June, '29
Dunmore *Driftwind*, July, '29
MALCOLM, HELEN CHRISTIE – Quest *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
MALLATT, LOLA – Country People *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Nocturne *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
MALONEY, CECELIA – Literal Translation (Armistice Day, 1928) *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Moving Pictures *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Summary *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
To a Young Singer on Her First Appearance
Amer. Poet, June, '29
MANNIX, MARY E. – A Portrait *America*, Apr. 27, '29
MANLEY, EDITH – How Happy *Harp*, May-June, '29
MANSFIELD, JANET – Presence *Overland Monthly*, Jan., '29
Flowers of Memory *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
MANSFIELD, KATHERINE – A Sunset *Bookman*, Feb., '29
Old-Fashioned Widow's Song *Bookman*, Feb., '29
MANSFIELD, MARGERY SWETT – The Body Is Less Naked *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Clothes *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
This Is New England *Poetry*, Sept., '28
These Mountains Are Not Kind *Southwest R.*, Aut., '28
Rations *Harper's*, Dec., '28
Within Ear-Shot *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Spring Molting *Commonweal*, Apr. 17, '29
MANTZ, RUTH – Dream-Talk *Westward*, Feb., '29
MANVILLE, HERBERT EMERY – Airplanes
Amer. Poet, May, '29
Stella *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
MARCO, ANGELA – Endure My Love
Cont. Verse Aug-Sept., '28
Beau Doux *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Meditation *Voices*, Apr., '29
Blind Woman *Voices*, Apr., '29
Ragged Lady *Voices*, Apr., '29
Transient *Voices*, Apr., '29
Badger in Broadway *Cont. Verse*, June, '29

Dancing Elephant — *Japm*, June 3, '29

MARCONNIER, BYRNE — Negro Lament — *Interludes*, Sum., '28

Lése-Majesté — *Lyric*, Aug., '28

MARGETSON, GEORGE REGINALD — The Cosmic Voice — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29

MARIA, ANNIE — Tardy Oak — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29

MARIETT, ALICE — My Little White Gate — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

MARING, HELEN — Men Called Her Queen — *Muse & Mirror*, Spr.-Sum., '28

To Margaret — *Voice*, Sum., '28

Vigil — *West Woman*, Aug., '28

An Anchored Ship — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28

Conundrum — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28

Mask — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., 28

Penitent — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28

Sent of the Jade of the Sea — *Overland Mag.*, Dec., '28

Need — *Town Crier*, Dec. 15, '28

Proffer — *Town Crier*, Dec. 15, '28

Mists — *Attic Salt*, Dec. 15, '28

Diminuendo — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29

A Sunset Tale — *Interludes*, Win., '28, '29

Reversed — *Poetry*, Feb., '29

Lean Wind — *Poetry*, Feb., '29

Imbecile — *Japm*, Mar. 4, '29

Child Wife — *Frontier*, May, '29

Seasonal — *N. Y. Sun*, May 7, '29

Late Spring — *Argus*, May, '29

Constancy — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29

Deserted Rock Quarry — *Japm*, July 29, '29

MARINI, MYRA — Lie Still, Lady — *N.Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, July 28, '29

MARINONI, ROZA ZAGNONI — Doves — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28

Transparence — *Household Mag.*, Aug., '28

The Temptress — *Stratford Mag.*, Aut., '28

Veils — *Voice*, Aut., '28

Et Gloriam — *Voice*, Aut., '28

Zoological Observation — *College Humor*, Sept., '28

The Aesthetic Flapper — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Painted Feathers — *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28

Nature's Wisdom — *Household Mag.*, Sept., '28

It Is No Wonder — *Lariat*, Oct., '28

Trees	*Lariat*, Oct., '28
Self Defense à la Mode	*College Humor*, Oct., '28
Clandestine Love	*Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
Poets Are Mortals Who ——	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
My Hero	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
Whispers	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
Fishing	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
Strapped to My Wrist	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
Rain Drops	*Cont. Verse*, Nov., '28
Just Calling	*Household Mag.*, Nov., '28
Rivers	*Town and Country*, Dec., '28
Election Day in Spring Grove	*Midwest Rev.*, Dec., '28
Will o' the Wisp	*Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
Lest We Forget	*Household Mag.*, Jan,, '29
Mud-Pups	*Skyline*, Jan., '29
I'd Rather Be	*Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Here's Kelly	*Midwest Rev.*, Feb., '29
The Struggle	*Midwest Rev.*, Feb., '29
Sponges	*Midwest Rev.*, Feb., '29
The Gossiper	*Midwest Rev.*, Feb., '29
Fog	*Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Words	*Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
Timidity	*Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
Grill-Bound	*Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
Frolic	*L'Alouette*, Mar., '29
In Passing	*L'Alouette*, Mar., '29
Comparisons	*L'Alouette*, Mar., '29
Days	*Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
Sling Shots	*Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Live Wire	*Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Shawl	*Lariat*, Mar., '29
Lethargy	*Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Expectation	*Capper's Farmer*, Apr., '29
Fame Is a Well	*Household Mag.*, Apr., '29
"The Difference Between—"	*Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
On Any Street	*Ave Maria*, May, '29
Crazy Picture	*Choir Practice*, May, '29
Epitaph on Mortality	*Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
He Who Would Enter	*Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
The Big Blue Shawl of Mary	*Unity*, June 24, '29
Pardon Me for Asking	*Household*, July, '29
On the Board Walk	*Scepter*, July-Aug., '29

MARKS, MARGARET JULIA – Young Widow *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Last Night *Poetry*, Jan., '29
To the Other Woman *Poetry*, Jan., '29
MARQUART, MARGARET – Symphony *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Sleep *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Dreams *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
MARQUIS, NETTA – Indian Dances at Hollywood Bowl *Critique*, Nov., '28
MARSH, CHARLES HOWARD – Chinon *Japm*, June 24, '29
The Sword of Desire *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
MARSHALL, LENORE – Ambition Sleeps *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Nov. 4, '28
Thunderstorm *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Apr. 14, '29
MARSHALL, MARJORIE – Autumn *Crisis*, Nov., '28
MARSHALL, MURRAY L. – Mount Washington *Sonnet Seq.*, Jan., '29
MARSHALL, R. P. – The Carpenter *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
MARTIN, ELEANOR DUTTON – Autumn *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
MARTIN, MARY FRANCES – There Are Trees *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
The Bad Lands of Dakota *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
The Pioneers—The Builders *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Thunder Shower *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Hoar Frost *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Sweet Peas *Amer Poet*, Apr., '29
Mothereen Mo Mhuirnin *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
The Night Blooming Cereus *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
MARTIN, PORTIA – Desert Night *Living Church*, Sept. 8, '28
Angels, A Thought for Michaelmas *Living Church*, Sept. 29, '28
I Leaned Toward Winter *Living Church*, Nov. 10, '28
Cathedral Christmas *Living Church*, Dec. 24, '28
For Any Orchard *Living Church*, Mar. 30, '29
Church in the School-House *Living Church*, Apr. 28, '29
MASEFIELD, JOHN – Any Dead to Any Living *Yale R.*, Jan., '29
MASON, FRANCIS CLAIBORNE – Prophecy at Love's End *Lyric*, Aug., '28
The Return at the Day's End *Lyric*, Aug., '28

Hill Farmer *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Argonne, 1918 *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Remembering That They Were Twins *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Pause on the Long Road *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29
Forests in Winter *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Epithalamium *Lyric*, Apr., '29
MASSIE, MINNIE – Discontent *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
MASTERS, EDGAR LEE – Wah Tom and Black Mag *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Yee Lem of Keokuk *Poetry*, Sept., '28
The Open Door *Cosmopolitan*, Feb., '29
MATHEUS, JOHN F. – Trinity *Crisis*, Feb., '29
MATHEWSON, THELMAN E. – My Dream Girl *Driftwind*, July, '29
MATTHEWS, ALBERTA C. – Query *Prairie Schooner*, Aut., '28
Fennel *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
MATTHEWS, ELIZABETH – Minuet in G, Paderewski *Scribner's*, Oct., '28
MATTHEWS, MIRIAM CASSEL – Inspiration *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
Kilns *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
Memories *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
MATTHEWS, RIVES SKINNER – Poem *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
MATTHEWS, T. S. – Dedication to Myself *Bookman*, Nov., '28
MATTHIAS, BLANCHE – Pray-Whispers Wash the Earth *transition*, Sum., '28
MATTINGLY, S. TWYMAN – Omnipresence *Commonweal*, Feb. 13, '29
MATSON, MABEL CORNELIA – Poet's Tea *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Hester *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
MAXWELL, GILBERT – Quest *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
MAY, BEULAH – My Room *Interludes*, Sum., '28
To a Troubadour Dying *Westward*, Aug., '28
Brahms' Gypsy Dance Number Two *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28
Buccaneer's Gold *Westward*, Nov., '28
The Netsuke *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
The Dreamer *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
"Andante Cantabile" by Tschaikowsky *Step Ladder*, July, '29

MAYER, ELISABETH – Nazareth Moon
Little Flower Circle, Sept., '28
A Card From Stratford (To J. A. K.)
Muse & Mirror, Aut.-Win., '28
Evidence *Ave Maria*, June 8, '29
MAYNARD, THEODORE – Changes in Love
America, Sept. 8, '28
Blessed Art Thou *Commonweal*, Dec., 19, '28
The Best to Come *America*, Feb. 16, '29
Tiger *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Good Friday *America*, Mar. 30, '29
The Horse's Skeleton *Commonweal*, June 26, '29
The Fear *America*, June 1, '29
Sunshine *Yale R.*, July, '29
MAZO, FRANCES – Youth *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
MCALLISTER, C. B. – Smell *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
MCAULAY, MARION B. – Crippled *Westward*, Feb., '29
MCBLAIR, ROBERT – Link-Horn Bay *Lyric*, July, '29
MCBROWN, GERTRUDE PARTHENIA – Fire-Flies
Sat. Eve. Quill, Apr., '29
MCCALL, JAMES EDWARD – The Conjure Man
Opportunity, Aug., '28
MCCAREY, MYRTLE ALICE – Requiem *Westward*, Aug., '28
MCCARTHY, CLIFF – Outline for a Biography
Southwest Rev., Win., '29
MCCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL – Jim *Bookman*, May, '29
MCCOMBS, HAROLD – Blessings
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Oct., '28
MCCONOMY, PAUL LELAND – Spring Storm
Good Counsel, Feast Day, '29
MCCORD, DAVID – Sonnet *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Prelude *Yale R.*, Mar., '29
Sonnet *Yale R.*, Mar., '29
MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA – Winter Night *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
The Snob *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Pagan *The Archive*, Dec., '28
Unclean *The Archive*, Dec., '28
Heraldic *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Prisoned *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Celtic *Magnificat*, Mar., '29
Martha *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Amalgamate *Skyline*, May, '29

McCarcy, Myrtle Alice – Spring Song
Muse & Mirror, Spring-Sum., '28
McCoy, Ruth E. – Futile *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
McCreary, Frederick R. – Dark Hour
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., Apr. 7, '29
McCreary, William Harold – Request
Christian Sc. Mon., Nov. 3, '28
Prayer for Boys *Latin Bulletin*, Dec., '28
Conqueror *Latin Bulletin*, Feb., '29
Dark Hour *Gargoyle*, Mar., '29
Compensation *Christian Sc. Mon.*, Feb., '29
Fair Warning *Latin Bulletin*, Mar., '29
Polite Refusal *Harper's*, May, '29
Answer *Houston Gargoyle*, Feb. 24, '29
Little Traveler *Living Church*, June, '29
Butterflies *Christian Sc. Mon.*, May 16,'29
The Old Bookseller Dies *Gargoyle*, Apr., '29
McDaniels, Gough – One Day *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
McDougall, Alan S. – All Souls
Commonweal, Oct. 31, '28
McDowell, Jeanne Carlton – Symphony of Death
Pasque Petals, Jan., '29
McElroy, Marverin C. – Trilliums
Muse & Mirror, Spring, '29
McFarland, Charles – The Pioneer
Troubadour, Apr., '29
McGann, Will Spencer – Vale *Scepter*, Mar., '29
McGaw, Blanche Baldwin – A Summer Idyl
Westward, Aug., '28
McGhee, Willie Megee – The Child's Star
Amer. Poet, June, '29
Futility *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
McGiffert, Gertrude Huntington – The Parthenon
Step Ladder, Nov., '28
Chimes *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Crystal Flowers (Florence) *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
McGovern, Delora E. – Exiles *Westward*, Aug., '28
McGovern, Margaret – He Remembers Her Fear of the Dark *Commonweal*, Aug. 15, '28
McGowan, Elizabeth K. – In Memoriam (To Cecelia)
Interludes, Aut., '28
Loss *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29

McKee, May – Portraits *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Dark Gods *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Pale Gods *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
The Wind Came Veiled *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Silver Lady *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
McKelvy, Suzanne – St. Patrick's Ball *Westward*, May, '29
McKinney, Kate Slaughter – Latitude *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Lantern *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
McKinney, Mary Winrow – A Lost Hour *Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
McLean, Jane Catterton – An Ode to Bear Butte *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Fair South Dakota *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
McLeod, Helen – Ballad of Lethe Wharf *Southwest R.*, Sum., '28
McMaster, Lillie Reed – Be Near, My Love *Intern. Poetry Mag.*, Mar., '29
A Pink Magnolia Tree *The Mirror*, June, '29
Florida *Intern. Poetry Mag.*, '29
New York Times Clock Tower *Country Bard*, '29
Awakening *Country Bard*, '29
A Teacher's Prayer *Christian Herald*, '29
Captivity *Congress Outlet*, Apr., '29
McMeekin, Isabel McLennan – Durance *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Epitaph *Letters*, Aug., '28
Epilogue *Letters*, Aug., '28
Cadence *Letters*, Aug., '28
Barrier *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Tavern *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Funeral Design *Crisis*, Mar., '29
Chalk Line *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
McNab, John – Adjustment *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
McNaught, Rosamond Livingstone – An Old House *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Imprisonment *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Mill-Music *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
McNeal, S. J., Mark J. – The Nesting of God *America*, Dec. 22, '28
McNeal, Thomas Hill – Spring Song *Poetry*, May, '29

The Grief *Poetry*, May, '29
At Parting *Poetry*, May, '29
The Sign *Poetry*, May, '29
Her Child Was Dead *Poetry*, May, '29
A Woman Looking into Her Glass *Poetry*, May, '29
Woman's Song *Poetry*, May, '29
Portrait *Poetry*, May, '29
McPeek, James A. S. – Star-Pottage *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
The Recompense *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
For Transient Things *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Attainment *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
White Barbarians *Opportunity*, July, '29
The Artist—1616 A. D. *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
Hereafter Think of Me *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
McPherson, Colvin – A Live Man and a Mummy *Harp*, May-June, '29
The Expert *Harp*, May-June, '29
McQuade, Emma T. – Communion *America*, Sept. 22, '28
Means, Florence Crannell – As In a Mirror *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Mebane, Harrison – I Shall Not Sigh *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Dusk Thought *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Mebane, John – Sonnet *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Meeker, Marjorie – History *Boston Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 24, '28
On Newagen Cliffs *Boston Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 24, '28
There Was a Day *Boston Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 24, '28
Mehlek, Frances Boal – The Wastrels *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Denial *Japm*, Mar. 25, '29
Retribution *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
Meiers, Charles Horace – Sunrise *Westward*, May, '29
Meisel, Mary Keelan – Acacias *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Meisling, Vaughn Francis – Lament for a Decadent Poet *Commonweal*, Sept. 26, '28
Melgaard, Bim – Kona *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Song for Prairie Voices *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Melvin, Harold Wesley – October Afternoon *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28

The Road to Carcassonne — *Lyric*, Dec., '28
If Beauty Be Transient — *Lyric*, June, '29
To One Killed by Slander — *Lyric*, June, '29
MELZER, MARIE W. — "How Long Can You Stay?" *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
MENAGH, ELEANOR S. — Adventure — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
MENEFEE, KATE RANDLE — To-Night — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Stay With Me, Summer — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
An Old Fashioned Garden — *Attic Salt*, Oct., '28
The Silent Hour — *Choir Practice*, Nov., '28
Rosemary — *Harp*, Nov.-Dec., '28
The Scent of the Harvest — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Winter Etching — *Choir Practice*, Jan., '29
Dream Song — *Attic Salt*, Feb., '29
April's Mirror — *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Knock on My Door — *Choir Practice*, Apr., '29
Deserted — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
It Rained All Day — *Kaleidoscope*, May-June, '29
Through the Dark — *So. Churchman*, June, '29
Evening Dreaming — *So. Churchman*, June, '29
Aloes — *Choir Practice*, June, '29
Deserted — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
It Rained All Day — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
MENDELWITZ, MILTON — Night — *Inlander*, June, '29
MERIWETHER, ELSA NYE — Prisoners — *Westward*, Aug., '28
The Gentle Reaper — *Westward*, May, '29
MERIWETHER, LEWIS — Perspective — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
MERRILL, ARTHUR TRUMAN — Desert Epitaph *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Sunset — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Desert Night — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Cactus Bloom — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Year of Verbena — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Desert Longing — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
New England Seasons — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
Winter Tragedy — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Mechanics — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
First Lilacs — *Driftwind*, July, '29
MERRELL, LLOYD FRANK — Consummation *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
MERRYFIELD, GLADYS BOVARD — The Fruit Vender's Widow — *Westward*, Aug., '28

MERRYMAN, MILDRED PLEW – Summer in the Tropics
Will-o'-The-W., Sept.-Oct., '28
Fairy Tales *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Lines for a Deserted Village *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Moses' Prayer *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Captivity *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Two Sonnets *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Divorce *Lyric*, July, '29
METER, WILLIAM J. – Earth Solace *America*, Aug. 11, '28
MEYER, EMMA VORIES – Sleeping Giant
Cont. Verse, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Fire-Fly *Skyline*, Nov., '28
MEYER, MERLE GLAVIN – Buttons
Muse & Mirror, Spring, '29
MILBURN, MARCELLA DARLING – Unkind Day
Pasque Petals, Aug., '28
Lanterns *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
The Truant *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Hug This Dream *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
One Time *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
MILES, JOSEPHINE – Oppression *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
MILLAY, KATHLEEN – Prophet
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Aug. 11, '28
Ignorance *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Witch *Poetry*, Feb., '29
MILLER, EDITH HOWELL – Ruth *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
MILLER, EMMA BENNETT – Enlightened
Troubadour, Apr., '29
MILLER, JR., H. Q. – Dobes *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
MILLER, J. CORSON – Lutanist *Columbia*, Aug., '28
Madonna of the Stars *Magnificat*, Aug., '28
Dunstanchurch *Good Counsel*, Aug., '28
Saul of Tarsus *The Sign*, Sept., '28
Kinship *Harp*, Oct., '28
"For His Great Charity" *Catholic W.*, Oct., '28
Troubadour: His Last Song *Magnificat*, Nov., '28
Postlude *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Sun-Flower *Palo Verde*, Nov. 5, '29
Finale *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Processional *Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28
Sanctuary Prayer *Good Counsel*, Oct., '28

On An Urchin Bathing at the Beach *America*, Nov. 3, '28
Theotokos *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
A Christmas Carol *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Departure *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Chore-Boy *Frontier*, Jan., '29
Chant Tenebrarum *Columbia*, Jan., '29
Tiger-Moth *America*, Jan. 5, '29
Madonna of Desolation *Ave Maria*, Jan. 19, '29
Agnus Dei *Parish Visitor*, Feb., '29
Apple-Blossoms *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Phantasmagoria *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Mirror *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Dagonet Makes a Song for the Queen *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
The Genius *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Imprisoned *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Winter-Night *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
The Sea *Japm*, Feb. 4, '29
Snow *Commonweal*, Feb. 20, '29
Songmaker *America*, Feb. 23, '29
Song for a Sailor's Snug Harbor *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Dawn Over the Valley *Frontier*, May, '29
Brain-Fire *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Fra Junipero Serra Founds a Mission at San Gabriel *America*, May 25, '29
Gabriel Goes to Nazareth *Ave Maria*, May 25, '29
Deo Gratias! *The Sign*, June, '29
June *Commonweal*, June 26, '29
Sundown *America*, July 27, '29
MILLER, JEWELL – The Adverse Tide *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Legacy *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Truancy *Choir Practice*, May, '29
At Bordighera *Japm*, June 17, '29
MILLER, MARGURITE – Only a Dream *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
MILLING, CHAPMAN J. – On the Noble Origin of the American Family *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
MILLS, ELLEN MORRILL – Carlotta Plays *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
MILLS, IRENE – Baby Faces *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
MIRICK, EDITH – Arm's Length *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Metamorphosis *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29

Who Knows *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
I Shall Make a God for Me *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
Challenge *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Dec., '28
Yardsticks *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Old Soldier *N. Y. Sun*, Feb., '29
Who Waits Spring *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Sleet *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Amanda's Garden *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Web *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Try Remembering *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Defiance *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Judgment *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29
Pack Down Her Dresses
Greenwich Vilge Quill, Mar., '29
Eli, Eli, Lama Sabachthani
Greenwich Vilge Quill, Mar., '29
Indian and Bison *Washington* (*D. C.*) *Eve. Star*, Mar., '29
Astronomer *N. Y. Sun*, Mar., '29
And There Came Also Nicodemus
So. Churchman, Apr., '29
Branding Iron *Troubadour*, June, '29
Silenced War-Cry *Troubadour*, June, '29
Aristocrat *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
MISH, CHARLOTTE – Seeing *Munsey's*, Aug., '28
Glad Dawn *Muse & Mirror*, Spring-Sum., '28
Old Man, Old Man *Muse & Mirror*, Spring-Sum., '28
At the Fair *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
MITCHELL, ANNA VIRGINIA – Discovery
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
MITCHELL, GLADYS – A Cinquain
Cleve. Club Wom., Mar., '29
A Fish-Wife *Skyline*, Mar., '29
The Wind *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
MONROE, HARRIET – Now I Know
Household Mag., Apr., '29
MONTGOMERY, LOIS MOSS – No Cook
Clarksdale (*Miss.*) *D. Regist.*, Sept. 29, '28
The Departing Guest *Memphis Eve. Appeal*, Sept. 28, '28
MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER – "Let Your Concern Be Youth" *Lyric*, Aug., '28
On the Return of Spring *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Galatea to Pygmalion *Century*, Nov., '28

MONTGOMERY, VAIDA STEWART – Experience
Japm, July 29, '29
MONTGOMERY, WHITNEY – Dead Dreams
Interludes, Sum., '28
Invocation *Japm*, July 29, '29
MOON, HENRY LEE – The God of the Persecuted
Crisis, Dec., '28
MOORE, BELLE RICHMOND – Ye Foole and Mis Monie
Troubadour, Aug., '28
Evolution of a Sonnet *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
MOORE, CATHARINE – Towers *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Sunset *Commonweal*, Apr. 17, '29
The Burden *Poetry*, June, '29
MOORE, ELIZABETH EVELYN – Deserted Dwelling
Lyric, Oct., '28
In a Ten Cent Store *Lyric*, Jan., '29
MOORE, M. LILLIAN – Smoke from a Village Chimney
Cleve. Club Wom., July, '29
MOORE, MERRILL – Pandora and the Moon
Nation, Sept. 5, '28
Sturm und Drang *Nation*, Sept. 5, '28
Warning to One *Nation*, Sept. 5, '28
Only the Blind *Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28
On the Grand Tour, 1638–1639
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Mar. 23, '29
Hymn for Water *Poetry*, May, '29
Anesthesia *Poetry*, May, '29
Shock *Poetry*, May, '29
Grey Roofs *Poetry*, May, '29
Other Humors *Poetry*, May, '29
Inanition *Poetry*, May, '29
Rana Americana *Poetry*, May, '29
Transfusion *Poetry*, May, '29
Armamentaria *Poetry*, May, '29
MOORE, RUTH O. – Voyage *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 18, '29
MOORE, VIRGINIA – Justified Bird *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Old Age *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Winter Sunset *Yale R.*, Oct., '28
The Fishpools in Heshbon *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 1, '28
Ineradicable Plant *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 5, '29
Grace Before Eating *Nation*, June 19, '29
Trust Left a Dead Woman *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 13, '29

Mor, Liam – Supplication *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29

Moreland, John Richard – The Builder *Churchman*, Aug., '28

Miracles *Extension Mag.*, Aug., '28

Before a Crucifix *Good Counsel*, Sept., '28

The Blacksmith Autumn *N. Y. Times*, Sept. 20, '28

Judith and Holofernes *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

The Christmas Tree *Will-o'-The- W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Bitter-Sweet *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

The Voice *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Journey's End *Extension Mag.*, Oct. 28, '28

Gray Fog *Choir Practice*, Oct. 28, '28

The Guest *M. Sacred Heart*, Nov., '28

The Mennonite Girl *Personalist*, Oct., '28

In Autumn *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Oct., '28

The Poet *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28

Song *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

When Autumn Comes *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28

A Song of Thanks *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28

Bethlehem *Parish Visitor*, Dec., '28

The Manger *Good Counsel*, Dec., '28

When Holly Wreaths Are All About *M. Sacred Heart*, Jan., '29

The Gray Man *Magnificat*, Jan., '29

The Heart of Christ *M. Sacred Heart*, Jan., '29

A New Year's Thought *M. Sacred Heart*, Jan., '29

The Seeker *The Sign*, Jan., '29

Lines for a Sun Dial *Parnassus*, Jan., '29

Frail Strength *Skyline*, Jan., '29

January Night *Japm*, Jan. 6, '29

Knowledge *Phila. Bulletin*, Jan. 25, '29

The Unshared Secret *Attic Salt*, Feb., '29

Radiant Grief *The Teacher*, Feb., '29

Prisoners *Phila. Ledger Dis.*, Feb., '29

Set of the Sail *Parish Visitor*, Feb. 20, '29

Three Monkeys *The Beacon*, Feb. 24, '29

Tokens *Lit. Lantern*, Feb. 24, '29

The Dark Lover *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29

Prudence *Stratford Mag.*, Mar., '29

Life's Little Day *Christian Cent.*, Mar., '29

The Bitterness of Love *Phila. Ledger Dis.*, Mar. 28, '29

Revealment *Good Housekeeping*, Mar., '29

The Secret — *Parish Visitor*, Mar., '29
Judas — *Churchman*, Mar., '29
The Dark Host — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
A City Dweller's First Morning in the Country — *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
His Hands — *Good Counsel*, Feast Day, '29
Who Could Be Sad in April — *Parish Visitor*, Apr., '29
Dandelions — *Choir Practice*, Apr., '29
The Dreamer — *Catholic W.*, Apr., '29
In April — *Christian Obser.*, Apr., '29
In April — *Magnificat*, Apr., '29
The Voice of Mary — *Parish Visitor*, Apr., '29
The First Crocus — *Good Housekeeping*, Apr., '29
Winter Trees — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Apr., '29
Gulls — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
When April Comes — *World Tomorrow*, Apr., '29
The Splendid Lover — *Extension Mag.*, May, '29
Blue Pools — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
The Dunes — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
The Gossip — *Lit. Lantern*, May 19, '29
Before His Sacred Heart — *M. Sacred Heart*, June, '29
There Shall Be Dreams — *Good Counsel*, June, '29
Sea Talk — *Sea Stories*, July, '29
The Wind — *Sewanee Rev.*, July, '29
Dunes — *Sewanee Rev.*, July, '29
A Portrait — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
MORGAN, ANGELA — Now That the Poets Have Spoken — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
MORGAN, BEATRICE PAYNE — Star Dreamer — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
MORGAN, EVAN — You Are Not Here — *Commonweal*, Aug. 8, '28
MORGAN, EDWIN — Renewal — *Commonweal*, Oct. 24, '28
Epitaph — *Commonweal*, Mar. 27, '29
Some Other Time — *Commonweal*, Apr. 10, '29
MORGAN, GWENNELL — Wall — *Window*, Apr., '29
MORGAN, I. B. — In the Woods — *Driftwind*, July, '29
MORGAN, J. D. — His Handiwork — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Dame Fortune — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
MORGAN, MARSHALL — The Greatest of These — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
The Wind Goes Mad — *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29

Moring, Arthur H. – Unrest *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Morley, Christopher – Ode to the Comp. Room *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 5, '29
A Fragment from Donne *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Singing Oysters *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Why Not? *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Evasions *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Memoirs of a Manager *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Three Blind Mice *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Essentials *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Reticence *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Disappointment *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
The Rules *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Caution *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Unearned Increment *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Fond of Figures *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Adequate Reasons *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Statement *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Ride with Ethyl *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Morse, Claribel Kay – Excluded *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Morse, Katherine D. – The Bedspread *Poetry*, Dec., '28
The Assyrian Sword *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Frère Pierre in the Choir Stalls *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Morris, Elisabeth – Group of Kokku and Tanka *Japm*, July 8, '29
Morris, Mae Norton – Who Lives There Now *The Wasp*, Apr. 6, '29
Morris, Mary Youngs – Resurgence *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Morrison, Estelle Rees – Prayer of the Mountain Child *Prairie Schooner*, Aut., '28
Morrison, H. Stuart – An Outing *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Where Sky and Ocean Meet *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Pyramids in the Desert *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Morrow, Anne Spencer – Unicorn *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
Morrow, Elizabeth – Quatrain *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Morton, David – New England Cemetery *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Dec. 16, '28
On a Change of Scene *Commonweal*, June 12, '29
Morton, Frances E. – A Wild Plum Tree *Letters*, Aug., '28
Morton, George F. – The Painted Woods of Autumn

Land *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
For a Barrel of Oil *Driftwind*, July, '29
MORTON, IVY GRANT – The Loom of Dreams *Westward*, Nov., '28
MOSELY, ELEANOR RUST – Mussolini *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
MOSER, MARIETTA – Lullaby *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
MOSKOWITZ, NICHOLAS – Night Is Falling, Night Is Near *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
MOSS, AMELIA E. – Spring Fires *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
The Writing Lesson *Cleve Club Wom.*, June, '29
Blighted Hope *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
MOTT, MAYHEW – The America of the Future (A National Anthem) *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
MOUL, HELEN – Wreckage *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
MOWBRAY, ARTHUR MACKENZIE – My Creed *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
MOYER, WILLIAM KENNETH – Oxen and Men *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
MOYNAHAN, MARY B. – Open Thine Eyes *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
MUHLHAUSER, ROLAND – To F. *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
MUIR, EDWIN – The Stationary Journey *Bookman*, June, '29
MULDER, H. RAYNESFORD – Green Altars *Congregationalist*, July 26, '28
Revealment *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Simon the Cyrene *Christian Cent.*, Aug. 6, '28
Marsh Frog *Portland* (*Ore.*) *Oregonian*, Aug. 5, '28
Mizpah *Window*, Apr., '29
Wisdom *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Rex Christus *So. Churchman*, Feb. 2, '29
When April Comes Across the Hills *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
O Christ Who Stilled the Sea *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
A Portrait *Lyric*, June, '29
Decision *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Ancient Joy *Lyric*, July, '29
Hermit Thrush *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '29
MULLEN, JOHN – Last Words of a Poet *Japm*, Aug. 27, '28
No Word from the Far Place *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
MULLIN, CORA PHEBE – The Star *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28

MULLINS, HELENE – Walthen (Abbot of Melross) *Interludes*, Spring, '29

Only the Self-Confident *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 14, '29

MUNDT, KARL E. – Eventuality *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28

Resistance *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28

MUNDT, MARY MOSES – Imprisonment *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28

MUNDY, KARL E. – A Man-Made Hades *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29

MUNICH, MINNIE – Night *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29

Doors *Amer. Poet*, June, '29

MUNRO, MARGUERITE M. – Silhouette *Harp*, May-June, '29

MURRAY, JOSEPH L. – Mary's Lullaby *America*, Dec. 22, '28

MURPHY, DENNIS – Widower *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28

MURPHY, FRANCIS – On Rereading Castle Blair *Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28

MUSSER, BENJAMIN – The Song of Rebellion *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28

Posthumous Love *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28

Hunger *Visions*, Aug.-Sept., '28

Little Ships *Magnificat*, Sept., '28

Quebec *Oracle*, Sept., '28

Labels *Troubadour*, Sept., '28

Tears *America*, Sept. 15, '28

Divorce *America*, Sept. 29, '28

Keepers of the Tower *Interludes*, Aut., '28

Anatomy of a Life *Charleston Eve. Post*, Oct., '28

The Dumb Wife Speaks *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28

The Sea Is All Women *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28

Skeptic *Skyline*, Jan., '29

Misogynist *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29

Last Laugh *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29

By Strange Winds Blown *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '29

On the Portrait of a Nude *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29

Clean Linen in Public *Troubadour*, Mar., '29

To Kathleen *Scepter*, Mar., '29

Singers All *Scepter*, Mar., '29

Retail Market *Frontier*, Mar., '29

Mater Dolorosa *Magnificat*, Mar., '29

Deeper Soil *America*, Mar. 2, '29

Humorist *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29

You Are Like the Ocean — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Rapier — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Go, If You Will — *Voices*, Apr., '29
The Sage — *Voices*, Apr., '29
August Interval — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Entre Noses — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
Equinox — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
New England Coast — *Monitor*, Apr. 6, '29
Gray Days — *Sonnet Seq.*, May, '29
Champion — *Sonnet Seq.*, May, '29
Conversation — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Lost Aureole — *Magnificat*, May, '29
To a Boy — *America*, May 25, '29
Nor'easter — *Unity*, May 27, '29
Fog — Bozart, May-June, '29
I Cannot Live Away from Water — *Japm*, June 10, '29
Driftwood — *Japm*, June 10, '29
Blue — *Japm*, June 10, '29
Ole Davil Sea — *Japm*, June 10, '29
L'Immaculee — *Japm*, June 10, '29
Rift — *Japm*, June 10, '29
Holy Island — *Japm*, June 10, '29
To Her Flannel Nightgown — *Palo Verde*, July, '29
To the Sea, Aloof — *L'Alouette*, July, '29
Pillar of Cloud — *Commonweal*, July, '29
Loneliness — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
The Watcher — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Poet's Heaven — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Pilgrim's Progress — *Palo Verde*, Nov. 5, '29

N., S. C. – When This Fierce Conflict *Commonweal*, Jan., '29
Naar, Constance – Fairy Flight *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
Nagel, Dorothy – Seeking *Inlander*, June, '29
Little Things *Inlander*, June, '29
Nance, Berta Hart – Mary in Egypt *Step Ladder*, Dec., '28
Sounds *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Automobiles at the Curb *Harp*, May-June, '29
Nathan, Paul S. – Harmonies *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
The Ancients *Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
Nathan, Robert – For Elinor Wylie *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 29, '28

NEAL, W. C. – Bob White *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
NEELY, BETTY – Jest *DePauw Mag.*, Dec., '28
The Littlest Mother *DePauw Mag.*, Mar., '29
Fragment *DePauw Mag.*, May, '29
NEILL, ISABEL – October *Opportunity*, Oct., '28
Chinook *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Reveille *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
NELSON, CHARLES BROWN – Garden Gate *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Morning News *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 18, '29
NELSON, LOUISE A. – Mid-Winter Night *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
NESS, CLIFFORD M. – A Land Unknown *Westward*, Aug., '28
Victory *Westward*, Nov., '28
NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H. – Signpost *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Picture of An Artist *Japm*, Mar. 25, '29
Sonnet of Heaven and Hell (John Davidson) *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Sonnet of the Hound and the Soul (Francis Thompson) *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
NEUMANN, G. J. – Under the Hill *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
I Hung My Hat *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Body and Soul *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
After Harvest *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
At Heaven's Door *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Middle o' May *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Ophelia *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Another Joy *Midland*, Jan-Feb., '29
NEWBERRY, BERTHA – To G. S. *Westward*, Aug., '28
The Gray-Green Wood *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Compromise *Westward*, Feb., '29
NEWBERRY, INA – The Suicide *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29
Mother's Red Silk Shawl *The Wasp*, Apr. 6, '29
NEWELL, LUCY – Triolet *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
NEWMAN, FANNY HODGES – Red Moss *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
NEWMAN, ISRAEL – Light Hunger *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Factory *Cont. Verse*, June, '29

Manhattan — *Opportunity*, June, '29
NEWMAN, RUTH AMES – Sonnette — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
NEWMAN, RUBY AMES – One Day — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE – The Selfish Mole — *Crisis*, Oct., '28
Elf in the Gale — *Crisis*, Oct., '28
Memorabilia — *Harlem*, Nov., '28
Fly Away — *Crisis*, Nov., '28
My Palace — *Crisis*, Jan., '29
The Old Woman — *Crisis*, Jan., '29
Peace on Earth — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
Winter Birds — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
At Chimneyside Hall — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
Squirrel and the Crimson Leaf — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
The Bluebirds Are Coming — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
The Looking-Glass — *Crisis*, Feb., '29
Flute — *Crisis*, May, '29
Call — *Crisis*, May, '29
Thanks to the Barberries — *Crisis*, May, '29
Watching — *Crisis*, May, '29
Pigments — *Crisis*, June, '29
The Hedge in Spring — *Crisis*, June, '29
Now While the Time is June — *Crisis*, June, '29
NEWTON, CHARLOTTE – Favorite Pools — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
NEWTON, KATHERINE – To the Turning of Wheels — *Poetry*, May, '29
NIC PHILIP, MARIE – The Sinner — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND – Meteorologist — *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
NICHOLS, BETH CHENEY – Fire-Paths — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
NICHOLS, HELEN STEWART – Progressive — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
NICHOLAS, JULIA S. – Voice of America — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
NICHOLAS, ROBERT – A Sick Man in Spring — *Harper's*, Apr., '29
NICHOLSON, MEREDITH – An April Easter — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
NIEDECKER, LORINE – Transition — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Caprice — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
No. 49431 — Penitential Faith — *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
Noe, Cotton — Wagoner Joe — *Letters*, Aug., '28
Creed — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
Chant Sans Paroles — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Wagner — *Step Ladder*, June, '29
Noguchi, Yone — Poetry — *Westward*, Nov., '28
In the Valley — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Hokku — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Nolan, Gladys — Supernatural — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Sunday Walk — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
The Fear — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29
Nolte, Julius — Man and Woman — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
Nophae, Billy — The Pledge of Britain — *Sonnet Seq.*, Jan., '29
Norgren, J. Frantz — The Dance — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Spring Pilgrimage — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Enshrine This Hour — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Incentive — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Norgren, Violet — Challenge — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Norman, Charles — Autumn — *Nation*, Sept. 12, '28
To the Memory of Wilfred Owen (1893–1918) — *Bookman*, Nov., '28
Metaphysics — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 16, '29
North, Jessica Nelson — Freedom — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
A Censorship for Critics — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Weather Man — *Nation*, Apr. 3, '29
Convention and Revolt — *Poetry*, July, '29
North, Sterling — Night of Miracle — *Harper's*, Aug., '28
The House — *Dial*, Sept., '28
Chicago — *Nation*, Oct. 31, '28
Sea Tramp — *Nation*, Feb. 27, '29
No Haven — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Evening in Autumn — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
False Season — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Faun — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
These Two — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Mare and Colt — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Deserted Farm — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Wild Ducks on the Chicago River — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Thunder Storm — *Nation*, June 5, '29
Train Ride — *Harp*, May-June, '29

OAKS, GLADYS – A Marriage *Voices*, Jan., '29
OBER, ELEANOR KINSOLVING – Impression *Lyric*, Mar., '29
O'CONNOR, FRANK – The Song of Liadain (trans. from the Middle Irish) *Dial*, Mar., '29
ODHNER, MADEFREY – Attic Window *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
O'DONNELL, T. C. – Retreat *Interludes*, Spr., '29
OELSNER, WILMA – The Bird Woman *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
OESTREICH, MARGARET HUNTER – Old Trails *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
You and I *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
OGG, LOUISE HOLT – Inspiration *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
O'HALLORAN, ELISPETH – Song (From the Dutch) *Household Mag.*, June, '29
O'HARIN, ROBIN – Tired Man *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Limitations *Gypsy*, Mar., '29
Linguistics *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Men Who Pass in the Day *Attic Salt*, Mar. 25, '29
The Difference *Choir Practice*, Apr., '29
Two Lilies *Phila. Bulletin*, Apr. 1, '29
Poplars' Cycle *Troubadour*, June, '29
Poet's Garret *The Monitor*, '29
Poplars in Autumn *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
OHE, MADGE – Tree Bark *Nation*, Jan. 16, '29
Sleep *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
The Poet Sang *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
OITTO, HELEN – Mother Thought *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
OLIVER, WADE – O'Toole *Voices*, Mar., '29
OLSEN, CHARLES OLUF – Irene *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Gene Adair *Muse & Mirror*, Sum., '28
Quickening *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Wind, Learn to be Quiet *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Temporal *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Rebuked *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Goal *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Consider Two Cats *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Rehabilitation *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Kinship *Poetry*, Feb., '29
In the City *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Tears *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29

The Whiskered Whittler — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Poet and Clown — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Sunset Thoughts — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Olsen, Elizabeth – Flight — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Dawn Song — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Olson, Clarence – The Dying — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Dusk Dance — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Temperamental Handicap — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Even-Minded — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
Olson, Ted – Eclipse — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Words — *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Mid-Course — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Epitaph for Any Drudge — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Tides of the Sun — *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Time-Piece — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
False-Fire — *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Rain Piece — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
A Minor Poet — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Portrait — *Lyric*, May, '29
Time of Frost — *Midland*, July-Aug., '29
O'Keeffe, Agnes C. – Christmas Night — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Oppenheim, Bertha – Silence of the Snow — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
Winter Night: an Etching — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
O'Neil, George – For Theseus—and Any Man — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Nov. 10, '28
O'Neill, Rose – Bird to His Wing — *Voices*, Jan., '29
Apollo Senex — *Voices*, Jan., '29
Oréan, Thomas – One by a Lake — *Commonweal*, Mar. 6, '29
Ormandy, Margaret – Beatrice Voice — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Alders — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Orme-Bridge, Sylvia – Advesperascit — *America*, Apr. 6, '29
To Have and To Hold — *America*, July 27, '29
O'Sheel, Shaemas – Two Spirituals — *Commonweal*, Feb. 27, '29
Orton, Vrest Teachout – Urn Burial — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Farm — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
In Pettibone Hollow — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Biology — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Meditation — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29

5:—Bliss *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
ORR, HUGH ROBERT – Gardens
Community A. & C., July-Aug., '28
On the Ghetto Water-Front
Community A. & C., Nov., '28
Brooklyn Bridge *Community A. & C.*, Dec., '28
OSBORNE, JEAN – Ballad of the Cow Country
Window, Apr., '29
Story of the Old Range *Window*, May, '29
OSGOOD, IDA S. – Music *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
O'SULLIVAN, VINCENT – Megalomania
San Franciscan, July, '29
OWEN, LOUISE – Epitaph *Japm*, May 20, '29
After *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Kindred *Harp*, Mar.-Apr., '29
A Wish From One Who Is Weary *Bozart*, May-June, '29
OWENS, NELLIE G. – Shadows
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
OWENS, OLIVE R. – Forgotten *Amer. Poet*, May, '29

PAAP, OPAL L. – Who Knows? *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
PALMER, ALICE PACKARD – To an English Sparrow
Amer. Poetry, Oct., '28
PALMER, BEATRICE WYNDHAM – Debris *Scribner's* Apr., '29
PALMER, BESSIE PRYOR – Association
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Oct., '28
PALMER, E. DORCAS – Janus *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
White Cyclamen *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
White Night *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
PALMER, W. B. – Finale *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
PARKE, GEORGE H. – Rigettamento *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
PARKER, DOROTHY L. – Winter *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
PARKER, DOROTHY – Prayer for a New Mother
Bookman, Dec., '28
PARKER, ELIZABETH WEST – All Soul's Eve
Japm. Oct. 29, '28
Spikenard *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
PARKER, ELSIE G. – Block Print of Artenia
Gypsy, Oct., '28
PARKER, HELEN BAKER – I Wrote Upon Your Heart
Dial, Oct., '28

PARKER, POLLY – For the Back of an Old Envelope
Caravan, May, '29
PARKER, WILLIAM R. – Moonlight *Lyric*, May, '29
PARKIN, EILEEN – Words (Hokku)
Cleve. Club Wom., June, '29
PARMELEE, ADELAIDE – My Valentine
Amer. Poetry, Feb., '29
PARMENTER, CATHERINE – The Four Winds
Amer. Poetry, Aug., '28
City-Born *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28
Reunion *America*, Feb. 23, '29
The Traveler *America*, July 6, '29
PARR, RUTH B. – Never Avert the Head
Japm, Jan. 28, '29
PARSONS, GRACE I. – Lullaby *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
PATSURIS, CLARA – Your Eyes (To Mary)
Amer. Poet, Aug., '28
Remembrance *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Duration *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Profundus *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
A Sonnet (To My Mother) *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
PATTERSON, ALICE HOLMES – Eternal Quest
Skyline, Jan., '29
Winter *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Apr., '29
Sonnet *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
Each In His Turn *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
PAULDING, GOUVERNEUR – Burgos Cathedral
Commonweal, Apr. 17, '29
PAYNE, ANNE BLACKWELL – Concerning a Butterfly
Virginia Quart. Rev., Oct., '28
Not the Scarlet Rain *Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28
A Portrait *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
PAYNE, BLANCHE MALLERY – The Sentinel Gladiolus
Pasque Petals, Sept., '28
Gifts *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Omnipresent Care *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
PAYNE, J. GERALDINE – November
Commonweal, Nov. 7, '28
PEACH, ARTHUR WALLACE – The Upper Room
Driftwind, Nov., '28
Far Hills *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
The Angler *Commonweal*, June 5, '29

PEACOCK, MARION – The Old Ship *Interludes*, Spr., '29
PEARCE, HELEN – Green Branch
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Nov. 4, '28
First Death *Nation*, Jan. 30, '29
Greek Garden *Commonweal*, June 26, '29
PEARCE, MARGARET – Gem *Japm*, July 8, '29
PEARMAN, W. T. – Greeting to the Feathered Choir
Lantern, Oct.-Nov., '28
PEASLEE, CLARENCE L. – Afterward *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Onward *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
PECK, DOROTHY C. – Indifference *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
First Things *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
PECK, KATHRYN – Mosaic *San Franciscan*, Apr., '29
PEITER, RUTH – Star-Light *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Surgeon *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Anaesthetist *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Wisdom *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Song for a Certain Man *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Difference *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
PELLMAN, JULIA – Despair *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
PELLS, GEORGE – Retrospection *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
PENDLETON, SUSAN BINGHAM – Fire
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Mockers: A Legend of Lorenzo Dow
Interludes, Spring, '29
PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER – A Springtime Meditation *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
PERDUE, MIRIAM – Doubt *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
PERKINS, EMILY TAYLOR – Touch *Japm*, Oct. 29, '28
A Prophecy *World Tomorrow*, Jan., '29
Thrushes at Twilight *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Cowslips in April *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
I Shall Go Softly *Interludes*, Spring, '29
They Tell Me She Is dead (To Charlotte: In Memoriam) *Japm*, June 3, '29
Adolescence Articulate *Japm*, June 24, '29
PERRY, ELEANOR L. – For a Mother *America*, Aug. 25, '28
PETERSON, J. A. – Success *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Life's Riddle *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
PETRI, LORI – Only These *Westward*, Aug., '28
Derelict *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Wisdom Is a Weary Thing *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28

Encounter — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Old Porter — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Suicide — *Skyline*, Nov., '28
The Loom — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
This Even Time — *San Franciscan*, Feb., '29
Renascence — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Sublimation — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
City Smoke — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
The Poet — *Skyline*, May, '29
A City Cemetery — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
On the Beach — *Harp*, May-June, '29
In a Cemetery — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Reckoning — *Unity*, July 29, '29
Microcosms — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
A Streetwalker — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29

PETRUNKEVITCH, ANYA – Cross-Roads — *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Loss — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28

PETTY, JOAN – Loss — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29

PFEIFFER, EDWARD H. – The Reveler — *Commonweal*, Feb. 27, '29

PFISTER, CLARA – To a Nun — *America*, April 20, '29

PHIBBS, GEOFFREY – To Sleep Above Carthage — *transition*, Aut., '28

PHILLIPS, BLISS – The Witch-Tree of Carmel — *Westward*, Aug., '28

PHILLIPS, CHARLES – Poland and Paderewski — *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28

PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO – Our Town — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Poinsettia — *Japm*, April 22, '29
Il Duomo — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29

PHIPPS, ANN – Moon Fenced In — *Harp*, May-June, '29

PICKARD, ALICE – Wild Flowers — *Westward*, Aug., '28

PICKERING, BLANCHE H. – Blind — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

PIERCE, AUBREY S. – Harlem Dancer — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29

PIERCE, FLORENCE M. – Sun Philosophy — *Messenger*, June, '29

PIERCE, LEWETTE POLLOCK – Defeat — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Possession — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29

PIERCE, MAUDE WHEELER – The Hill-Woman
Driftwind, Sept., '28
Beauty-Shop *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
Flight *Driftwind* Mar., '29
PIERO, ELDA MAE – Harvest Invocation
Amer. Poetry, Oct., '28
Signs *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Signs *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
PIETY, CHAUNCEY R. – Poems
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
PILCHER, MARGARETTA – Nutte-Browne-Mayde
Amer. Poet, Nov., '28
PILLIN, WILLIAM E. – A Voice *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
PILIP, MAIRE NIC – Old Age of Thomas the Rhymer
Commonweal, Apr. 17, '29
PINDER, FRANCES DICKENSON – Today *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Yesterday *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Tomorrow *Lyric*, Nov., '28
Recompense *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Israfel Bemused *Lyric*, Apr., '29
Departure *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Once to Every Man *Lyric*, June, '29
PIPER, EDWIN FORD – To a Certain Noisy One
Tanager, Jan., '29
On a Sale Bill *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
PIPER, JANET – Illusion
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., May 19, '29
PITTER, RUTH – A Hero *Dial*, Jan., '29
Silence *Atlantic M.*, June, '29
PLIMPTON, HARRIET – The Hudson
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., April 21, '29
PLUM, SUSAN CLARKE – Contentment
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
POLK, GRACE PORTERFIELD – Book Friends
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
Our Castles in the Air *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
POLLARD, CATHERINE – A Lullaby (Cinquain Sequence) *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
POLLARD, LANCASTER – Finale *Unity*, July 29, '29
POPE, PHILIP H. – A Dreamland Problem
Muse & Mirror, Aut.-Win., '28

Poppleton, Marjorie – Meeting After Absence
Amer. Poet, June, '29
Porter, Alice – Divorce *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Analysis *Japm*, June 3, '29
Porter, Kenneth W. – Headlines on a Street Car
World Tomorrow, Aug., '28
Wheat Stacks *Commonweal*, Aug. 22, '29
Judgment *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Admonition *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Suicide *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Salty Laughter *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Dandelions *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Bird *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Service Star *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '28
Mist on the River *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Beauty's Bed *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Nepenthe *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Post, Mary Brinker – A Song of Bitterness
Japm, Aug. 6, '28
Summer in the Garden *Poetry*, Sept., '28
"There's a Wind in the Pines" *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Finale *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Postles, Grace Vera – Golden Sorrow
Sat. Eve. Quill, Apr., '29
Life *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
A Lighted Candle *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Song *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
In Winter *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Potamkin, Harry Alan – Hubert
Southwest Rev., Aut., '28
Skindeep *transition*, Feb., '29
Pottenger, Glyde – Tolerance *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Gilt Edged Book *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Potter, Jeanne Oldfield – Association
Household Mag., Sept., '28
Pottermeyer, Kate W. – The Spartan Speaks
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
Powers, Jessica – The Soul to the Body *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Celestial Bird *Poetry*, Dec., '28
The Granite Woman *Commonweal*, Jan. 23, '29
Song of the Immortal Soul *Commonweal*, May 15, '29
Praed, Henry T. – Quatrain *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28

Oriental Portraits — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Old Missouri — *Pasque Petals* Dec., '28
Quatrain — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
PRATT, LAURENCE – Beauty *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28
Portrait — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
Aldenside — *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
PRESCOTT, RUSSELL TRUE – The Spirit of Dust *Prairie Schooner*, Aut., '28
PRESSLES, GENE – The Artist — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
PRICE, ARTHUR – Election Day — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Love and Time — *Westward*, Feb., '29
An Historic City — *Westward*, May, '29
PRICE, RUTH CLAY – Cinquain — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Trails — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Sargasso Sea — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Souvenir de Claudius de Pernet — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Crystals — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
PRICE, WILLIAM JAMES – A B Origine *Interludes*, Sum., '28
A Sail to Fortune's Isle — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Be Unto Me These — *Japm*, Sept. 10, '28
Lines to Late Warbler (The American Mocking Bird) — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
The Psalm of Service — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
David — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Trees — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Courage — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Saviours — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
PRICKETT, HELEN – A Black Hills Sunset *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
PROBSTFIELD, EDRIS MARY – A Wisp of Smoke *Poetry*, Mar., '29
PROCTOR, FLORENCE GROW – Back to Vermont *Driftwind*, July, '29
PROSPER, JOAN DARETH – Maternity — *Lyric*, Oct., '28
We Who Ride — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
In the Ballet School — *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Miniature — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
PROUDFOOT, ANDREA HOFER – Genesis *Interludes*, Aut., '28
PRUDDEN, HELEN DANFORTH – Change of Movement *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Sunset — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28

PUCKETT, NEWBELL NILES – Wrestling Jacob
Skyline, Jan., '29
PUCKETT, NEWBELL N. – Jonuh An' De Whale
Skyline, Mar., '29
PUMPHREY, BYRON H. – Tragedy of Love, *Letters*, Aug., '28
PURNELL, IDELLA – Evening *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Love *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
Change *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
Forbidden Flower *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Sonnets of a Cautious Lover *Voices*, Apr., '29
After Writing *Voices*, Apr., '29
The Bells *Voices*, Apr., '29
Summer Surrender *World Tomorrow*, May, '29
In May *Japm*, May 6, '29
The General of Cerro Grande *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
PURSE, GRACE GUILLE – Mother America
Lantern, Jan.-Feb., '29
PUTNAM, GRACE BROWN – The Silent Weaver
Pasque Petals, Apr., '29
Words, Words, Words *Pasque Petals*, July, '29

QUARLES, EDWIN – Lore *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Coloratura—A Sonnet Sequence *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Spouse *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Half Past Nine *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Diane *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Fanatic *Lyric*, Sept., '28
Second Thought *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Between Towns *Lyric*, Mar., '29
QUIRK, S. J., CHARLES J. – The Hour
Good Counsel, Oct., '28
Christmas Carol *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
Gifts *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The Annunciation *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
The Third Day's at Its Dawning
Good Counsel, Easter, '29
Involvit Sindone *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
The Sea *Good Counsel*, June, '29

R., JR., A. T. – The Night-Flags Are Falling
Commonweal, Aug. 15, '28
RAINEY, GLENN – Reunion *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

To New York — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
RAGAN, KATHRYN L. – A Tribute — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
RAMIREZ, DICHA – Waiting — *Westward*, Feb., '29
RAMP, JAMES – Oh Never the Leaf— — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Sorrow's House — *Westward*, May, '29
RAMSAY, JOAN – In Eden Closes — *Commonweal*, Sept. 5, '28
The Sceptic — *Commonweal*, Oct. 24, '28
Release — *Commonweal*, Mar. 20, '29
RANDALL, VIRGINIA BELL – The Things I Have — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Contrast — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
RANDS, MINNIE FROST – The Coolie — *Troubadour*, June, '29
RANSON, A. W. – Quatrain — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Found Himself — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
RANSOM, IDA P. – Flowers — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
The Prairie — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Quatrain — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
RANSON, JOHN CROWE – Old Man Pondered — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.* June, 15, '29
RANSON, NANCY RICHEY – The Praying Mantis — *Westward*, Nov., '28
RAY, LOUISE CRENSHAW – Immune — *Voices*, Sum., '28
Anaesthesia — *Cont. Verse*, Aug-Sept., '28
Unreturning — *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Again, Penelope — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Second April — *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
In the Rain — *Attic Salt*, Oct., '28
From a Skyscraper Window — *America*, Oct. 6, '28
Moods — *Lit. Lantern*, Nov. 18, '28
Inland Dweller — *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Any Delilah — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Communion — *Attic Salt*, Feb., '29
Retrospect — *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
The Princess Sleeps — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Petition — *Christian Advoc.*, Mar. 29, '29
For the Son of a Soldier — *America*, Mar. 9, '29
For an Errant Apollo — *Choir Practice*, Apr. 14, '29
Out of the Heart — *America*, Apr. 20, '29
Any Cinderella — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Apr. 21, '29
From an Indian Mound — *Lyric*, May, '29
Full o' the Moon — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
A Silent Singer — *N. Y. Sun*, May 9, '29

Undine's Return — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Disenchanted — *Torchbearer*, June, '29
St. Paul's Churchyard — *Torchbearer*, June, '29
In the Old House — *America*, June 29, '29
Legend — *Lyric*, July, '29

RAYMOND, EDNA DENHAM — Sweet Day
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29

REDEUILL, HELENA MUNN — Consummation
Japm, Aug. 6, '28
In Confidence — *Westward*, Aug., '28
Restoration — *Westward*, Feb., '29
Plenitude — *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29

REED, EDWIN T. — The Original American
Troubadour, Apr., '29

REED, FLORENCE DAZEY — Predestination
Pasque Petals, Oct., '28

REED, RUTH MILLER — Flight — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28

REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH — Lament — *Lyric*, Aug., '28
Bitters — *Harper's*, Sept., '28
September — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28

REEVE, JULIET — Trinity — *World Tomorrow*, Nov., '28

REEVE, PAUL EATON — "If Any Such There Be"
Japm, Oct. 8, '28
Memory — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29

REID, DOROTHY E. — Pausing and Considering
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Aug. 4, '28
Plea for Iron Ikons — *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., '28
Stellar — *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., '28
The Woman Who Was Marble — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Flower of Creation — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Green Vine — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Identity — *Voices*, Apr., '29

REID, PEGGY — Changes — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Memorandum — *Detroit Free Press*, Oct. 2, '28
Grayness — *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
The Daffodils — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
May Mad — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29

REINHARDT, LAWRENCE P. — Springtime's First Warm Day — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29

REMSTEN, H. L. — He Never Cried — *Westwind*, May, '29

REVES, HAVILAND FERGUSON — The Songs of Morning
Japm, Aug. 13, '28

Repression — *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Rapture — *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
Toilers of the Dawn — *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
REXROTH, KENNETH – Poem — *Blues*, Apr., '29
Poem — *Blues*, Apr., '29
And now old mammal, gall— — *Blues*, June, '29
REYNOLDS, LUCY – The Sculptor — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
RICE, ALONZO L. – Night in the Country — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
RICE, CALE YOUNG – Bravado — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
RICE, GRANTLAND – The Lost Path — *Life*, Dec., '28
RICE, RUTH MASON – Pandora's Box — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Forestalled — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
RICH, DANIEL CATTON – Underneath — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
RICH, H. THOMPSON – Failure — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
RICHARDS, DORA – Acquiescent — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS – Interpreters — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Fulfillment — *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Restless Things — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Embers — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Harvest — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
How Still the World — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
Amulet — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Old Sorrow — *Lyric*, Jan., '29
Litany — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Moonlight Sonata — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Unbroken Song — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
RICHARDS, IVY JEAN – Awakening — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
RICHARDS, ROSEMONDE E. – Sleep — *Prairie Schooner*, Aut., '28
The Wind Robe — *Community A. & C.*, Dec., '28
"Il Fait Chaud" — *Community A. & C.*, Dec., '28
The Nebraska State Capitol — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
RICHARDSON, ALOYSIUS – The Masquerader — *Voices*, Jan., '29
The Frozen Brook — *Voices*, Jan., '29
RICHARDSON, DONNA – Danse Macabre — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Query — *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
RICHARDSON, INEZ M. – Before I Knew — *Opportunity*, Dec., '28

RICHARDSON, MABEL KINGSLEY – Lost and Broken Wings
Pasque Petals, Aug., '28
Sonnet For September *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Teacups *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
My Garden Girl *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Passing of the Pioneer *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Prairie Vesper *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
To a Giver of Good Books *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
RICHARDSON, NELLIE S. – The Blind Cat
Driftwind, Mar., '29
RICHEY, EMMA CARBUTT – Jealousy *Westward*, Feb., '29
RICKARD, MARJORIE – Color Tones *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
RICKETT, CHARLES W. – In June
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
RIDER, ALICE PHELPS – The Web *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
RIDER, IONE MORRISON – Progress
Cont. Verse, Oct.-Nov., '28
RIDGE, LOLA – Miniature *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Unarmed *Dial*, May, '29
For E. W. *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 20, '29
RIDING, LAURA – All Nothing, Nothing *transition*, Sum., '28
Ding-Donging *transition*, Sum., '28
Sincere Conversation *Nation*, Aug. 29, '28
RIDINGS, GRACE D. – Tagore *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
RIEDER, E. E. – Conquest (Cinquain)
Cleve. Club Wom., June, '29
RIEK, HELEN HOPE HANKINS – Alien *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
RILEY, MARY T. – Shepherds *Skyline*, Jan., '29
RIMMER, T. D. – Acceptance *America*, Mar. 30, '29
RINEAR, MARIE ROBERTA – The Purchase
Lantern, Oct.-Nov., '28
Question *Westward*, May, '29
RINGWOOD, JOSEPHINE – A Day (To N. M.)
Westward, Nov., '28
RIPLEY, SHERMAN – Sentience *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
RITCHEY, BELLE MACDIARMID – The Things I've Never Had *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
RITTER, MARGARET TOD – Greek Dance *Century*, Oct., '28
Cryptogram *World Tomorrow*, Nov., '28
The Skaters *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Margaret, Countess of Cavernon Keeps Vigil
Southwest Rev., Win., '29

Marriage de Convenance — *Voices*, Mar., '29
These Were Chronologists — *Voices*, Mar., '29
These Twain — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Woman of Science — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Annotation — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Impotent — *World Tomorrow*, Apr., '29
Of Sappho and Phaon — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 12, '29
Portrait Impression: Unknown Woman — *Commonweal*, June 12, '29
RIVOLA, FLORA SHUFELT – Shelter — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
My Heart Has Taken Counsel of Wild Squirrels — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Kin o' Tears — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Stone in the Sun — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Woman-Cry — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
The Radiant Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Cleopha — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
RIVOLA, HELEN WINIFRED – Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
ROADS, HELEN PURSELL – Burns at Dumfries — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
ROBBINS, ANNE M. – Four Score and Ten — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
A Waterlily — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Villanelle — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
Sea Love — *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
Where to Build — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Security — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
In Blossomy May — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Until You Come Again — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
ROBERTS, FRED – Where Is the Knowing Law? — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
Three Believers — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
ROBERTS, INA – Wings — *Ninety-Eighty-Six*, Aug. 30, '28
ROBERTS, WALTER ADOLPHE – Villanelle of a Spanish Dancer — *San Franciscan*, Aug., '28
ROBERTSON, BERTA – Three-Score — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Homestead — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Apprehension — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Seventy — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
He Seeks a Country Far — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29

Cibola — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
ROBERTSON, CLYDE – Oil Field — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Oil Field — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
ROBERTSON, LEXIE DEAN – Ceremonial — *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
With the Wind — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Must There Be Nothing To Remember — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
I Have Sought Beauty — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
ROBINSON, ANNE M. – Transience — *Attic Salt*, July, '28
Wings of the Sea — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Heritage — *Bard*, Aut., '28
Half Blown Secrets — *Bard*, Aut., '28
Apropos — *Circle*, Oct., '28
White Frost — *N. Y. Times*, Oct., '28
In Old Center Market (Washington, D. C.) — *Choir Practice*, Oct., '28
Weep Not For Death — *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
Sanctuary — *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
Day by Day — *Phila. Bulletin*, Nov. 19, '28
Soliloquy — *Voices and Echoes*, Dec., '28
Lover — *Phila. Bulletin*, Dec. 15, '28
Christmas Song — *Phila. Bulletin*, Dec. 21, '28
Because There Was No Room — *Good Counsel*, Dec., '28
Newspaper Verse — *Attic Salt*, Jan., '29
Nocturne — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Query — *Phila. Bulletin*, Jan. 17, '29
Stature — *Choir Practice*, Feb., '29
Lover — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
Footprints — *Good Counsel*, Apr., '29
Quatrain — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Fire Music — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
His Hands — *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
He Is Risen — *Grail*, Apr., '29
Old For New — *Phila. Bulletin*, Apr. 27, '29
Footprints — *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
From the Cross — *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
Easter Light — *Good Counsel*, Easter, '29
Rose of Saint Rita — *Good Counsel*, St. Rita's, '29
Rose of May — *Italica Gente*, May, '29
Airmail Pilot — *Attic Salt*, May 18, '29
Laundered — *Gypsy*, June, '29
Whatsoever Things Are Lovely — *Good Counsel*, June, '29

Interim — *Troubadour*, June, '29
Early To Rise — *Troubadour*, June, '29
ROBINSON, DONALD FAY – Seer — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Portrait — *Poetry*, Dec., '28
ROBINSON, EDITH ELDEN – Are You Growing Fodder? — *The Wasp*, Dec., '28
Barrenness — *The Wasp*, Feb. 9, '29
A Dead Thing Lies — *The Wasp*, Feb. 23, '29
Ambition — *Education Mag.*, Mar., '29
Farewell, Oh, World! — *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29
Give Me a Bungalow — *The Wasp*, Mar. 23, '29
Retribution — *The Wasp*, Mar. 30, '29
The Meaning of Red Roses — *The Wasp*, Apr. 6, '29
Miraculous Word — *The Wasp*, Apr. 6, '29
Flowers — *The Wasp*, Apr. 20, '29
You — *The Wasp*, May 11, '29
Lack — *The Wasp*, May 11, '29
The Life and Death of a Rose — *The Wasp*, May 18, '29
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON – Dear Friends — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Hector Kane — *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
ROBINSON, EDWIN MEADE – Jewel Words — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
ROBINSON, GERTRUDE M. – The Pot of Gold — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
The Ship of Life — *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON – Eden of the Eaves — *Century*, Sept., '28
The Old General Signs Another Order to Retreat — *America*, Apr. 27, '29
ROBINSON, MARY ELIZABETH – Dogwood — *Harper's*, Aug., '28
ROBINSON, ROLAND EVANS – Antoine's Song — *Driftwind*, July, '29
ROBINSON, TED – Glamour — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 25, '28
ROBINSON, W. W. – Morning — *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28
ROCCO, JOSEPH – Paradigm — *Blues*, June, '29
Molka — *Blues*, June, '29
ROCHE, GERTRUDE – Rose Petals — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
ROCHE, LORETTA – Ascetic — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Sonnet — *Japm*, Mar. 25, '29
ROCKEL, H. JAMES – Winter Wood — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Let Me Not Trifle — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28

Worship — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Old District School — *Step Ladder*, Nov., '28
Bird in Graveyard — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Penseur — *Skyline*, Mar., '29
The Old Professor — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Summer Plower — *Commonweal*, July 10, '29

ROCKETT, MRS. W. R. – Refuted — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29

ROE, ROBERT – Aesthete to His Love — *Poetry*, Sept., '28

ROEMER, SARONE PEABODY – New Year's Day — *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28

ROGERS, JOHN C. – ? — *Troubadour*, June, '29

ROHDE, REIMER – Nirvana — *Caravan*, May, '29

ROHM, P. H. – Great Men — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

ROLLE, REHGE L. – Camping Out, *Poet's Scroll*, Aug., '28
My Love of Yesteryear — *Poet's Scroll*, Aug., '28
Mismates — *Pegasus*, Aug., '28
Emphasis — *Poet's Scroll*, Sept., '28
Love Gone Mad — *Poet's Scroll*, Sept., '28
To My Better Half — *Stratford Mag.*, Oct., '28
To a Desperado — *Poet's Scroll*, Oct., '28
Explorers — *Poet's Scroll*, Nov., '28
Youth — *Poet's Scroll*, Nov., '28
To My Dead Fiancé — *Internat. Poetry Mag.*, Dec., '28
In Your Absence — *Poet's Scroll*, Dec., '28
Crushed — *Poet's Scroll*, Dec., '28
Cupid à la Mode — *Poet's Scroll*, Dec., '28
Penitence — *Poet's Scroll*, Jan., '29
Beneath the Surface — *Poet's Scroll*, Jan., '29
Silent Hours — *Pegasus*, Feb., '29
A Horoscope — *Poet's Scroll*, Feb., '29
Love's Medium — *Poet's Scroll*, Mar., '29
Effort — *Christian Advocate*, Apr. 12, '29
Ballads of Lindbergh's Flight — *Poet's Scroll*, Apr., '29
The Decade Between — *Amer. Poet*, May '29
The Queen's Choice — *Poet's Scroll*, May '29
To An Art Class — *Internat. Poetry Mag.*, June, '29
In Colorado — *Poet's Scroll*, June, '29
The Decade Between — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29

ROMA, CARO – Westward — *Westward*, May, '29

ROMATKA, ANTON – The Rock of Minkodola — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29

Rondelet — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
Night at Sea — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Chronicle — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Robber — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Waiting — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
In Passing — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
ROMIG, EDNA DAVIS – Makers — *Window*, Feb., '29
A Young Boy Speaks — *Window*, Feb., '29
A Young Man Speaks — *Window*, Feb., '29
A Townsman Speaks — *Window*, Feb., '29
ROOS, ELIZABETH – Empty Houses — *San Franciscan*, Aug., '28
A Human Heart — *San Franciscan*, Oct., '28
Arrows — *San Franciscan*, Feb., '29
To a Marguerite — *San Franciscan*, June, '29
ROOT, E. MERRILL – Ice Age — *World Tomorrow*, Sept., '28
To Leo Tolstoi — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Scrub Oak — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Machine Age — *Voices*, Mar., '29
To America — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Storm Centaur — *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Factories — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Come, Don Quixote! — *Unity*, July 29, '29
Gothic Farmer — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
RORTY, JAMES – Hamlet in Modern Dress — *Nation*, Aug. 15, '28
Prologue to a Reading of Poems — *Nation*, Oct. 17, '28
ROSE, BLANCHE WALTRIP – Flower Woman — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
To Tschaikowsky — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Silence — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
Unconquered — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
ROSE, ERSKYN – Etchings — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
San Diego — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
ROSE, HARRY ROBERT – Lines — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
ROSKOLENKIER, HARRY ROBERT – Head Over An Orange — *Blues*, June, '29
ROSS, HELEN MYRA – Pansies — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
ROSS, LEONORA K. – Life and Love — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
ROSS, LOUISE DORAN – Apology — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
ROSS, VIRGILIA PETERSON – Menton Cemetery — *Commonweal*, Jan. 9, '29

Ross-de River, Jessie W. – The Great Within
Amer. Poet, Nov., '28
Heaven and Hell *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Rousseve, Ferdinand L. – Separation *Crisis*, Apr., '29
Rowe, Mrs. E. L. – Nursery Rhyme *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Rowland, Eron – Source *Nation*, May 29, '29
Rowley, Thomas – An Epitaph: General Ethan Allen
Driftwind, Nov., '28
Rubin, Adeline – Declaration to a Lover
Interludes, Spring, '29
Ruedy, Olga Valeria – White Sails
Overland Monthly, Oct., '28
Ruess, Stella Knight – Slumber Song
Amer. Poetry, Aug., '28
Bedtime (A Trizad) *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
Dance Poem (Drowsy Waters by John Hassel)
Amer. Poetry, Apr., '29
Snow Bound *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
Rugel, Clara Hood – Carmelite Nun *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Ruhlen, Helen D. – Clocks *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Russell, Esther – April *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Christ, What Are You? *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Russell, G. W. – I Sleep in Music *Opportunity*, Feb., '29
Russell, Mary – Eurhythmy *Poetry*, Oct., '28
After Winter *Poetry*, Oct., '28
Russell, Sydney King – Expectation
San Franciscan, Mar., '29
Ultimatum *Voices*, Feb., '29
Warning *Voices*, Feb., '29
Lament *Voices*, Feb., '29
A Certain Critic *New Yorker*, Mar., '29
Counsel *New Yorker*, June, '29
There Was a Moment *San Franciscan*, June, '29
Ruste, Rudolf G. – Newness *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Pioneers *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
The Old Pioneer *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
A Dakota Spring *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Youth *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
Rutledge, Archibald – Resurrection
Choir Practice, May, '29
Ryan, Agnes – Marion Nevin MacDowell
Harp, Sept.-Oct., '28

Edward MacDowell — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
My Father Was a Blacksmith — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
RYAN, JAMES J. — In a Crystal Bowl — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Change — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Rameses — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Rain — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Swan — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Wild Duck — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Peace — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
"The Suns Are Dead" — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Vis-a-Vis — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Obiit — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Her Heart Is Water — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Bell-Ringer — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
RYAN, KATHRYN WHITE — The Prairie — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
High Noon — *Poetry*, May, '29
Skyline — *Commonweal*, June, 19, '29
RYMAN, SUNSHINE DICKINSON — Retrospect — *Step Ladder*, Apr., '29

S., H. A. — In a Garden — *Scribner's*, Apr., '29
SAFFRON, ROSE — Beatitudes of Nature — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
SALE, BETTIE — Fog — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
SALZ, HELEN — Feud — *Japm*, July 8, '29
SAMAROFF, JEREMY — Porter at Grand Central — *Crisis*, Mar., '29
SAMPSON, HARRIET — Patrician — *Commonweal*, Sept. 12, '28
Twilight House — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, Dec. 30, '28
Patchwork — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Dialogue in Alien Words (to Virginia Woolf) — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Country Words — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Pending — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 24, '29
Baroque — *Lyric*, June, '29
SAMPSON, YORK — To Certain Women Painters — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
For Christmas — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Winter Madrigal — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
A Child Slumbers — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
SANBORN, C. D. — The North Wind — *Skyline*, Jan., '29

SANBORN, ROBERT ALDEN – There Are Two Kinds of Love *Dial*, June, '29
The Lumber Yard *Dial*, July, '29
SANDBECK, HUGH – A Recluse to a Butterfly *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
SANDBERG, SELMA P. – No Life So Bare *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
My Muse *Skyline*, May, '29
SANDBURG, CARL – Crabapples *Tanager*, Sept., '28
Landscape *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '28
Moon-Path *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Oct., '28
Cheap Blue *Bookman*, Oct., '28
Is God, Too, Lonely? *Bookman*, Oct., '28
We Have Gone Through Great Rooms Together *Bookman*, Oct., '28
Methuselah Saw Many Repeaters *Harper's*, Oct., '28
Implications *Tanager*, Nov., '28
Webs *Harper's*, Dec., '28
SANDERS, KATHERINE SHUMARD – Breath of Sumach *Westward*, Aug., '28
I Wait the Dawn *Westward*, May, '29
SANDERS, MYRA – Toady Went A Courting (Contributed) *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Jan., '29
SAPHIR, ETHEL – A Likeness *Skyline & Poetry*, May, '29
SAPIR, EDWARD – Rain on the Railroad Yards *Dial*, Jan., '29
SAPP, LILLIE NIX – Sylvia *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
SARETT, LEW – Lonely as a Bird *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Feather *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Wailing Lynx *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Broken Drake *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Mountain Goat *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Angus McGregor *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Mountain Hamlet *Poetry*, Jan., '29
SARGENT, DANIEL – Preference *Commonweal*, Aug. 15, '28
Shepherds *Commonweal*, Dec. 19, '28
Grey Walls *Commonweal*, May 8, '29
SASSOON, SIEGFRIED – Everyman *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 27, '29
April Birthday (To S. T.) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 25, '29
SAUNDERS, WHITELAW – New England Heirloom *Lyric*, Feb., '29

Reprimand *Will-o'-The-W.*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Iron Rings *Household Mag.*, Mar., '29
I Never See a Lovely Tree *Commonweal*, May 15, '29
SAWYER, WILLIAM – Peace *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Pale Harvest *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Death Comes to Yorick *Scepter*, Apr., '29
The Saints Are Mute *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Death of My House *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Retrospect *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Contretempt *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Poem to Farm Negroes *Cleve. Club Wom.*, July, '29
Contra Bonos Mores *Japm*, July, 29, '29
Presentment *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
On Moving an Old Country Graveyard *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
SAYEN, ANN – Fear! *Japm*, June 3, '29
SCALLIN, BEULAH WINDLE – Immortelle *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Idols of the Market-Place *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Benediction *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Idols of the Market-Place *Interludes*, Spring, '29
My Mother *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Roads *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
SCHACHT, MARSALL – To a Tree on Boston Common *Boston Eve. Transcript*, Sept., '28
N. E. Landscape *Dial*, Nov., '28
Winter Orchards *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Monotone *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
A Way to Speak *Poetry*, May, '29
A Crow's Feather *Poetry*, May, '29
Gull Lesson *Poetry*, May, '29
Measureless *Poetry*, May, '29
The Yard on a Night of Mist *Commonweal*, May 1, '29
The Power House *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN – 49 to 1 *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Helen of Laughing Ledge *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
A Span of Earth *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Silent Place *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Fur *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
A Christmas Sonnet *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
The Music Cure *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29

Lost in the Woods — *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Still Lost — *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
Woods-Smell — *Commonweal*, Jan. 16, '29
To Jim Johnson — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
To Will Shakespeare — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Saturation Point — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Ode to the East Wind — *Commonweal*, Apr. 17, '29
Beethoven the Liberator — *Outlook*, July 10, '29
SCHEEL, ELMA — When You Are Gone — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
The Secret of the Badlands — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Sylvan Lake — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
SCHEFFER, JOHN — Brain to Heart — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Sonnet For Time — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
SCHMALL, GILBERT — A Love Cycle — *Westward*, Nov., '28
SCHMITT, GLADYS — Prophetic Moment — *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR — Sleep — *Nation*, June 26, '28
Gross Night — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, June 30, '29
SCHULTZ, LULU MINERVA — Solace — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Summer Is a Matron — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
Roses in December — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
It's April Time — *Attic Salt*, '28
If I Were God — *Sunshine Mag.*, Dec., '28
The Christ Child — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
SCHWAB, ANTONIO Y. — My Grandmothers — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Willow Trees — *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
The Spaniard — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Unborn — *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
Loneliness — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Sister Maria Speaks — *Japm*, May 20, '29
SCHWENTKER, HAZEL FRYE — A Dream — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
SCOFIELD, MARTHA — I Look on Trees With Envy — *Japm*, Aug. 20, '28
Overheard in a Tavern — *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
SCOLLARD, CLINTON — A King of Dreams — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
The Minstrel — *Step Ladder*, Mar., '29
An Exemplar — *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29

Scott, Evelyn – Nirvana
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., May 26, '29
Cat *Nation*, July 3, '29
Hawk Afield *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, July 7, '29
Scott, Gladys Guilford – Grace Before Meals
Bozart, Mar.-Apr., '29
Scott, Marion Green – South Wind *Crisis*, Aug., '28
Peace *Crisis*, Mar., '29
Scott, Ralph – To Rilla *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
Florence *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
Scott, Winfield T. – Over a Rose-Bowl
Interludes, Aut., '28
Dark Singing *Crisis*, Oct., '28
Scoville, Emma T. – Forgotten *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
A Purple Heart Badge *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Hannah's Sacrifice *Sunday Sc. B. S. Baptist Con.*, Oct., '28
Autumn's Bonfire *Attic Salt*, Oct., '28
I'll Take the Road to Romany *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
My Little Friends *Picture Word*, Dec., '28
Ancestors *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
October Passes *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
My Prayer *The Baptist*, Mar., '29
Reminiscence *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Environment *Sunshine Mag.*, May, '29
Gypsy Folk *Sunshine Mag.*, May, '29
A White Carnation *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Night and Shadows *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
Scruggs, Anderson M. – Unrest
Will-o'-The-W., Jan.-Feb., '29
Way Station *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Scruggs, J. E. – City Night *Dial*, Feb., '29
Seager, Dorothy – Song for Sorrow *Skyline*, Mar., '29
Seagrave, Sadie Fuller – Exposé *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Touch of Your Hands *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Largess *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Seamster, Thelma R. – New Things *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Souvenirs *Lariat*, Spring, '29
To a Prairie *Parnassus*, July 15, '29
Sears, Marcella – Sacajawea *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
The Sky Thief *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
Seiffert, Marjorie Allen – To Certain Contemporaries *Poetry*, Sept., '28

The Listener — *Outlook*, May 22, '29
Shelter from the Night — *Poetry*, July, '29
House of Straw — *Poetry*, July, '29
The Tall Tower — *Poetry*, July, '29
Berceuse — *Poetry*, July, '29
The Crickets — *Poetry*, July, '29
The Secret Prayer — *Poetry*, July, '29
Game of Three — *Poetry*, July, '29
Her Very Tree — *Poetry*, July, '29
Iron Fare — *Poetry*, July, '29
The Listener — *Outlook*, May 22, '29

SETTLEMEYER, EDNA K. — On the Road to Jericho — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29

SEYMOUR, CAROLINE J. — Plea of the Hill Dweller — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28

SEYMOUR, HARRIET — A Spinster to her House — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Resurrection — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Death — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Into the Sunset — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
To You — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Memory In an Attic — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29

SHANAHAN, EILEEN — The Desolate Lover — *Atlantic, Mag.*, June, '29

SHAW, ELIZABETH — Against the Barren Years — *Poetry*, Nov., '28

SHAW, DOROTHY STOTT — Caprice — *Lyric*, Nov., '28

SHAWN, SEMAS — Thrust in the Sickle — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28

SHELLEY, M. G. — Imagination — *transition*, Feb., '29

SHELTON, THOMAS RUSSELL — His Great Adventure — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28

SHEPARD, CHARLES — Leaves — *Caravan*, May, '29

SHEPARD, KATHERINE — The Weather — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
A Neglected Grave — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
A Dismissal — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
One With Whom I Could Be Silent — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
The Satirist Speaks — *Japm*, June 3, '29

SHEPHERD, HARRIS B. — Dicky — *Poetry*, July, '29

SHERMAN, POLLY — Impressions — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28

SHERRY, PEARL ANDELSON — Enlarged Dominion — *Poetry*, Nov., '28

Late-Summer Day — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Sea-Walk — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Waiting — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
The Lion — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Alligator — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Musical Afternoon — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
In the Dance — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Messiah — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
To a Child of Nine Months — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
Progression — *Poetry*, Nov., '28
SHERBURNE-CONROE, GRACE – Goldenrod — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
SHERIDAN, OLGA – Winter Dawn (Cinquain) — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Mar., '29
SHERMAN, GEORGE WITTER – Small Portrait — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
SHERWOOD, GRACE H. – At the Dyers — *America*, Mar. 2, '29
In An Old Library — *America*, June 22, '29
SHIELDS, FRANCES GAY – The First Rain — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Which? — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
I Dare Not Sing — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
A Magdelene — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Communion — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
SHIFFMAN, ROSE – Fireside Chair — *Skyline*, May, '29
To Guard My Home — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
SHIFFRIN, A. B. – Three Men — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T. – Beyond — *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
Semiramis — *Japm*, Sept. 24, '28
Paces — *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
The Clerk — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Boss — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Critic — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Overseer — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Teacher — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
To Fortify — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Maiden Lady — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Sisyphus — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Philosopher — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Poet — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Questing — *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28

Held — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Song — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Weep Not, Fair Wanton — *Japm*, Feb. 18, '29
Black Sky — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Thereafter — *Voices*, Mar., '29
To One Now Known — *Voices*, Mar., '29
By Automobile — *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Chrysalis — *Choir Practice*, May, '29

SHOEMAKER, DOROTHEA M. – Only One Spring Day — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
The Charwoman — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Infidelity — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
An Affinity — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
An Old Lady Speaks — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29

SHOUP, GRACE – Mary — *Interludes*, Spring, '29

SIEGEL, ELI – It Is Janet's Blood — *Blues*, Feb., '29
That Are — *Blues*, Feb., '29
Fair Ellen, Fair Stars — *Blues*, Mar., '29

SIGMUND, JAY G. – The Ginseng Digger — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
River Road Wedlock — *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
The Fiddler — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Hail — *Japm*, Nov. 5, '28
Bayou Field — *Step Ladder*, Dec., '28
Tardy Equinox — *Step Ladder*, Dec., '28
Thin Soil — *Step Ladder* Dec., '28
Bride — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Years March — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
Back Rent — *Tanager*, Mar., '29
The Cheater — *Husk*, Mar., '29
Craftswoman — *Husk*, Mar., '29
To a Screech Owl in Early Winter — *Husk*, Mar., '29
Inland River Fisherman — *Husk*, Mar., '29
Trapper's Fancy — *Husk*, Mar., '29
Indian Signs — *Husk*, Mar., '29
Hill Bachelor at a Funeral — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29

SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND – Christmas in California — *Westward*, Nov., '28

SILVERA, EDWARD S. – Fantasy in Black — *Opportunity*, Aug., '28
Harlem — *Crisis*, Dec., '28
Exhortation — *Crisis*, Feb., '29

SIMMONS, LAURA – To Poets *Commonweal*, Sept. 5, '28
SIMPSON, BESSE – Tigers *Skyline*, May, '29
SIMPSON, EMMA L. – Nocturne *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28
On the Lake *Westward*, May, '29
SIMPSON, JANET – Faith *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
SIMPSON, MABEL – To One in Despair *Voices*, Apr., '29
Song for a Certain Lady *Voices*, Apr., '29
John *Voices*, Apr., '29
Today *Voices*, Apr., '29
Lines For All Poets *Voices*, Apr., '29
SINGLETON, ANNE – Eucharist *Nation*, Sept. 26, '28
Intruder *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 20, '29
Death Is the Citadel *Nation*, Feb. 20, '29
Resurgam *N. Y. Her-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 24, '29
SISLEY, BLANCHE HOWE – A Poet *Muse & Mirror*, Spr.-Sum., '28
SISTA, MARGARET M. – To My Saviour *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
SKAVLAN, MARGARET – I Am Hostage to the Dark *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Sky Maze *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Nov. 18, '28
Prisoner *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
The Spider *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
SMAILL, ROBERT LESLIE – The Soul *Westward*, Nov., '28
SMITH, A. J. M. – The Shrouding *Dial*, Nov., '28
The Creek *Dial*, Nov., '28
The Lonely Land *Dial*, June, '29
SMITH, ABBIE J. – The Maple's Gift *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
SMITH, BETTY A. – Couplet *Skyline*, Mar., '29
SMITH, BOWEN – Extravagance *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
SMITH, CAROLINE PARKER – In Spirit *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
Christmas *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
SMITH, CHARD POWERS – To a Young Lady Who Loved Me a Little *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Synchrony *Poetry*, Oct., '28
SMITH, DORIS– Song *DePauw Mag.*, Mar., '29
SMITH, DOROTHY LOUISE – The Derelict *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
A War-Time Spring *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
SMITH, GOLDIE CAPERS – Tell-Tale *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29
SMITH, GRANVILLE PAUL – Purpose *Harper's*, Mar., '29

A Life — *Harper's*, Mar., '29

SMITH, HELEN GRACE — Saint Paulinus of Nola to Ansonius (trans. from the Latin) — *Commonweal*, Aug. 15, '28

SMITH, LOUIS WORTHINGTON — Master and Slave — *World Tomorrow*, Apr., '29

SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY — A Dead Friendship — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29

SMITH, MCKINLEY BRYAN — The Spirit of St. Louis — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29

We, Too, A Hero Need — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29

To a Chewink — *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29

SMITH, PAUL — To a Young Mother—Bereaved — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Oct. 21, '28

Driven — *Dial*, Dec., '28

In His Bondage — *Voices*, Apr., '29

Devotee — *Voices*, Apr., '29

At Parting — *Southwest Rev.*, July, '28

SMITH, PAUL G. — Unknown — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28

SMITH, REBECCA W. — Miss Lucy — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29

SMITH, REX — Farewell — *San Franciscan*, Nov., '28

SMITH, VIOLA E. — Nightfall — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29

SMYTH, FLORIDA WATTS — Thin Glass — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Wind — *Poetry*, Dec., '28

Talk — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29

Triangle — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29

The Young Bird — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29

Surprise — *Harp*, May-June, '29

Mist of Spring — *Harp*, May-June, '29

We Are Not So Tall — *Kaleidoscope*, June, '29

SMYTH, WILLIAM FITCH — Lines to an Unhappy Master — *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28

SNOW, FLORENCE L. — Hooked Rug — *Community A. & C.*, Sept., '28

SNOW, RALPH WALDO — Lonely Boy — *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29

On the Dunes — *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29

Chant D'Automne — *Interludes*, Spring, '29

Afterwards—The Dark — *Cont. Verse*, May, '29

Portrait of a Farmer — *Commonweal*, May 15, '29

SNOW, WILBERT – Zeb Kinney on Feminism
World Tomorrow, Sept., '28
Workers in Stone *Century*, Nov., '28
Tide Cycle *Nation*, Jan. 9, '29
Heritage *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 9, '29
Spruces *Poetry*, May, '29
SOUTER, JEAN MARIE – My Chinese Doll
Pasque Petals, Mar., '29
SOUTHWORTH, HERBERT R. – To Nina Marian
Bozart, July-Aug., '29
SOLLITT, KENNETH – Incense Dreams *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
SPARGUR, JILL – Understanding *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Clean Clothes *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Why? *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
Morning *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
To a Rose Bud *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
SPARROW, MARTHA CAROLYN – In Spring
Amer. Poetry, Apr., '29
SPATES, VIRGINIA – Eternity
Poetry of To-Day, Sum., '28
In Syllables of Fire *Bozart*, July-Aug., '28
Cheating at Solitaire *Attic Salt*, Aug., '28
Fierce Flying Feet *Lariat*, Oct., '28
No Stranger Thought *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Passing the Love of Women *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Courageous Dust *Will-o'-The-W.*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Wistful Hearts *Kind Words*, Dec. 30, '28
The Centurion at the Cross
New Dominion (*Morgantown, W. Va.*), Apr. 26, '29
Homesick *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Sanctuary *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Fools' Hill *Skyline*, May, '29
Surrender *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Word from a Son *Harp*, May, '29
The Mountain Mist *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
The Threshold *Sonnet Sequences*, July, '29
My Precious Sin and I *Japm*, June 3, '29
The Deathless Flame *Personalist*, July, '29
Perhaps We Dreamed *Parnassus*, July 15, '29
Confident *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29

SPAULDING, E. LESLIE – Ships — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Universe — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
Singing Hands — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
Puff-Balls — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
Vignettes — *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
SPAULDING, EDITH B. – Farewell to Barra — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
SPEARS, G. M. – April in Kentucky — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
SPECTOR, HERMAN – "when Anna shall learn of my love. . ." — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
A Curse for My Dearly Beloved, Dearly — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
To Someone Remembered — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Nightowl — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Two Poems — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Yellow Lamps — *Blues*, Feb., '29
No Deathes Mattr — *Blues*, Feb., '29
A Wohmmn — *Blues*, Feb., '29
Autumn Sensed Keenly — *Blues*, Apr., '29
I'll Be Goddamned — *Blues*, Apr., '29
P M Sketches — *Blues*, Apr., '29
These Are Those Back-Again, Once-Before Home-Again Blues — *Blues*, May, '29
Fog — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Yes, We Have No Valhalla — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Snapshot — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
Spics by Evening — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
SPEER, NINA IONE – Take Me Home — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Apr., '29
SPEER, MARY CATHERINE – City Pattern — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
SPEIRS, RUSSELL F. – Tame Crow — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
A Lady Comes to a Small Town — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
Second Death — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
The Laughter of God — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
The Great Fear — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
One of the Sons of Atlas — *Scepter*, Apr., '29
Failure — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Ghosts — *Scepter*, May-June, '29

These Things You Have Not Done
Kaleidoscope, July, '29
SPENCER, ANNE – Grapes: Still-Life *Crisis*, Apr., '29
SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE – The Red Ghosts Chant
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
Sonnets of Red and White *Lyric*, Dec., '28
Navajos *Palms*, Dec., '28
Cheyennes *Palms*, Dec., '28
Apaches *Palms*, Dec., '28
Sioux *Palms*, Dec., '28
Chinook Wind *Frontier*, Jan., '29
Petrified Forest *Frontier*, Jan., '29
Ship Rock—New Mexico *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Awanyu *Art and Archaeology*, Feb., '29
Sphinx *Art and Archaeology*, Feb., '29
Cynocephali *Art and Archaeology*, Feb., '29
Amerind Prints *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Pisces *Pop. Astronomy*, Apr., '29
Aries *Pop. Astronomy*, Apr., '29
Prayer for the New Born *Frontier*, May, '29
Scorpio *Pop. Astronomy*, May, '29
Capricornus *Pop. Astronomy*, May, '29
Troth *Nation*, June 12, '29
Reverie, A Japanese Garland *Japm*, July, '29
SPEYER, LEONORA – Three Women Walking By
Harp, July-Aug., '28
Again, Medusa *Nation*, Feb. 13, '29
Swans *Harper's*, Mar., '29
Fido *Harper's*, May, '29
Old Boat *Outlook*, May 22, '29
SPILLER, DAVID – Sonnet *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
SPIRE, ANDRÉ – To France (Trans. by S. Burnshaw)
Menorah Journ., Aug., '28
The Ancient Law (Trans. by S. Burnshaw)
Menorah Journ., Aug., '28
Now You're Content (Trans. by S. Burnshaw)
Menorah Journ., Aug., '28
Women Students (Trans. by S. Burnshaw)
Menorah Journ., Aug., '28
Immortality (trans. from the French of André Spire)
Poetry Folio, May-June, '29
When, Oh When? (trans. from the French of

André Spire) *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
Kisses (trans. from the French of André Spire) *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
SPOERL, ELSIE V. – Sappho *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
SPOERL, HOWARD DAVIS – November *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
SPRAGUE, ACHSA W. – Thou Art a Poem *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
SQUIRE, ANNETTE – Loveliest *Oracle*, Sept., '28
SQUIRES, EDITH LOMBARD – The Actor *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Time the Alchemist *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
ST. JOHN, JESSIE – A War Bride *Poetry*, Nov., '28
STACEY, RUTH – Sunset *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
STAFF, GEORGE B. – Question *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Summer, '29
STAFFORD, EMILY SCOLES – For the King *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
STAFFORD, WENDELL PHILLIPS – A Familiar spirit *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
STAGEBERG, N. C. – Bagatelles *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
STAIT, VIRGINIA – Tides *Charleston Eve. Post*, July, '28
Consanguineal *Cont. Verse*, Aug-Sept., '28
To Venetian Gondoliers *Home and Abroad*, Oct., '28
The Nun *Lyric*, Oct., '28
Betrayal *The Archive*, Oct., '28
Reality *University of Calif. Chron.*, Oct., '28
Rendezvous *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Distance *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Songs of the East: Journey *Charleston Eve. Post*, Jan. 15, '29
My Coat of Arms *The Archive*, Feb., '29
Proof (To W. C.) *Lyric*, Feb., '29
Two Shields *New Dominion*, Mar. 18, '29
Love *Poetry of To-Day*, Spring, '29
A Church Spire—In Half Light (To B. B. Carstarphen) *The Archive*, Apr., '29
Arrows of Desire *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
STALLINGS, HELEN POTEAT – Sierra Moon-Down *Scribner's*, Oct., '28
STAMPS, THELMA ELEANOR – Advice *Westward*, May, '29
STANDFIELD, LEONTINE – Snip-Snaps *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
Only Mad Hearts Understand *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28

STANLEY, MARION E. – Aviators
Prairie Schooner, Aut., '28
STANFORD, HELEN – Invitation *San Franciscan*, Oct., '28
STANLEY, J. TAYLOR – The Two Singers
Opportunity, Dec., '28
Casting Bread Upon the Water *Opportunity*, Feb., '29
STANLEY, MARION EDWARD – The Old Men
Poetry, Mar., '29
Bargain *Poetry*, Mar., '29
STARRETT, DEANE – To an October Campus
Tanager, Nov., '28
STARRETT, VINCENT – Mirage *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28
STUART, CATHERINE – Philosophy *Palo Verde*, Win., '29
Return: 3rd Generation *Japm*, May 27, '29
STAVER, MARIANA – Bride of the Sea *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Flight *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
STAVER, PAUL – Eternal Feminine *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
STEAD, W. FORCE – His Nymph Goes Botanizing, To
Cicely, Aged 15 *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29
Triumph *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29
Madrigal *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29
STECHER, GRACE NIXON – Etchings
Muse & Mirror, Nov., '28
Seattle, the Poet *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
STEEN, JOSEPHINE MASON – Lad's Love *Oracle*, Sept., '28
STELLA, SISTER MARIS – Apocalypse, XVIII
Commonweal, Dec. 26, '28
STEPHENS, ERWIN D. – Winter Reverie
Interludes, Win., '28-'29
STEPHENS, JAMES – Optimist *Harper's*, May, '29
STERLING, ZUELLA – Reward *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
Understanding *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
The Killing *Amer Poetry*, June, '29
STERN, SARA MESSING – My Dear
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
STERNHEIM, NAOMI G. – To Charlotte
Interludes, Win., '28-'29
STETSON, ALICE HARLOW – Signpost Witchery
Westward, Aug., '28
STEVENS, ADA BORDEN – "Widow's Walk"
Cont. Verse, Jan., '29

New England Coast — *Step Ladder*, June, '29
Lovers — *Japm*, June 24, '29
Stepping-Stones Under the Sea — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
STEVENS, FRANCES – Earth — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
STEWART, BETTIE SALE – Interruption — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Threnody for Abandoned Wedlock — *Muse & Mirror*, Aut.-Win., '28
STEWART, JESSE – The Mountain Road — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
STICKNEY, HELEN FRITH – The Garden Gate — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
The Egoist — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
STILES, ROBERTA – Clouds — *Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*, Aug., '28
Mona Lisa — *Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*, Sept., '28
Ships — *L'Alouette*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Plunder — *Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*, Feb., '29
Youth and Age — *Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*, Mar., '29
Leta — *Oracle*, Spring, '29
The Rainbow Trail — *L'Alouette*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Hypocrite — *Springfield (Mass.) Repub.*, May, '29
Turn-About — *Circle*, July, '29
Shroud — *Carved Beads*, Sum., '29
STILLMAN, EDWARD – Poem — *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Love — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Humiliation — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Simple Reflections of a Dying Man — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
STILLMAN, MILDRED WHITNEY – Along the Pond Path — *Outlook*, Jan. 16, '29
Easter Eve — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
First Supper — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
Discovery — *Poetry*, Apr., '29
STILLWELL, ETHEL BROOKS – Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
STILLWELL, T. W. – Over the Hills on the Highway — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
STODDARD, FLORENCE JACKSON – A Grace Note — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
STODDARD, HOPE – The Tale of a Tale — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
STONE, CHARLES H. – Winooski (A Poem of the Great Flood of Nov. 3, 1927) — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
The Greenwood Tree — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29

Camel's Hump *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
STONE, ELIOT KAYS – At the Temple of the Divine Julius *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28
History *Yale R.*, Jan., '29
Star-Dust *Commonweal*, June 12, '29
STONE, FRANCES – To My Soul *Commonweal*, Dec. 5, '28
STONE, ISABEL – Theme for a Japanese Melody *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Essence *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
As If *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
The Eternal Cycle *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
Poem for My Husband *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
Denouement of Jazz *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Apr., '29
That I Should Be Less *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, May, '29
Still After Broken Stems *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, May, '29
Peacock or Goose? *Japm*, June 3, '29
Age *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
STONE, LUELLA – Priez Pour Nous *Poetry*, Dec., '28
I Saw a Fawn *Poetry*, Dec., '28
For a Blonde Boy *Japm*, Dec. 24, '28
STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN – The Tree *Commonweal*, Dec. 19, '28
Of Maiden Aunts *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 20, '29
STORM, BRAND – Haven *Household Mag.*, Apr., '29
The Musician *Household Mag.*, Apr., '29
Weary Am I *Household Mag.*, May, '29
STRADER, J. E. – A Simile *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
June Twilight *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Careless Words *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
STRETCH, ROBERT – Jimmie's Plight *DePauw Mag.*, Mar., '29
Creation *DePauw Mag.*, May, '29
Moon Song *DePauw Mag.*, May, '29
Cathedral *DePauw* Mag., May, '29
STRONG, L. A. G. – Evening Before Rain *Nation*, Dec., '28
Winter Gull *Commonweal*, Dec. 12, '28
The Pastry Cook *America*, May 25, '29
STUART, CATHERINE – Return: 3rd Generation *Japm*, May 27, '29

Philosophy — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
STUART, JESSE — Words — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Morning — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Sin — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Desire — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Hurt Not the Proud — *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
Like a Strong Tree — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
STUBBS, PARTHENIA NICHOLSON — Spring Thoughts — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
STURGES, LUCY H. — Orthodox — *Poetry*, Oct., '28
STURGILL, VIRGIL LEON — Pan and the Miser — *Letters*, Aug., '28
Autumn — *Letters*, Aug., '28
STURTEVANT, FLORENCE H. — Nature Club Song — *Driftwind*, July, '29
STURTEVANT, WILBUR R. — Helen of Troy — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
SULLIVAN, A. M. — To a Lady of Infinite Variety — *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
Footnotes for a Diary — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Fugue in a Parlor Car — *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Limerick Legend — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Children of the Hills — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Obsession — *Japm*, Jan. 28, '29
The Primordial Virtue — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Song for Bacchante — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Sappho-Reincarnate — *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Sonnets for the Damned — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Rain Reverie — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Tyranny — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Villanelle — *Unity*, June 24, '29
Villanelle of the Skyscraper — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Pastels at Dusk — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
SUMMERS, FLOYD — Burial — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
SUTHERLAND, ANNE — The Seed Catalogue — *Household Mag.*, Apr., '29
SWEET, AUDREY CLOTHILDE — Query *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
SWERIG, VIVIAN — If You Would Still Remain — *Voices*, Jan., '29
Ghosts — *Voices*, Jan., '29
Plain Fare — *Voices*, Jan., '29
Songs — *Voices*, Jan., '29

Bring With You — *Voices*, Jan., '29
I have known Days — *Voices*, Jan., '29
SWIFT, OTIS PEABODY — Symposium — *Voices*, Jan., '29
SYDNOR, EARL LAWSON — Fancies — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Heedless — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
My Country Right or Wrong — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Written — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
Voices — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
A Study in Color — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
A Sonnet — *Sat. Eve. Quill*, Apr., '29
SNYDER, JUNE WINONA — The Garden — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29

TABER, A. STUART — "Little Drops of Water—" — *Westward*, Aug., '28
TAFT, CLARA MAXWELL — Counting Stars — *Amer. Poetry*, Mar., '29
TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE — Remembering Vaughan in New England — *Nation*, Oct. 10, '28
Try Tropic for Your Balm (On the Properties of Nature for Healing an Illness) — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28
TAGGART, GLADYS — Summer Afternoon — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Elusive — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
TAKACY, FLORENCE — The Winds (Cinquain) — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
TALBOTT, CARLTON — Six Woodcuts, Witthold Bauer's Block-Book: 1498 — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
TALBOTT, E. GUY — For an Oak Tree in Gettysburg — *Westward*, Feb., '29
TALBOTT, ELEANOR MCNAIR — Re Infecta — *Amer. Poetry*, Dec., '28
TANNE, LAURA — On Lenox — *Crisis*, Oct., '28
To a Certain Dark Young Man — *Crisis*, Dec., '28
TATUM, EDITH — Divination — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Rain — *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
House O' Dreams — *Will-o'-The-Wisp*, July-Aug., '28
Prophecy — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
At Evening on a Wind-Swept Hill — *Japm*, Aug., 27, '28
Ruins — *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28

Sunset at the Pass Christian *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Roof Dance *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
The Search *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Compensation *Japm*, May 13, '29
Reincarnation *Japm*, May 13, '29
Understanding *Japm*, May 13, '29
Hurricane *Japm*, May 13, '29
Madame Lafayette *Attic Salt*, Sept., '28
The Sargasso *Nomad*, Sept., '28
Three Ages of Love *Parnassus*, Nov., '28
Gifts *Live Girl Stories*, Feb., '29
Mockery *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Wanderlust *Lit. Lantern*, Mar. 24, '29
The Sound of Fairy Horns *Live Girl Stories*, Apr., '29
Resurrection *Grail*, Apr., '29
Mary Walking on the Hill *Ave Maria*, Apr. 13, '29
The First Tulip *Grail*, May, '29
Gladioli *Japm*, May 13, '29
To an Old Cross in an English Village *Japm*, May 13, '29
Inconstancy *Japm*, May 13, '29
Home in the South *Japm*, May 13, '29
Hesperus *Japm*, May 13, '29
Gift of the Gods *Japm*, May 13, '29
Season So Lavish and Full Flowering *Lit. Lantern*, June, 16, '29
Upon First Viewing the Caribbean *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29
When You Were Late *Household Mag.*, Aug., '28
TATUM, SARA – Nothing Unusual *Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
It Makes Me Sad *Household Mag.*, Nov., '28
TAYLOR, ELETHA MAE – Meadow Lark *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
TAYLOR, ELKANAH EAST – The Rose *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28; *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Wings Against the Wind *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Songs I Sing *Choir Practice*, Mar., '29
Refuge *Scepter*, Mar., '29
The Final Refuge *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
The Songs I Sing *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Failure *Japm*, May 6, '29
TAYLOR, FRANCES BEATRICE – Outlaw *Poetry*, Feb., '29

TAYLOR, JENNIE STANTON – Understanding
Cleve. Club Wom., Mar., '29
TAYLOR, MARY ATWATER – Banquet *Voices*, Apr., '29
TAYLOR, MARY LYON – Hollyhock Time
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
TAYLOR, THELMA CHILES – Drip, Drip *Harp*, May-June, '29
TAYLOR, WARREN – Stenographers on Sunday
Bozart, Jan.-Feb., '29
The South in the Building of the Nation
Blues, Mar., '29
TELFAIR, NANCY – Oh Pity Not Those Lovers
Bozart, Sept.-Oct., '28
A Philosopher of Rural Origin *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Isn't It Queer? *Bozart*, May-June, '29
Revelation *Kaleidoscope*, July, '29
TEMPLETON, AILEEN – Discontent *America*, Sept. 8, '28
THANE, ADELE – Ophthalmia *Voices*, Feb., '29
Judas' Kiss *Voices*, Feb., '29
". . . Eyes Have They . . ." *Voices*, Feb., '29
A Piece of Silver *Voices*, Feb., '29
Te Deum *Voices*, Feb., '29
The Connoisseur *Voices*, Feb., '29
Reward *Voices*, Feb., '29
THIES, ELIZABETH ALICE – Open the Door!
Westward, Feb., '29
THOMAS, MARGARET LORING – Orchids Call
Interludes, Aut., '28
Locust Trees *Crisis*, Feb., '29
THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING – Trapped *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Notes for a Poem *Scribner's*, Nov., '28
Old Men and Old Trees *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Child in an Old House
Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib., June 16, '29
TOMPKINS, CHARLES L. – The Wood Nymphs
Westward, Feb., '29
THOMPSON, BERYL V. – Heritage *Tanager*, May, '29
THOMPSON, MRS. E. S. L. – Who's That Knocks?
Ind. Poetry Mag., Sum., '29
THOMPSON, JAMES – Winter Trees
Will-o'-The-W., Mar.-Apr., '29
THOMPSON, JESSE – To My Lady (By a Hapless Copy-writer after Reading *Vogue*) *San Franciscan*, Nov., '28

Ecstasy — *San Franciscan*, Dec., '28
THOMPSON, LULU E. — Sparkles from the Glowing Logs — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
The Lane to the Pasture Gate — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
In Hardin County, 1809 — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Memories of Mother — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
THOMPSON, MORTON — Inevitable — *San Franciscan*, Feb., '29
THOMPSON, W. HARDING — What Need of Heaven — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
THOMSON, CLAIRE AVEN — Sea Wall — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring-Sum., '28
Madness — *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Second Wife — *Lyric*, May, '29
The Thunderer — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Wanton — *Poetry Folio*, May-June, '29
THOMSON, DIANE — The Meeting — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
THORPE, LAURA — Gold — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
THORPE, IRIS LORA — Swamp Sleep — *Troubadour*, Apr., '29
THORTON, L. MITCHELL — A Farewell — *Good Counsel*, Oct., '28
New Year Bells — *Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
Chimneys — *Household Mag.*, Feb., '29
A Little White Star — *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
Slumber Song — *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
THRASHER, EVA D. — The Hurricane — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
TIBERIUS, AUGUSTUS — A Road Song — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
The Fog and I — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
Road Songs — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
TICE, NORMAN C. — The Snow-Storm — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
TIETJENS, EUNICE — The Return — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Beset — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Query — *Poetry*, June, '29
Your Face Remembered — *Poetry*, June, '29
Magic — *Poetry*, June, '29
Requiem for a Faun — *Poetry*, June, '29
TIGNER, HUGH S. — An Epitaph — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
TILDEN, ETHEL ARNOLD — Friends — *Lyric*, Oct., '28
The Artist — *Step Ladder*, Jan., '29
TINKHAM, JESSIE BRIGGS — Deaf — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
TITZELL, JOSIAH — To Dorothy Lathrop — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 10, '29

Tobin, Francis de Sales – Purgatory
Good Counsel, Nov., '28
The Song *Good Counsel*, Nov., '28
Laudetur Jesus Christus *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
Comparison *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
Tobin, James E. – You Are Joy Jealous
America, Feb., 23, '29
Tobold, Irma – The New Moon
Cleve. Club Wom., Mar., '29
Todahl, Margery Atwood – Witch-Wife
Amer. Poetry, Sept., '28
Skyscrapers *Scribner's*, Dec., '28
Todd, Anne Ophelia – Blue-Black *Window*, Feb., '29
Todd, Earl D. – Moment of Magic
World Tomorrow, Apr., '29
Tognazzini, Marvin D. – Alone *Westward*, Aug., '28
Toldridge, Elizabeth – Unmothered
Troubadour, June, '29
Tolles, Marguerite – Truth *Household Mag.*, Jan., '29
Toner, Edythe C. – New York at Night
Lantern, Oct.-Nov., '28
Toomer, Jean – Reflections *Dial*, Apr., '29
White Arrow *Dial*, July, '29
Toph, Ollah – My Creed *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
Towne, Charles Hanson – Japanese Maidenhair-Trees *Century*, Nov., '28
Townsend, James T. – Acostic *Messenger*, Apr., '29
Trace, Granville – Haute Politique *Unity*, June 24, '29
Tracy, Vera Marie – Bedridden *America*, June 22, '29
Travais, Rena Stotenburg – Prayers
Good Counsel, Nov., 28
Traylor, Humphrey C. – The Moon in the Chincapin Trees *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Trent, Lucia – A Lady Views Life *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
Wedding Song *Palo Verde*, Sum., '28
To a Lady Who Makes an Art of Saying No
Will-o'-The-W., July-Aug., '28
Easy Laughter *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Autumn Set *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Prison *Crisis*, Nov., '28
Initiation *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Breed, Women, Breed *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28

Drawn from Life — *Japm*, Dec. 3, '28
Sex — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Pregnant — *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
Sterile — *Japm*, Feb. 11, '29
Sunset — *Scepter*, Mar., '29
Meteor — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
The World the Masters Make — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
To One of the Sad Young Men — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Twin Portraits — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
You Spoke to Me — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Ragged Lucifer — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
Fire in Crystal — *Japm*, Apr. 1, '29
To a Poet's Relatives-in-Law — *Scepter*, May-June, '29
Convalescence — *Amer. Poetry*, June, '29
Lady of the Beauty Creams — *Cont. Verse*, July, '29
Poet Reads Review — *Japm*, July 29, '29
Hill-Top Urge — *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29
Burial of an Illegitimate Child — *Palo Verde*, No. 5, '29

TRIGG, EMMA GRAY – Once in a Year or So — *Lyric*, Dec., '28
Flying Minutes — *Lyric*, Dec., '28

TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND – Moonrise (*Nocturne for a toy symphony*) — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Panther — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Cerebral Haze — *Voices*, Mar., '29
Wings — *Voices*, Mar., '29

TROTT, ELEANOR – Mill Town — *Troudabour*, June, '29

TROWBRIDGE, ROBERTSON – On Reading Wordsworth's Sonnet "To Toussaint L'Ouverture" — *World Tomorrow*, Dec., '28
Foreshadowings (To a Lady of Quality) — *Nation*, May 15, '29

TRUDY, GEORGE – Silver Webs — *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29

TRUMAN, FRED E. – A Hawaiian Portrait — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
In Kaunas — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
Hawaiian God — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Lines from Lava Land — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Pagan Birches — *Japm*, July 15, '29

TRUSSLER, HARRY R. – Waiting — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Passion — *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Prodigality — *Japm*, July 15, '29

All Things But — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Shores — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Winter Wheat — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Plowman — *Japm*, July 15, '29
Memory — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
The Honeycomb — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
TUCKER, EMMA F. – Dr. Asa George — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
A Winter Night — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
Old Elm Tree — *Driftwind*, July, '29
TUNNELL, BARBARA MADISON – Deportment — *Scribner's*, Nov., '28
TUNNELL, SOPHIE – Apple Buds — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
City Tree — *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Seed — *Lantern*, Mar.-Apr., '29
TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE – Villa Palmieri *Lyric*, Dec., '28
TURNER, JUANITA – For Those Who Would be Safe — *Poetry*, Sept., '28
TURNER, NANCY BYRD – Tomorrows — *Harp*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Hills — *Nation*, Apr. 10, '29
TUTTLE, BENSON HILL – Summer in France — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
I Should Have Known — *Lyric*, Mar., '29
Sunset on the Prairie — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
The Inquisitor — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
TUTTLE, HELEN BARTON – Mad River *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
TWITCHELL, ANNA SPENCER – First Tryst — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
To Each His Sorrow — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
TYLER, PARKER – Advice Against Elegy *Japm*, Oct. 8, '28
Sonnet — *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Sonnet and Poem — *Blues*, Feb., '29
This Dreaming Image — *Blues*, Mar., '29
Sonnet — *Blues*, Mar., '29
Maybe — *Blues*, Mar., '29
Instruction of the Sensibility — *Blues*, May, '29
He the More, I the Less — *Blues*, May, '29
Desire — *Blues*, June, '29
TYNES, MARY POLLARD – Things That I Love — *Will-o'-The-W.*, July-Aug., '28
Jonquils — *Attic Salt*, Sept., '28
Autumn — *Choir Practice*, Oct., '29

Magnolia Leaves — *Choir Practice*, Mar., '29
The Way of Love — *Oracle*, Spring, '29
That Which Abides — *Choir Practice*, May, '29
Faith — *Attic Salt*, May, '29
The Miracle — *Attic Salt*, May, '29
Indifference — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29

ULERY, MINNIE A. – Life — *Troubadour*, Sept., '28
House-Tops — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
UNGAR, FLORENCE – Machine Age — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
UNIK, PIERRE – The Night of the Ages — *transition*, June, '29
UPPER, JOSEPH – Balance — *Japm*, Sept. 17, '28
I Shall Be Happy — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Starlight — *Bozart*, Mar.-Apr., '29
Mountains — *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Estrangement — *Troubadour*, June, '29
USCHOLD, MAUD E. – Perspective — *Interludes*, Sum., '28
Levee Break — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Autumn Night — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Covenant — *Gypsy*, Oct., '28
Symbols — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Three Reapers — *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
Lost Ships — *Houston Gargoyle*, Nov., '28
Last Dawn — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Ploughman's Dream — *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Metropolis — *Attic Salt*, Dec. 15, '28
Old Ghosts — *Weird Tales*, Jan., '29
Drudge — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Epitaph For a Wife — *Attic Salt*, Mar. 30, '29
Foxes — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, June 9, '29
Forge Song — *Japm*, June 17, '29
Multitudinous Music — *Japm*, June 17, '29
Rain-Crow — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
The Scythes Are Shouldered — *Bozart*, July-Aug., '29
UNTERMEYER, JEAN STARR – Open Day — *Poetry*, June, '29
After Flood — *Poetry*, June, '29
Momentary Daniel — *Poetry*, June, '29
Stony Water — *Poetry*, June, '29
UNTERMEYER, LOUIS – The Heart Recovers — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 15, '28
North to South — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 29, '29

VAIL, RUTH – The Day of Spring Is Here
Will-o'-The-W., Mar.-Apr., '29
Hoard *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Iron Man *Bookfellows*, '29
VAIN, L. – Old Woman *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
VALERY, PAUL – Helen, The Sad Queen (trans. from the French by Janet Lewis) *Dial*, Apr., '29
VALLÉ, ISABEL – Sojourner *Commonweal*, Feb. 27, '29
Old Miss Campbell's Second Crossing
Step Ladder, Mar., '29
VANCE, JOHN FRAZIER – Everlasting *Scribner's*, Nov., '28
Hirelings *Harper's*, Nov., '28
Boat Yard *Scribner's*, Apr., '29
VANDERGRIFT, MARIE WILLIAMS – Impression
Will-o'-The-W., July-Aug., '28
A Bewildered Spring *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Echo *America*, Aug. 11, '28
A Letter *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Speech *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Reserve *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
The Great Illusion *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
Smoke-Signal *Skyline*, Nov., '28
Bethlehem *Amer. Ins. Union*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Machinist *Japm*, Nov. 26, '28
Market Woman *Amer. Poetry*, Apr., '29
Oddity *Muse & Mirror*, Apr., '29
The Shrew *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Divorce *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
Retention *Will-o'The-W.*, May-June, '29
VAN DALINDA, V. G. – A Cripple's Resolution
Messenger, Apr., '29
VAN DE WATER, CHARLOTTE – Creation
Interludes, Win., '28-'29
VAN DOREN, MARK – Runaway *Nation*, Oct. 24, '28
The Little Triangle *Nation*, Dec. 5, '28
Old Tune *Nation*, Jan. 9, '29
The Black Rock *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 13, '29
Dead Dog *Outlook*, Jan. 16, '29
Highway Ghost *Blues*, Apr., '29
The Gazer *Blues*, Apr., '29
Highway Ghost *Blues*, Apr., '29
The Gazer *Blues*, Apr., '29

Modern Sinner *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Epitaph for One Unburied *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Epitaph for a Jester *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
The Philanderer *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Modern Sinner *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Epitaph for One Unburied *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Epitaph for a Jester *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Wit *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
The Friendship *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 24, '29
For Two Brothers *Bookman*, May, '29
For Two Men *Bookman*, May, '29
For a Mighty Woman *Bookman*, May, '29
For a Nameless Woman *Bookman*, May, '29
For Two Brothers *Bookman*, May, '29
For Two Men *Bookman*, May, '29
Pity *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 5, '29
Love *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 5, '29
The Apartment Party *Books: N. Y. Her-Trib.*, June 23, '29
Marriage Songs *Nation*, July 10, '29
Phenomena *Nation*, July 31, '29

VAN DUSEN, WASHINGTON – The Cloisters *Amer. Poetry*, Sept., '28
Music and Immortality *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29

VAN DYKE, HENRY – The Salmon in the Sea *Scribner's*, Apr., '29
To the Old Frigate "Constitution" *Scribner's*, June, '29

VAN HORNE, E. – To Meredith (In the Manner of Emerson) *Letters*, Aug., '28

VAN REIN, ANNE – Cable *Poetry*, May, '29

VAN RIPER, CHARLES – Old Man Pone *Inlander*, June, '29

VAN VORST, MARIE – San Girolamo *America*, July 20, '29

VANNIX, DORA C. – The Forward Look *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28

VANNIX, DORA CLAIRE – Thanksgiving *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Winter *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Spring *Pasque Petals*, June, '29

VECCHIO, THOMAS DEL – When Critics Meet *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Mar., '29

VEIRS, FRANCES – Launched *Letters*, Aug., '28
The Romany Trail *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28

VERNON, ANNA – Robin in the Rain — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Sum., '29
VIK, DELLA B. – Growth — *Pasque Petals*, Aug., '28
Pages — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Cheer — *Pasque Petals*, Dec., '28
Which — *Lantern*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Things — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Unkind — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Snow — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
VINAL, HAROLD – Annulment — *World Tomorrow*, Aug., '28
Half Gods — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
To a Traveller — *Japm*, Nov. 12, '28
Celestial Visitant — *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Lean World — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The Year Turns — *Bozart*, Jan.-Feb., '29
Surveillance — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Harbor — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Snared — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Plea For Eden — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Constellation — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Oh, Content — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Dubious Enterprise — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Slow Train — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Portrait in Acid — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Celestial Dirge — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Interval — *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Slow Train — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Celestial Dirge — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Dubious Enterprise — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Snared — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Harbor — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Surveillance — *Japm*, Jan. 21, '29
Winter Sea — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Credo — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Interior Without Light — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Web — *Voices*, Feb., '29
Mixture — *Voices*, Feb., '29
First Born — *Voices*, Apr., '29
Enemy — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
Total Day — *Prairie Schooner*, Spring, '29
Thread of Hope — *Harp*, May-June, '29
Dream of Time — *Japm*, May 6, '29

VINCENT, RONALD – Doubt
Greenwich Vilge Quill, Mar., '29
VINTON, ELEANOR W. – Among Tree-Folk
Japm, Jan. 28, '29
VOOS, JOAN – Toward Wind and Sky *Japm*, Aug. 13, '28
The Ivory Ship Model *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Awakening *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Her Way of Life *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
VOSS, ELIZABETH – My Lawn
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Oct., '28
Nature Rejoices *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Moon Magic *Westward*, May, '29

W., H. – In Varying Mood *Prairie Schooner*, Aut., '28
W., R. C. – Pickanniny *Commonweal*, Nov. 28, '28
WADE, EDMUNDSON – The Harbor *Interludes*, Sum., '28
WADMAN, GROSVENOR L. – About the City
Driftwind, July, '29
WAGERS, DERRAL DERHONDA – To My Mother
Westward, May, '29
WAGNER, ALMA H. – Rain at Night *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
To Louis Heimlich *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
When Leaves Grow Rusty *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
WAGNER, CHARLES A. – Sawmill *Commonweal*, Aug. 1, '28
Darkness *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
Houses *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Nov. 11, '28
To Younger Poets *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
To Younger Poets *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
I Remember *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Infinity *Cont. Verse*, Feb., '29
Roads *Nation*, Feb. 13, '29
Dawn Journey *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Harbor Etching *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
Muns Lambert *Commonweal*, Apr. 10, '29
Prelude *Japm*, Apr. 29, '29
Promise *Cont. Verse*, May, '29
WAGNER, MARJORIE – A Game of Three
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
WAGSTAFF, BLANCHE SHOEMAKER – Atavism
Cont. Verse, Aug.-Sept., '28
Autumn *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28

Black Oak — *Step Ladder*, Oct., '28
Autumn Woods — *Step Ladder*, Feb., '29
Woman — *Unity*, July 29, '29
WAITE, SHIRLEY DILLON — Lament — *Japm*, June 3, '29
WALKER, T. ASHLEY — Denied Rest — *Skyline*, Jan., '29
WALL, T. F. — Her Birthday — *Westward*, Aug., '28
WALLACE, EUNICE — Search — *Community A. & C.*, July-Aug., '28
WALLER, HELEN — Inquest — *Westward*, Aug., '28
On Hallowmas — *Lyric*, Dec., '28
My Heart — *Will-o'-The-W.*, May-June, '29
Revolt — *Lyric*, June, '29
WALLING, GRACE H. — Defence of a Philanderer — *Westward*, Feb., '29
WALSH, ERNEST — Now . . . — *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
A Love Song — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Explanations — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
Irish — *Troubadour*, Nov., '28
WALSH, HAZEL SHEPHERD — Deep Pools Agleam — *Westward*, Feb., '29
WALSH, THOMAS — Henry Longan Stuart (1875–1928) — *Commonweal*, Oct. 3, '28
WALSH, WILLIAM THOMAS — Perceptions — *America*, Aug. 4, '28
A Christmas Lullaby — *America*, Dec. 22, '28
To One Lying Dead — *America*, Feb. 23, '29
Nocturne — *America*, Apr. 20, '29
Hope — *America*, June 15, '29
WALSHE, S. J., REV. J. D. — The Coral Peak — *Westward*, Aug., '28
The Goal Sublime — *Westward*, Feb., '29
WALTER, NINA WILLIS — What Lies Behind the Curtains of Your Eyes? — *Community A. & C.*, Dec., '28
WALTON, EDA LOU — Against Autumn — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Oct. 28, '28
Inheritance (For Maud and Frank) — *Nation*, May 1, '29
No Other Spring — *Books: N. Y. Her.-Trib.*, May 5, '29
WARD, BALLARD — Song of November — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
WARD, GILBERT OAKLEY — Sonnet — *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., '28
WARD, LEO L. — Prairie — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Wabash — *Poetry*, Feb., '29

Butchering Day — *Poetry*, Feb., '29
WARD, MARIAN L. – Corinthian Island — *Westward*, May, '29
WARD, MARY B. – Masked — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Philosopher — *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Call of the City — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
WARD, MAY WILLIAMS – Rhythms Smoother Than Rowing — *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Structural — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
"When I Am Discontented With My House"—Emerson — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
WARD, OLIVE – Words — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Winged — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Macallister — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
A Woman We Shunned — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
Makeshift — *Poetry*, Jan., '29
WARD, WILLIAM ALLEN – The Ghoul — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
The Bacillus Was Wise — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
The Bucket of Blood — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
In a Garden — *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry*, Oct., '28
Ignorance — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Twilight — *Amer. Poet*, Nov., '28
On a Winter Night — *Amer. Poetry*, Jan., '29
Red Wine — *Westward*, Feb., '29
Success — *Commonweal*, Mar. 13, '29
Birds of a Feather — *Muse & Mirror*, Spr., '29
Talons — *Interludes*, Spr., '29
Shoulders of the City — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Daybreak Is a Pantheress — *Kaleidoscope*, May, '29
Thug in an Alley — *Lyric*, May, '29
Jungle — *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
On the Nature of Things — *Sonnet Seq.*, July, '29
WARING, ROGER L. – Excursion Boat — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
To a Host — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Autumn in a Court — *Amer. Poetry*, Oct., '28
WARING, WALTER EVERETT – Murderer — *Crisis*, Sept., '28
The Gray Man Speaks — *Crisis*, May, '29
WASHBURN, JANE – Winter Evening — *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
WASHBURN, OWEN R. – A Green Mountain Motor Song — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Billboards of the Future — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28

By Blue Waters — *Driftwind*, Nov., '28
WATKINS, ELEANOR PRESTON – Lupines — *Westward*, Aug., '28
WATKINS, VI, JAMES T. – Tanka — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Tanka — *Westward*, May, '29
WATSON, EDITHA L. – Trunk Tray — *Japm*, Aug. 6, '28
Gray Lizards — *Westward*, Nov., '28
Vestal — *Bozart*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Millionaire — *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
WATSON, EVELYN M. – Love and Learning — *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Summergold — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Love — *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Death — *Amer. Poetry*, Nov., '28
My Heart Is Fixed, Therefore I Sing — *Lantern*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The French Language — *Sonnet Seq.*, Mar., '29
Singing Silence — *Interludes*, Spring, '29
WATSON, HELEN FIELD – Soliloquy of the Dill Worm — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Intercession — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
A Teacher's Morning Prayer — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Intimate God — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Each Night I Dream — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
WATSON, MABEL CORNELIA – The House Beloved — *Good Counsel*, Lent, '29
WEAKLEY, J. HOMER – Silver Night — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Wind — *Amer. Poet*, Dec., '28
Forsaken — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
WEAVER, BENNETT – Of Hunger and Thirst — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Of Her — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Of An Empty House — *Midland*, July-Aug., '28
Earth Waters — *Inlander*, Oct., '28
Angelo's "Matthew," Unfinished — *Midland*, Nov.-Dec., '28
Dark Eagles — *Inlander*, Dec., '28
Fog — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The Granaries of Grief — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
The Valley of the Lonely Thunders — *Midland*, Jan.-Feb., '29
WEBB, TESSA SWEAZY – Labor — *Interludes*, Sum., '28

Remembrances — *Will-o'-The-W.*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Deceit — *Japm*, Sept. 3, '28
Winter Madness — *Cleve. Club Woman*, Mar. '29
Moss — *Kablegram*, Mar., '29
Petition — *Japm*, Apr. 8, '29
Revealment — *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
WEBSTER, WILLIAM — Be Joyous — *Amer. Poetry*, Aug., '28
WEBSTER, HENRY CLINTON — The Curse That Abides — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Apotheosis — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
WEED, KATHERINE DER. — Perversity — *Amer. Poet*, May, '29
WEED, VERNE — Slaves' Creed — *Window*, Apr., '29
Auto Accident — *Window*, Apr., '29
Song of the Old in Spring — *Window*, May, '29
WEEDE, ETHYL PORTER — The Man of Property — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
WEEKS, HOWARD — Portrait — *transition*, Sum., '28
WEIN, DOROTHY V. — Thou Shalt Seek Beauty — *Amer. Poetry*, Feb., '29
WEISS, CELIA — Feline — *Skyline*, May, '29
WEISS, HENRY GEORGE — Brevity — *Driftwind*, Sept., '28
Defrauded — *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
There Is No Peace — *Driftwind*, Mar., '29
WEISS, MONA C. — Ridicule — *Japm*, Sept. 10, '28
Crumbs — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
WELCH, MARIE DE L. — Starless Night — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Sea City — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Misty Orchard — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Weed — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Hill Quietness — *Poetry*, Mar., '29
Articulate — *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 13, '29
Apology for an Adventure — *Bozart*, May-June, '29
WELLER, MYRA P. — Was It You? — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
WELLES, WINIFRED — Ungentle Threat — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 1, '29
Tulips — *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29
The Heart of Light — *Poetry*, July, '29
A Child's Drawing of a Cobweb — *Poetry*, July, '29
A Dog Who Ate a Pond Lily — *Poetry*, July, '29
Brown Bread — *Poetry*, July, '29
Feast in the Forest — *Poetry*, July, '29
Boy — *Poetry*, July, '29

The Edge of the Wilderness *Poetry*, July, '29
WELLMAN, ESTHER TURNER – You *Epworth Herald*, Sept. 22, '28
WENDT, MARTHA M. – Echo *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
Glorianne *Amer. Poet*, Apr., '29
WESENBERG, ALICE BIDWELL – For a New Line-A-Day Diary *Voices*, Feb., '29
Suburban Street *Gypsy*, June, '29
WEST, RUTH – An Independent Gal *Houston Gargoyle*, Feb. 24, '29
WESTBROOK, IRENE – Evening *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
WESTCOTT, NELL C. – Portrait *Japm*, June 3, '2[illegible]
WESTERMAN, RALPH – Relativity *San Franciscan*, Jan., '2[illegible]
WHARTON, MARGARET L. – A Male Order *Household Mag.*, Aug., '2[illegible]
In Remembrance *Household Mag.*, Sept., '2[illegible]
To Him *Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
Wonder Why? *Household Mag.*, Dec., '28
WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL – Obsession *Outlook*, June 12, '29
WHICHER, GEORGE MEASON – The Dream Undreamed *Interludes*, Aut., '28
WHITAKER, ROBERT – The Believer *Cont. Verse.*, Aug.-Sept., '28
The Builders *World Tomorrow*, Oct., '28
Program *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
The Narrow Way *Japm*, Oct. 22, '28
The Order *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28
Broadcasting (First "National Hook-Up," Campaign of 1928) *Unity*, Dec. 17, '28
WHITCOMB, EDNA OSBORNE – In Grandmother's Garden *The Portal*, Aug., '28
Figurehead in a Newfoundland Garden *Community A. & C.*, Oct., '28
October Roses *Household Mag.*, Oct., '28
In a Pioneer Cemetery *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
The Grave of a Kansas Soldier *Hutchinson* (*Kans.*) *News*, Nov. 3, '28
A Tree *Hutchinson* (*Kans.*) *News*, Dec. 1, '28
My Earth *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Dahlias of Skagway *Christian Sc. Mon.*, Mar. 11, '29
A Daughter's Rhapsody *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
The Milky Way *Cradle Roll Home*, '29

WHITCOMB, SELDEN LINCOLN – At McClurg's *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
Bird of the Prairie Sky for Me *Hutchinson (Kans.) News*, Oct. 28, '28
Mother's Birthday *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
Farm Philosophy *Hutchinson (Kans.) News*, Nov. 3, '28
My Vacation Host *Hutchinson (Kans.) News*, Dec. 1, '28
South Dakota (1803–1928) *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
Capitol Hill *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
"Who Is My Neighbor?" *Kans. City Star*, Mar. 11, '29
Whatye Makin'? *Kans. City Star*, Mar. 31, '29
Beneath the Foothills *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
The Veery at Fond Du Lac *Christian Sc. Mon.* '29
WHITE, GRACE HOFFMAN – The Mystic *Lyric*, Dec., '28
WHITE, HAL SAUNDERS – Housewarming *Nation*, Nov. 7, '28
Under the Sheen *Nation*, Nov. 28, '28
Christmas Eve: New York *Nation*, Dec. 26, '28
The Street *Nation*, Jan. 23, '29
Watchers *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Feb. 10, '29
Bent Toward Mountains *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29
Puzzle No More *Poetry*, May, '29
Winter Wife *Poetry*, May, '29
Sunday Morning *Poetry*, May, '29
God Perfects Pear Trees *Poetry*, May, '29
WHITE, WALDEEN H. – The Passing of a Little Old Lady *Lyric*, May, '29
WHITE, VIOLA C. – Stalks *Voices*, Apr., '29
Wind *Voices*, Apr., '29
Now I Lay Me *Voices*, Apr., '29
Do Not Plant Cities *Voices*, Apr., '29
WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT – The Luminous Door *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
At Giotto's House *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
A Portrait in the Bargello Chapel *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Mourner *Independent*, Oct. 6, '28
Alien *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
Transfiguration *Amer. Poetry*, May, '29
Other Mansions *Harper's*, June, '29
WHITFORD, LEE – "The Happy Warrior" *Driftwind*, Jan., '29
Azariah's Book *Driftwind*, July, '29

WHITNEY, GEORGE E. – Pioneers *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
WHITSETT, GEORGE – Prophets Among Marshes *transition*, Feb., '29
WHITTAKER, GEORGE S. – Invocation *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
WICKERSHAM, CATHERINE – The Passing of a Kingdom *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
Hands of the Bad Lands *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
WIDDEMER, MARGARET – Ballad of the Marsh-King's Daughter *Harp*, July-Aug., '28
Proud People *World Tomorrow*, Sept., '28
Lament for Heaven *Harper's*, Sept., '28
Pigeons *Voices*, Mar., '29
Shendon Water *Outlook*, June 12, '29
Homecoming *Unity*, June 24, '29
WIEST, ELIZABETH – On My Love's Return from Far Places *Window*, Apr., '29
WIGGINS, FORREST O. – I Want a New God *Crisis*, Apr., '29
WIGHT, HILLIARD – Orphic *Cont. Verse*, Mar., '29
Trees *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
In the Hills (Arkansas) *Japm*, Jan. 14, '29
WILES, CORA YOUNG – Life Is So Short *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
WILCOX, MARGUERITE – Another Spring *Troubadour*, June, '29
WILDE, EDNA JUDSON – Winter *Commonweal*, Feb. 27, '29
WILDER, CHARLOTTE – Song *Commonweal*, Jan. 2, '29
WILHELM, GALE – Madonna *Japm*, Jan. 7, '29
If I Could Go Singing *Japm*, Feb. 25, '29
Memories *Westward*, May, '29
WILLARD, EDNA CONSTANCE – Moonlight *Troubadour*, Aug., '28
WILLIAMS, B. Y. – Design for a Garden *Amer. Poetry Mag.*, Aug., '28
Vistas *Oracle*, Sept., '28
Post-Graduate *Bozart*, Sept.-Oct., '28
The Bethlehem Innkeeper Speaks *N. Y. Times*, Dec., '28
Winter Orchard *N. Y. Times*, Feb., '29
"Cock of the Walk" *Amer. Poetry Mag.*, Mar., '29
Extravaganza *Interludes*, Spring, '29

Song Against Beauty — *Cin. Times Star*, May 4, '29
Ah, Futile Hands — *Cin. Times Star*, May 6, '29
The Poet Selects Vegetables (For M. P.) — *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
WILLIAMS, BLANCHE GRAHAM – Monotone — *Ind. Poetry Mag.*, Spring, '29
WILLIAMS, FANNIE B. – To Sitting Bull — *Pasque Petals*, Sept., '28
The Inevitable — *Pasque Petals*, Nov., '28
The Pioneers of South Dakota — *Pasque Petals*, Jan., '29
WILLIAMS, FANNIE B. – Unspoken — *Pasque Petals*, Mar., '29
Prairie Mood — *Pasque Petals*, June, '29
WILLIAMS, HARRY BRISTOL – Departure — *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Harvests — *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
WILLIAMS, ISABEL K. – Definition — *Amer. Poet*, Aug., '28
Remorse — *Amer. Poet*, Sept.-Oct., '28
Despair — *Amer. Poet*, Jan., '29
The Last Kiss — *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
WILLIAMS, REV. J. A. – I'll Build Me a House — *Pasque Petals*, Oct., '28
Tribute — *Pasque Petals*, Feb., '29
Compensation — *Pasque Petals*, Apr., '29
To My Mother in Heaven — *Pasque Petals*, May, '29
Flower Message — *Pasque Petals*, July, '29
WILLIAMS, JESSIE R. – Submission — *Christian Cent.*, Oct. 18, '28
Elegy — *Muse & Mirror*, Nov., '28
Vision — *Overland Monthly*, Feb., '29
Evasion — *Muse & Mirror*, Spring, '29
Unfettered — *Japm*, Apr. 22, '29
Antipodal — *Commonweal*, July 10, '29
WILLIAMS, MARION A. – Scandal — *Skyline*, May, '29
Storm — *Skyline*, May, '29
Schubert — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
The Other Woman — *Cleve. Club Wom.*, June, '29
WILLIAMS, RUBY A. – Foothill Fantasy — *Westward*, Feb., '29
WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS – The Source — *Dial*, Nov., '28
The Lily — *Dial*, Nov., '28

On Gay Wallpaper *Dial*, Nov., '28
WILLIAMSON, ESTELLA M. – The Redwoods
Overland Monthly, Jan., '29
WILLIS, M. RAY – Ultima *Japm*, Oct. 15, '28
WILMOT, JANA – Let the Dead Bury—
Troubadour, Sept., '28
WILSEY, MILDRED – Small Harbor
World Tomorrow, Jan., '29
WILSON, ARTHUR – Mona Alnuth *Dial*, Mar., '29
WILSON, EDMUND – Provincetown *Bookman*, Apr., '29
WILSON, ETHEL BRODT – Noon and Caravans
Amer. Poetry, Aug., '28
WILSON, JOHN FRENCH – December Solstice
Bk. of Rhymers' Club, Dec., '28
In a Walled Garden *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., '28
June Solstice *Bk. of Rhymers' Club*, Dec., '28
WILSON, LUCY M. – Gossip *Japm*, Oct. 1, '28
That's April *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
WILSON, MAUD COOPER – Sonnet to a Friend
Ind. Poetry Mag., Spring, '29
WILSON, NELL GRIFFITH – In Spring *Westward*, Aug., '28
WILSON, TED CARL – Envy *Interludes*, Aut., '28
Emily Brontë *Japm*, Nov. 19, '28
Legend For a Child *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
Gargoyle *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
Note *Interludes*, Win., '28-'29
Dawn Fantasia *Japm*, Mar. 11, '29
Moment *Japm*, May 27, '29
WILSON, YETTA – Adventurer *Will-o'-The-W.*, Mar.-Apr., '29
WINGERD, FRANCES – Stanzas of Five Lines
DePauw Mag., May, '29
Poem *DePauw Mag.*, May, '29
WINKLER, MAE – Chords *Amer. Poet*, June, '29
WINSLOW, ANN – Night *Amer. Poetry*, July, '29
WINTERS, YVOR – Simplex Munditii *Dial*, Mar., '29
WISE, RUBY ROBINSON – Rain Runes
Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry, Apr., '29
WITTERS, MAY HAMMOND – Vermont Hills
Driftwind, Nov., '28
WOLCOTT, MARTHA FOX – Lines of Parting
America, Apr. 27, '29

WOLF, ELIZABETH – Monarchs (Cinquain)
Cleve. Club Wom., Jan., '29
Winter *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Jan., '29
WOLFE, HUMBERT – Laurel *Harper's*, Mar., '29
WOLFE, WALTER BERAN – Puente Cabrillo
Troubadour, Aug., '28
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JULY 1928 TO AUGUST 1929

ANONYMOUS – Black Armour (On Elinor Wylie) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 29, '28

Emily Dickinson *Scholastic*, Dec. 1, '28

Friendly Inquisitions on the State of Modern Poetry *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Jan. 20, '29

Miss Warner's Maggot ("Time Importuned," by S. T. Warner) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28

Popular Long Poems *Nation*, Aug. 22, '28

The Decay of Rhythm *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct., 13, '28

The Subject of Poetry *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 8, '28

Thomas Hardy's Early Years in a Memoir by His Wife *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Nov. 11, '28

Swinburne's Last Years Added Little to His Fame ("Swinburne," by S. C. Chew) *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Mar. 24, '29

ADLER, FREDERICK HERBERT – The Poetry of Our Own Day *Cleve. Club Wom.*, Oct., '28

AIDLINE-TROMMER, ELBERT – "Alexander Pushkin" and Alexander Pushkin *Opportunity*, Aug., '28

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Poetry (E. Wylie, C. Norman, E. L. Masters, E. A. Robinson) *Bookman*, May, '29

Emily Dickinson and Her Editors ("Further Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Yale Rev.*, July, '29

ALLEN, HARVEY – An American Epic ("John Brown's Body," by S. V. Benét) *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '29

Announcements of Awards (Annual "Poetry" Prizes) *Poetry*, Nov., '28

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Deep Rooted ("Sarah Simon, Character Atlantean," by H. Allen) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, May 12, '29
An Extremely Poetic Poet ("This Blind Rose," by H. Wolfe) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, June 23, '29
AUSTIN, MARY – Poetry in the Education of Children
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The Meter of Aztec Verse *Southwest Rev.*, Jan., '29
Desert Poetry ("Along Old Trials," by W. H. Simpson)
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BANGS, JANET N. – The Poetry Clinic *Step Ladder*, Jan., '29
BARBER, SOLON R. – Toward a Living Poetry
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BARNES, NELLIE – Indian Choral Songs
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BARROWES-DONALD, H. C. – Spain Without Castles ("The King of Spain and Other Poems," by M. Bodenheim)
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BECKETT, SAMUEL – Dante . . . Bruno . . . Vico . . . Joyce *transition*, June, '29
BELLINGER, ALFRED R. – An Illuminating Anthology ("An Anthology of World Poetry," by M. Van Doren)
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BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE – An Astronomical Epic ("The New Argonautica," by W. B. D. Henderson)
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BONNER, MARITA ODETTE – Autumn Love-Circle (by G. D. Johnson) *Opportunity*, April, '29
BOTKIN, B. A. – The Verse Racket *Southwest Rev.*, Jan., '29
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BRAGDON, CLAUDE – A Footnote on Æ *Dial*, July, '29
BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY – Through the Year 1928 with the Poets *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 24, '28

Further Poems of Emily Dickinson
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The Fate of the Eleanor Murray Jury ("The Fate of the Jury," by E. L. Masters)
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The Glow of Miss Coatsworth's Art ("Compass Rose")
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The Collected Poems of W. H. Davies
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BRANCH, ANNA HEMPSTEAD – Fiery Essences ("Trivial Breath," by E. Wylie) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 20, '28

BROOKS, VAN WYCK – Flaming Portent of Romanticism ("Swinburne," by S. C. Chew)
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, April 14, '29

BROWN, ROLLO WALTER – A Sublimated Puritan (Emily Dickinson) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 6, '28

BROWNE, EDYTHE HELEN – Thomas Moore: 1779–1929
America, June 1, '29

Bucknell Verse for 1929. Written by the Students of Bucknell University, Lewisburg, Penn.

BUDGEN, FRANK – The Work in Progress of James Joyce and Old Norse Poetry *transition*, Sum., '28

BURNSHAW, STANLEY – Vers-Libre in Full Bloom, A Note on the Prosody of André Spire *Poetry*, Sept., '28

BYNNER, WITTER – Poetry and Culture *Dial*, Oct., '28

Translating the Orient ("Poetry of the Orient," etc., by E. Tietjens) *Bookman*, April, '29

C., D. P., – The Soul of Bliss Carman
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CAMPBELL, GLADYS – In the Series ("A Stranger and Afraid," by T. Olson) *Poetry*, June, '29

CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL – "His Soul Goes Marching On" ("John Brown's Body," by S. V. Benét)
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Sept. 29, '28

The Adventures of Libido ("The Great Enlightenment," by L. W. Dodd) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 2, '29

CARMER, CARL – The Sacred Harp Singers
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CASON, CLARENCE E. – William Ellery Leonard
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CHEN, KWEI – Four Chapters of Autobiography
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CHEW, SAMUEL C. – Shakespearean Research ("Shakespeare's Workshop," by W. J. Lawrence)
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Thomas Hardy *N. Y. Her.-Trib.:* Books, Dec, 2, '28
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A Belated Elizabethan ("The Life and Letters of George Darley," by C. Colleer Abbott)
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Apr. 28, '29
A Precious Relic (Keats' Shakespeare) *Nation*, June 5, '29
CLARK, EDWIN – Goldsmith in the Light of Exhaustive Research *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Mar. 3, '29
COLLINS, JR., LOYD – A Young Man With a Future—and Another New Englander ("A Stranger and Afraid," by T. Olson; "Spring Plowing," by C. Malam)
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Seboomook—and Other Good Stories ("Hale's Pond," by J. Whaler) *Voices*, Mar., '29
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COLUM, MARY M. – First of the Moderns (Goethe)
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O Virtuous Light! ("Angels and Earthly Creatures," by E. Wylie) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 25, '29
COLTON, ARTHUR – Essays in Criticism ("Some Modern Poets and Other Essays," by E. Davison)
Sat. Rev. of Lit., Aug. 4, '28
Elizabethan Drama ("Words and Poetry," by G. H. W. Rylands) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Jan. 19, '29
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Poetical Theory ("Dialogues and Monologues," by H. Wolfe) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Feb. 16, '29
CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY – Hound and Fugitive ("The Long Leash," by J. N. North); ("The Golden

Snare," by S. K. Russell) *Voices*, Feb., '29

COWLEY, MALCOLM – The Voyager of Dreams ("Charles Baudelaire," by F. Porche)
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CROSBY, HARRY – Observation-Post (Reply to M. Eastman's "The Cult of Unintelligibility") *transition*, June, '29

DALPHIN, MARCIA – Painted Notes of Singing Birds ("New Songs of New Voices," by L. Untermeyer)
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Oct. 21, '28

DAVIS, ALLISON – Our Negro "Intellectuals" (wise comment on some Negro poets) *Crisis*, Aug., '28

DEUTSCH, BABETTE – Seen During a Moment ("Good Morning, America," by C. Sandburg)
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, Oct. 21, '28

Inner Weather ("West-Running Brook," by R. Frost)
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Poets and Poetasters (books by Yeats, Frost, Hardy, Miss Warner, L. Bacon, W. E. Leonard, Mrs. Frost, G. Taggard, V. Moore, A. Tate) *Bookman*, Dec., '28

Two Horses ("The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," by A. MacLeish) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Dec. 16, '28

Under a Spell ("Midsummer Night, and Other Tales in Verse") *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 20, '29

A Solemn Music ("The Heart's Journey," by S. Sassoon)
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A Poet's House of Life ("Cavender's House," by E. A. Robinson) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Apr. 21, '29

A Sojourn in Infinity ("Further Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Bookman*, May, '29

DILLON, GEORGE – A Light Never Upon Land or Sea ("Angels and Earthly Creatures," by E. Wylie)
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DONAHOE, DANIEL JOSEPH – Some Old Easter Hymns
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DRISCOLL, LOUISE – Poetry of Life ("Collected Poems," by M. Widdemer) *Voices*, Jan., '29

DRUMMOND, JOHN – Twelve Poets ("The Poetry Quartos")
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EASTMAN, MAX – America Attempts an Epic ("John Brown's Body," by S. V. Benét) *Bookman*, Nov., '28

A Passing Fashion ("The Buck in the Snow," by E. St. V. Millay) *Nation*, Dec. 5, '28

The Cult of Unintelligibity (on the modernists) *Harper's*, Apr., '29

EGLINGTON, JOHN – Irish Letter (Yeats) *Dial*, Nov., '28

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ELEANORE, C.S.C., SISTER M. – Rupert Brooke and the Incarnation *America*, Mar. 23, '29

ELLIOTT, G. R. – Young God Keats ("Keats' Shakespeare," by C. F. E. Spurgeon) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 25, '29

ELLIS, KENNETH M. – Ojibwe's Magic Music (with poems from the Ojibwe) *Scribner's*, July, '29

FEARING, KENNETH – Beyond Estheticism ("Returning to Emotion," by M. Bodenheim; "The King of Spain," by M. Bodenheim) *Menorah Journ.*, Sept., '28

FERRIL, THOMAS HORNSBY – A True Poet ("Cry of Time," by H. Hall) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 3, '29

FIRKINS, O. W. – Satire and Symbol ("Guinea Fowl, and Other Poultry," "The Legend of Quincibald," by L. Bacon) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 8, '28

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A Woman in the Tropics ("Sarah Simon: Character Atlantean," by H. Allen) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 20, '29

FLANDERS, HELEN HARTNESS – Storied Places ("The Tinker's Road"—"Sun and Candlelight," by M. Angus) *Voices*, Jan., '29

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD – Fierce Latinity ("Mr. Pope, and Other Poems," by A. Tate) *Nation*, Apr. 3, '29

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GALANTIERE, LEWIS – Hamlet for Our Time ("The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," by A. MacLeish) *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29

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GINSBERG, LOUIS – Dreiser's Poetry ("Moods Cadenced and

Declaimed," by T. Dreiser) *Voices*, Jan., '29

GORMAN, HERBERT – A Modern Anthony ("The Temptation," by I. Schneider) *Poetry*, Feb., '29

Probing the Heart of Baudelaire *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Feb. 17, '29

Anthologies (books on, by Robert Graves and Laura Riding) *Bookman*, Mar., '29

Thomas Beddoes, Mystery Man of Letters *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, July 14, '29

GREEN, CLARA B. – Emily Dickinson, Further Thoughts of Her "Further Poems." *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, July 13, '29

GREEN, JULIEN – William Blake, Prophet *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Apr., '29

GREENLAW, EDWIN – The Yale Shakespeare ("Shakespeare of Stratford," by T. Brooke) *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '28

GREGORY, HORACE – After a Half-Century ("The Tower," by W. B. Yeats) *Poetry*, Oct., '28

Sandburg's Salutation ("Good Morning America," by C. Sandburg) *Poetry*, Jan., '29

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HALL, EDWARD B. – Robert Frost as a Significant Poet *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Dec. 15, '28

The Immortal Spirit of Adventure ("The New Argonautica. An Heroic Poem in Eight Cantos," etc., by W. B. D. Henderson) *Bost Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 17, '28

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HAMPSON, ALFRED LEETE – Emily Dickinson: Evidence of the Authenticity of "Further Poems" *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Aug. 3, '29

HAN, YU-SHAN – Some Aspects of Ancient Chinese Poetry *Personalist*, Apr., '29

HARRISON, HENRY – The Biggest of Them All (Anthology

of Magazine Verse) *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
Five Books of Verse (by R. Nathan, A. M. Sullivan, C. Giltinan, J. H. Rhoades, J. M. Franks)
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Five Modern Poets (M. Gibbob, E. Coatsworth, C. A. Wagner, K. Fearing, K. Wallis)
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HOMER, SIDNEY – Baudelaire in His Rise and Fall ("Charles Baudelaire," by F. Porche, trans. by J. Mavin)
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Mr. Robinson Jeffers Brings Hamlet to California ("Cawdor, and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers)
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The Soul of Keats Laid Bare in His Set of Shakespeare ("Keats' Shakespeare," by C. F. E. Spurgeon)
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That Most Gentle of Poets, William Cowper
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Further Poems of That Shy Recluse, Emily Dickinson
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Poetry in Piston Rods, Wheels and Purring Shafts ("Machinery," by M. Black)
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Mr. Masters Writes An Epilogue to "Domesday Book"
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Tragedy of "Cavender's House" (E. A. Robinson)
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Elinor Wylie's Last Poems Have Her Rare Quality
N. Y. Times Book Rev., Apr. 28, '29

The Case For and Against the Poetry Anthology
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Lawrence's Poems Show an Alert and Vital Spirit ("Collected Poems") *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, July 7, '29

HUXLEY, ALDOUS – Wordsworth in the Tropics
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HYDER, CLYDE K. – Thalassius Again (books on Swinburne by G. Lafourcade and S. C. Chew)
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JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD – The Longfellow Nobody Knows
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JONES, LLEWELLYN – Lincoln Country ("Jack Kelso: A Dramatic Poem," by E. L. Masters)
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Poetry Under the Scalpel (comments on books on the structure and appreciation of poetry) *Poetry*, June, '29

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KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE – Pagan Song (books by T. Olson, F. C. Mason, A. de Luca, G. Oaks, Fifty Poems by American Poets, Grub Street Book of Verse, 1928) *Greenwich Vilge Quill*, Feb., '29
KIRCHWEY, FREDA – New England Devils ("The Devil Is a Woman," by A. M. Kimball) *Nation*, Mar. 27, '29
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LEE, MUNA – Dominica Sings to Herself ("Del Folk-Lore Musical Dominicana. Tomo I," by Julio Arzena) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 11, '28
LEFFERT, HENRY – Swinburne (by S. C. Chew) *Bookman*, May, '29
LINSCOTT, ROBERT N. – K. O. ("The Set-Up," by J. M. March) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Nov. 18, '28
LOVETT, ROBERT MORSS – The Early Life of Thomas Hardy *Bookman*, Mar., '29
LOW, ANN – Verses for Little People *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Nov. 7, '28
LOWE, ORTON – Robert Frost *Scholastic*, Sept. 22, '28
"Caroling Dusk," An Anthology of Negro Poets *Scholastic*, Nov. 17, '28
Genevieve Taggard *Scholastic*, Oct. 20, '28
S. V. Benét's "John Brown's Body" *Scholastic*, Nov. 3, '28
Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Buck in the Snow" *Scholastic* Nov. 17, '28
John G. Neihardt *Scholastic*, Dec. 1, '28
Alfred Edward Housman *Scholastic*, Jan. 5, '29
James Stephen *Scholastic*, Jan. 19, '29
Edwin Arlington Robinson *Scholastic*, Feb. 2, '29
Carl Sandburg *Scholastic*, Feb. 16, '29
Padraic Colum *Scholastic*, Mar. 2, '29

Humbert Wolfe *Scholastic*, Mar. 16, '29
Poetry of the Orient (Eunice Tietjens) *Scholastic*, Mar. 30, '29
Thomas Hardy *Scholastic*, Apr. 13, '29
Sarojini Naidu *Scholastic*, May 11, '29
Helene Mullins *Scholastic*, May 25, '29

LOWES, JOHN LIVINGSTON – Defense of Poetry ("The Good Estate of Poetry," by C. B. Tinker; "The Garment of Praise," by E. C. Chilton and H. Agar) *Yale Rev.*, July, '29

LOWRY, HOWARD F. – Alas, Poor Yorick! ("Matthew Arnold," by H. Kingsmill) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Nov. 17, '28

LUHRS, MARIE – Gentle Breath ("The Upward Pass," by H. Bellamann) *Poetry*, Mar., '29

M., F. – Some Songs of the Hour ("Nearer the Bone," by C. A. Wagner; "Bands and Rebels," by K. Wallis; "Angels' Arms," by K. Fearing) *Bost. Eve Transcript*, June 1, '29

MACAFEE, HELEN – The Dark Hill of the Muses ("Cavender's House," by E. A. Robinson; "Angels and Earthly Creatures," by E. Wylie) *Yale Rev.*, July, '29

MACCARTHY, DESMOND – Thomas Hardy *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 1, '28

MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD – Some Recent Poetry ("anarchism is not enough," by laura riding; "Now the Sky," by M. Van Doren; "The Idols," by L. Binyon) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29

MACY, JOHN – Tennyson, The Perfect Laureate *Bookman*, June, '29

MANSFIELD, MARGERY – Margaret Widdemer ("Collected Poems," by M. Widdemer) *Poetry*, Feb., '29
Humbly Offered ("Jealous of Dead Leaves," by S. O'Sheel) *Poetry*, Apr., '29

MARCO, ANGELA – A Terrible World ("Cawdor and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers) *Voices*, Spring, '29

MASON, FRANCIS CLAIBORNE – Cale Young Rice *Virginia Quart. Rev.*, Jan., '29

MATTHEWS, HERBERT – Belated Fruit of the Rossetti Centenary *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Mar. 10, '29

MAURY, JEAN WEST – Clement Wood at Home in Greenwich Village *Bost. Eve. Transcript*, Dec. 15, '28

McAstocker, David P. – Concerning Catholic Poets *Commonweal*, Feb., 20, '29

McCord, David – Poet and Publisher *Harper's*, Aug., '28

Life a Field in Stubble ("The Devil Is a Woman," by A. M. Kimball) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Apr. 20, '29

McCurry, R. Blayne – Ruth Suckow *Tanager*, Mar., '29

McGill, Anna Blanche – Historical Elements in the British Ballads Surviving in the Kentucky Mountains (Josephine McGill Collection) *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry Mag.*, July, '29

In Tip Sams of Kentucky, and Other Poems and Dramas *Ky. Folk-Lore & Poetry Mag.*, July, '29

McNiff, S.J., Francis J.—Some Songs of Old (Oxford Book of Medieval Verse) *America*, Nov. 3, '28

Monroe, Harriet – The "Voice" and the "Singer" *Poetry*, Sept., '28

Serene and Secure ("Outcrop," by A. H. Evans) *Poetry*, Sept., '28

Looking Backward (Sixteenth Anniversary of "Poetry") *Poetry*, Oct., '28

A Cinema Epic ("John Brown's Body," by S. V. Benét) *Poetry*, Nov., '28

Groping and Flying ("Stone Dust," by F. E. Hill) *Poetry*, Dec., '28

Miss Millay's New Book ("The Buck in the Snow," by E. St. V. Millay) *Poetry*, Jan., '29

A Frugal Master ("West-Running Brook," "Selected Poems," by R. Frost) *Poetry*, Mar., '29

An Imagist at War ("Collected Poems," by R. Aldington) *Poetry*, Apr., '29

A Valuable Oriental Anthology ("Poetry of the Orient; An Anthology of the Classic Secular Poetry of the Major Eastern Nations," by E. Tietjens) *Poetry*, May, '29

A Travel Tale of Egypt (a poet's impressions) *Poetry*, July, '29

Montague, C. E. – The Last Question of All (on poetic ecstasy) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28

Muirhead, J. H. – The Poet and Philosopher in Coleridge *Personalist*, Jan., '29

Mumford, Lewis – Pan's Sister ("Further Poems of Emily Dickinson") *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Mar. 17, '29

Dante as a Contemporary ("Medieval Culture. An Introduction to Dante and His Time," by W. C. Cranston) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Apr. 7, '29

MUNSON, GORHAM – The Garment of Praise (by E. C. Chilton and H. Agar) *Bookman*, Apr., '29

MURPHY, S.J., EUGENE P. – Six Letters of Southwell *America*, July 13, '29

MURRY, J. MIDDLETON – When Keats Discovered Homer *Bookman*, Dec., '28

MUSSER, BENJAMIN ("Atticus Mus") – Gossip on Parnassus *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept, Oct.-Nov., Dec., '28, Feb.-July, '29

The Muse in Council *Cont. Verse*, Jan.-July, '29

The Once Over *Cont. Verse*, Dec., '28

What Is Poetry? *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29

Irish-American Poets *The Monitor*, Mar. 23, '29

A Drop in the Sea *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29

NICOLSON, MARJORIE – The Real Scholar Gypsy *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '29

NILES, ABBE – The Literature of Folk-Song *Bookman*, Feb., '29

NORTH, JESSICA – Chiefly Hawaiian ("Kanaka Moon," by C. F. Gessler) *Poetry*, Oct., '28

Poems in Cloisonné ("Trivial Breath," by E. Wylie) *Poetry*, Nov., '28

Poison in the Garden ("The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," by A. MacLeish) *Poetry*, Jan., '29

More Humor Than Skill ("The Devil Is a Woman," by A. M. Kimball) *Poetry*, May, '29

The Wrong-Headed Poets *Poetry*, June, '29

A Classic of Indirection ("Cavender's House," by E. A. Robinson) *Poetry*, July, '29

NORTH, STERLING – More Than Enough Rope ("Sunset Gun," by D. Parker) *Poetry*, Dec., '28

O'FAOLÁIN, SEAN – A Note on Masefield *Dial*, July, '29

O'HIGGINS, HARVEY – Alias Walt Whitman (interesting sidelight on Whitman) *Harper's*, May, '29

O'SHEA, O.S.A., P. M. – Father Abraham Ryan: The Poet Priest of the South *Good Counsel*, Oct., '28

PALMER, C. B. – The Poetic Grace of John Masefield
Bost. Eve. Transcript, Dec. 15, '28

PARSONS, S.J., ROBERT A. – Fashionable Psychology ("out-and-out sensists" in modern verse) *America*, June 8, '29

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON – Notes on "The Ring and the Book" *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '28

PIATT, HESTER SIGERSON – A Memory and Some Letters (of Louise Imogen Guiney) *Commonweal*, Aug. 8, '28

PIERCE, FREDERICK E. – Three Poets Against Philistia ("The Hamlet, of A. MacLeish," by A. MacLeish; "The Buck in the Snow," by E. St. V. Millay; "West-Running Brook," by R. Frost) *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '29

PINCKNEY, JOSEPHINE – Two Poets (L. Golding, A. Kreymborg) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 6, '29

PORTER, KATHERINE ANNE – Moral Waxworks ("The Devil is a Woman," by A. M. Kimball)
N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books, May 12, '29

POUND, EZRA – Dr. William's Position (W. C. Williams)
Dial, Nov., '28

Practical Suggestions *Poetry*, Mar., '29

Guido's Relations *Dial*, July, '29

POUND, LOUISE – America Sings ("The American Songbag," by C. Sandburg; "Minstrelsy of Maine," by F. H. Eckstorm and M. W. Smyth) *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '28

Folk-Songs ("American Negro Folk-Songs, South Carolina Ballads") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28

PRESTON, JOHN HYDE – Poetry, Giants, and Lollypops (group of contemporary poets)
Virginia Quart. Rev., Apr., '29

PURCELL, RICHARD J. – Spenser's Life in Ireland
Commonweal, Aug. 15, '28

RATCLIFFE, S. K. – The Last of Edward Carpenter
Nation, July 31, '29

REDMAN, BEN RAY – Verbal Loveliness ("A Cedar Box," by R. Nathan) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 1, '29

REED, EDWARD BLISS – Carols and Songs ("The Oxford Book of Carols") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 15, '28

RITTER, MARGARET TOD – Two Wafers of Arresting Flavor ("Sky Rider," by W. Oliver; "This Unchanging Mask," by F. C. Mason) *Voices*, Feb., '29

ROBINSON, HENRY MORTON – Some Scrannel Pipings (books

by S. R. Novak, C. Malam, D. Morton, M. S. Rose, D. Parker) *Bookman*, Sept., '28

ROOT, E. MERRILL – Fair and Stately Pinnace Sailing Onward From the Land ("Sails That Sing," by E. L. Squires) *Voices*, Jan., '29

Out of the Mist and Hum of This Low Land *Voices*, Mar., '29

RORTY, JAMES – Better To Come ("Lost Address," by C. P. Smith) *Nation*, Oct. 24, '28

World Poetry ("Anthology of World Poetry," by M. Van Doren) *Nation*, Feb. 13, '29

Life's Delicate Children (On poetry magazines) *Nation*, Apr. 17, '29

A Catholic Poet ("A Rime of the Rood," by C. L. O'Donnell) *Nation*, July 31, '29

SAINTSBURY, GEORGE – Medieval Rhetoric and Poetic *Dial*, Sept., '28

Selected Poems of Edgar Allan Poe *Dial*, May, '29

SAMSON, ERIN – The New Sappho *Commonweal*, Feb. 13, '29

SASAMORI, SHIRO – Basho, a Japanese Poet *DePauw Mag.*, Mar., '29

SAUL, GEORGE BRANDON – Flinty Bread ("Outcrop," by A. H. Evans) *Voices*, Apr., '29

SAWYER, WILLIAM – Breezes from Parnassus *Scepter*, July-Aug., '29

SCOTT, E. F. – A Great Poet of Israel ("The Second Isaiah," by C. C. Torrey) *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '29

SCUDDER, VIDA D. – Masefield's Arthurian Tales ("Midsummer Night," by J. Masefield) *Yale Rev.*, July, '29

Selected Poetry. Written by the Students of the Thomas Jefferson High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SENCOURT, ROBERT – Unpublished Poems of Meredith *Commonweal*, May 22, '29

Some Later Friends of Meredith *Scribner's*, June, '29

SMITH, GARNET – The Sagas and Ourselves ("The Poetic Edda," "The Wayland-Dietrich Saga," "Gudrun") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 6, '29

SMITH, PAUL – Good Morning, America (by C. Sandburg) *Voices*, Feb., '29

SOUDAY, PAUL – The Moreas Prize for Poetry *N. Y. Times Book Rev.*, Jan. 27, '29

The Symbolist Group in French Poetry
N. Y. Times Book Rev., Feb. 10, '29
SUCKOW, RUTH – Edna St. Vincent Millay *Tanager*, May, '29
STROBEL, MARION – A Knock-Out ("The Set-Up," by J. M. March) *Poetry*, Feb., '29
SWEETKIND, M. – A Son of Earth (by W. E. Leonard) *Voices*, Apr., '29

TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE – Eden Sinks to Grief ("The Lost Lyrist," by E. H. Frost) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Sept. 30, '28
Cat and Mouse ("A Survey of Modernist Poetry," by Laura Riding and Robert Graves; "Contemporaries and Snobs," by Laura Riding) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 6, '29
TASKER, J. DANA – Potentialities (Poems, by C. Norman, M. Black, S. Sassoon, M. Webb, K. Millay) *Nation*, July 24, '29
TATE, ALLEN – American Poetry Since 1920 *Bookman*, Jan., '29
The Witter Bynner Poetry Contest (*For High School Students*) *Scholastic*, Apr. 27, '29
THORPE, CLARENCE D. – A Critic Militant (Henry Crabb Robinson) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 18, '28
TORRENCE, RIDGELY – Elinor Wylie's Leavetaking ("Angels and Earthly Creatures") *Nation*, June 19, '29
TRENT, LUCIA – Pepper, Salt and Applesauce (comment on current volumes of verse) *Cont. Verse*, Aug.-Sept., '28
Patterns for Pan *Cont. Verse*, Oct.-Nov., '28
Melpomene Muses *Cont. Verse*, Dec., 28
Star or Ivory Tower? *Cont. Verse*, Jan., '29
More or Less Friendly Books *Cont. Verse*, Apr., '29
The Muses Brew Mixed Vintage *Cont. Verse*, June, '29
TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND – John Brown's Body (by S. V. Benét) *Voices*, Feb., '29
TRUEBLOOD, CHARLES K. – A Tragedian of Sentience (Thomas Hardy) *Dial*, Feb., '29
TROY, WILLIAM – Lost Jehovah and Six Poets (Harold Monro, E. Blunden, J. G. Fletcher, A. Kreymborg, M. Strobel, H. Hall) *Bookman*, Feb., '29

UNTERMEYER, LOUIS – "Grandeur in a Grain" ("Venus Invisible," by N. Crane) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Sept. 22, '28

Song from Thistles ("The Buck in the Snow," by E. St. V. Millay) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 13, '28

Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Bunden ("Cursory Rhymes," by H. Wolfe; "Retreat," by E. Blunden) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Oct. 27, '28

"K. O." ("The Set-Up," by J. M. March) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Nov. 17, '28

Everyman's Soliloquy ("The Hamlet of A. MacLeish," by A. MacLeish) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 8, '28

Still Robert Frost ("West-Running Brook") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Dec. 22, '28

Colossal Substance ("Further Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 16, '29

A New Sassoon ("The Heart's Journey") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Mar. 30, '29

Essential Robinson ("Cavender's House") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 11, '29

Convention and Revolt ("A Son of Earth," by W. E. Leonard; "Mushrooms," by A. Kreymborg; "The Lost Sail," by A. Kreymborg) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, May 18, '29

One To Watch ("Earthbound," by H. Mullins) *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, June 1, '29

New Poetry ("The Poetry Quartos") *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, July 13, '29

VAN DOREN, CARL – Elinor Wylie *Bookman*, Feb., '29

Lightning's Shadow ("Angels and Earthly Creatures," by E. Wylie) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Apr. 28, '29

VAN DOREN, MARK – April and December (Thomas Hardy) *Nation*, Dec. 12, '28

North of Eden (Robert Frost) *Nation*, Jan. 23, '29

Nerves Like Tombs ("Further Poems of Emily Dickinson") *Nation*, Mar. 20, '29

VANDERCOOK, JOHN W. – Spontaneous Melody ("American Negro Folk Songs," by N. I. White) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, May 26, '29

VINAL, HAROLD – The Swelling Grape ("River's Gift," by M. L. Fisher; "Lyrics Between the Years," by M. L. Fisher) *Voices*, Apr., '29

WAGNER, HARR – Herbert Bashford, Poet *Overland Monthly*, Oct., '28

WALLACE, MARGARET – Miss Millay in a Riper Mood ("The Buck in the Snow") *Bookman*, Dec., '28
WALSH, JAMES J. – Shakespeare "Dyed a Papist" *America*, Feb. 2, '29
WALSH, THOMAS – Fray Luis De Leon *Commonweal*, Aug. 29, '28
WALTON, EDA LOU – Light Verse ("The Lady is Gold," by E. B. W.) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, May 26, '29
Dollar Poetry (books by E. Coatsworth, A. Wagner, K. Fearing, K. Wallis) *Nation*, July 3, '29
Concerning Narrative Verse ("The Fate of the Jury," by E. L. Masters; "Pheidias," by J. G. Howard) *Nation*, July 17, '29
WEAVER, JOHN V. A. – Poetry in Bernard Shaw *Bookman*, Aug., '28
WHICHER, GEORGE F. – A Bas Arnold! ("Matthew Arnold," by H. Kingsmill) *N. Y. Her.-Trib.: Books*, Jan. 27, '29
WILLIAMS, W. C. – From Queen to Cats ("Aphrodite, and Other Poems," by W. Gould) *Dial*, Jan., '29
Good . . . For What? (Carl Sandburg) *Dial*, Mar., '29
WOOD, CLEMENT – Tom-A-Bedlam's Advocate ("A Survey of Modernistic Poetry," by L. Riding and R. Graves) *Voices*, Jan., '29

ZABEL, MORTON DAUWEN – An Early Retrospect ("Traveling Standing Still," by G. Taggard) *Poetry*, Dec., '28
Dust Discrowned ("The Black Rock," by J. G. Fletcher) *Poetry*, Jan., '29
A Critic's Poetry ("Mr. Pope, and Other Poems," by A. Tate) *Poetry*, Feb., '29
The Problem of Tragedy ("Cawdor, and Other Poems," by R. Jeffers) *Poetry*, Mar., '29
The Aristocrats (on Victorian poetry) *Poetry*, Apr., '29
The New Poets of Germany *Poetry*, May, '29
Footnotes to Beauty ("Dedication," by V. G. Garvin) *Poetry*, May, '29
Swinburne's Place ("Swinburne," by S. C. Chew) *Nation*, May 1, '29
The Mechanism of Sensibility *Poetry*, June, '29
Poems and Pictures *Poetry*, July, '29
The Straight Line ("Lost City," by M. Strobel) *Poetry*, July, '29

SOME VOLUMES OF POEMS PUBLISHED DURING 1928 AND 1929

A Christmas Book. An Anthology for Moderns. By D. B. Wyndham Lewis and G. C. Heseltine.
E. P. Dutton & Co.

ACKERMAN, ARNOLD. – *Twilight Hours* Dean & Co.

ASKLOM, MOREBY. – *Winter Vigil* Harold Vinal

Additional Poems to Palgrave's Golden Treasury.
The Macmillan Co.

A First Book of Iowa Poets. The Maizeland Press

ALDINGTON, RICHARD. – *Collected Poems.* Covici-Friede

ALEXANDER, K. P. – *If You Must Talk. Some Metrical Cullings from the Years.*
Eden-on-the-Heights, Little Rock, Ark.

ALLEN, LYMAN WHITNEY. – *Monmouth Field.* (*Read at the Ceremonies of the Battle of Monmouth Celebration, June 28, 1928.*) Privately Printed

ALSTON, MARY O. – *The Dawn.* Christopher Pub. House

American Negro Folk-Songs. Collected by Newman I. White.
Harvard University Press

American Poetry, 1671-1928. A Comprehensive Anthology.
Edited by Conrad Aiken

An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry. Compiled and Edited by Marcus Graham. With an Introduction by Ralph Cheyney and Lucia Trent. New York: The Active Press

An Anthology of World Poetry. Edited by Mark Van Doren.
A. & C. Boni

Anthology of South Dakota Poetry. Edited by J. C. Lindberg and Gertrude B. Gunderson.
Pierre, S. D.: J. Fred Olander Co.

ANDERSON, KATHERINE FINNIGAN. – *The Seer of Concord, and Other Poems.* Harold Vinal

ANTHONY, CHARLES. – *Amethyst Mist.* Harold Vinal

AUSTIN, MARY. – *The Children Sing in the Far West.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

AYER, MABEL ADAMS. – *My Wish.* Stratford Co.

BACON, LEONARD. – *The Legend of Quincibald.* Harper & Bros.

BARD OF BENZIE, (John H. Howard). – *Mint o' the Muse.* Christopher Pub. House

BARKLEY, ALICE. – *Towards the Stars.* Harold Vinal

BARTLETT, MARY RUSSELL. – *April Song and Wellesley Memories.* Boston: Published by the Author

BATES, HERBERT. – *The Odyssey of Homer. Translated into English Verse.* Harper & Bros.

BELLAMANN, HENRY. – *The Upward Pass.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

BENÉT, LAURA. – *Noah's Dove.* Doubleday, Doran & Co.

BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT. – *John Brown's Body.* Doubleday, Doran & Co.

BLACHLY, CLARENCE DAN. – *Poems.* Washington College Press

BLACK, MACKNIGHT. – *Machinery.* Horace Liveright

BLAIR, ANNE. – *Candle Light Dreams.* Harold Vinal

BLAND, R. HENDERSON. – *The Mirrored Heart.* Harold Vinal

BLANDING, DON. – *Vagabond's House.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

BLUNDEN, EDMUND. – *Retreat.* Doubleday, Doran & Co.

BINYON, LAURENCE. – *The Idols. An Ode.* The Macmillan Co.

BOARDMAN, RUBY. – *Poems.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

BODEN, FREDERICK C. – *Out of the Coalfields. Further Poems.* E. P. Dutton & Co.

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY. – *Sonnets. A Sequence on Profane Love.* Edited by Edward Sculley Bradley. University of Pennsylvania Press

BOKER, GEORGE HENRY. – *Nydia. A Tragic Play.* Edited by Edward Sculley Bradley. University of Pennsylvania Press

BOLDYREFF, JOHN W. – *Dreams of Love and Life.* Stratford Co.

Bostelmann, Carl John. – *April Comes Early.* Harold Vinal.

Bradley, H. C. – *Flying Chips,* The Caxton Printers: Caldwell, Idaho

Braley, Berton. – *Tales of the Hot Dog Tavern.* The Marchbanks Press: New York

British Poetry and Prose. A Book of Readings. Edited by Paul Robert Lieder, Robert Morss Lovett and Robert Kilburn Root. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Brower, Alice. – *Mediterranean,* Harold Vinal

Browne, Evelyn Gage. – *Memories and Dreams. A Collection of Love Songs.* Christopher Pub. House

Buck, Nellie Manley. – *By Winding Trails.* Christopher Pub. House

Bucknell Verse for 1929. Written by Students of Bucknell University. University Print Shop: Lewisburg, Penn.

Cade, David W. – *Dream Cargoes.* Dean & Co.

Campbell, Lachlan. – *Singing Silence.* Harold Vinal

Carman, Bliss. – *Wild Garden.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

Carroll, Ellen M. – *Wine in a Pottery Bowl.* Vandalia, Mo., Van Publishers

Century Readings in the Nineteenth Century Poets. Selected and Edited by Frederick E. Pierce. Century Co.

Chamberlin, Henry Harmon. – *Sir Aldengar, or the Dragon and the Merlion.* Cornhill Pub. Co.

Chapman, J. A. – *Papers on Shelley, Wordsworth, and Others.* Oxford University Press, American Branch

Chase, Charles H. – *Eros and Psyche. A Fairy Tale of Ancient Greece.* Christopher Pub. House

Chase, Wilfrid Earl. – *Poems.* W. E. Chase: Madison, Wis.

Chief Modern Poets of England and America. Selected and Edited by Gerald De Witt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. The Macmillan Co.

Christ in the Poetry of Today. An Anthology of American Verse. Compiled and Reassembled by Elvira Slack from an Anthology Originated by Martha Foote Crow. The Woman's Press

Cibart, Walter Robert. – *Pride of the West.* Christopher Pub. House

COATES, WALTER JOHN. – *Land of Allen, and Other Verse.* The Recluse Press: Athol, Mass.

COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH. – *Compass Rose.* Coward-McCann, Inc.

COBURN, DOROTHY DAVIS. – *The House on the Downs, and Other Poems.* Illustrated by Harold Field Kellogg. Privately Printed at the Merrymount Press

COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM. – *Golden Falcon.* The Macmillan Co.

COMMANDER, KINGSMILL. – *Vikings of the Stars.* Harold Vinal

Complete Poetry and Selected Prose by John Donne. Edited by John Hayward. Random House, Inc.

CONANT, ISABEL FISKE. – *Dream-Again.* Fowler Wright

Contemporary American Poets, 1928. Edited by Horace C. Baker. Stratford Co.

COOPER, T. Y. – *Wren's Nest. A Fairy Tale in Verse.* The Picket Press: Hanover Pa.

CRANE, NATHALIA. – *Venus Invisible, and Other Poems.* Coward-McCann, Inc.

CURRAN, G. E. – *The Poems of, Vol. II.* Curran & Curran: Los Angeles

CUTLER, MAUD EMETT. – *River Rhymes and Rhymes Betimes.* Dean & Co.

Dante's Inferno. A Lineal and Rhymed Translation. By Albert R. Bandini. The People's Pub. Co.: San Francisco

DARLING, ALLAN. – *The Kingdom of Towers.* Harold Vinal

DAVIES, W. H. – *Collected Poems.* Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith

DAYTON, BERT. – *Bird Rhymes. A Book of New Bird and Field Songs.* The Palisade Press: New York

Desert Mavericks. Caught and Branded by Eve Ganson. Wallace Hebberd: Santa Barbara

DILLON, ARTHUR ORISON. – *The River of Music.* The Progress Bulletin Pub. Co.: Pomona, Calif.

DODD, LEE WILSON. – *The Great Enlightenment. A Satire in Verse, with Other Selected Verses.* Harper & Bros.

DRESBACH, GLENN WARD. – *This Side of Avalon.* Harold Vinal

Star-Dust and Stone. P. H. Turner Co.

DREW, IVA H. – *Dust and Cobwebs.* The Ball Pub. Co.

EDWARDS, OLIVER MURRAY. – *From Depths Unknown.* The Revilo Press: Syracuse

ELLISTON, GEORGE. – *Cinderella Cargoes. Poems for Poets and Those Who Love Poetry.* George Sully & Co.

"ELSPETH." *Strange Truth.* Houghton Mifflin Co.

EMMONS, ELISE. – *The Lone Eagle.* Christopher Pub. House

English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Oscar James Campbell and J. F. A. Pyre. F. S. Crofts & Co.

English Verse. Vol. I. The Early Lyrics to Shakespeare. Chosen and Arranged by W. Peacock. Oxford University Press, American Branch.

EVERETT, LEOLYN LOUISE. – *Thistledown.* Brentano's

EVERETT, OTIS. – *New England Lyrics, and Other Poems.* Ellison & Wood: New York

FAIRBRIDGE, KINGSLEY. – *Veld Verse.* Oxford University Press, American Branch

FEARING, KENNETH. – *Angel Arms.* Coward-McCann, Inc.

FENDELL, STANTON J. D. – *Stray Leaves.* Harold Vinal

FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON. – *Mountain Against Mountain.* Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Fifty Poems by American Poets, 1928. Edited by Joseph Dean. Dean & Co.

Fifty Romance Lyric Poems. Collected and Translated by Richard Aldington. Crosby Gaige

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